Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 2, 1944

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

HOW A *Nazi* QUITS

By IRA WOLFERT

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB [illegible]

Dec. 2, 1944

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ORCHARDS IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Fruit tree limb sold for $6,000! One limb of a green apple tree unexpectedly bore *red* apples. Red all over, when the rest of this tree's apples were still green! They could be picked early—kept juicy longer. A commercial nursery bought this limb, propagated a fine new variety.

SLIC
Peac
IN HEAVY
MIXED
UIT
KTAIL
IN HEAVY SYRUP
WHO
APRI

"Things in glass look so good, shopping these days can be fun!" says Mrs. Lanny Ross, who was well known in her own field as a publicity woman. Since her famous singer husband's gone overseas, she's been active in war relief, managed their large dairy farm as well. "Foods in glass seem to sparkle—give me menu ideas galore! I'm glad so many things are packed in glass. When you can see instantly what's on your grocer's shelves, you get your shopping done quicker. What's more, when you buy food in glass you can be confident it's good."

Jam
Jam
PLUMS
PLUMS
PLUMS
Pears
Pears
PLUMS

"My pantry orchard—that's my name for this cupboard where I keep a reserve of fruit in glass," Mrs. Lanny Ross says. "It's so handy when guests drop in, or when I run into dessert difficulties! Then, too, by buying products in glass, I can see at a glance just how much I have on hand. And I know when I need to buy more."

WHOLE
APRICOT
ROYAL ANN
CHERRIES

It's simple to leave leftovers in glass: Glass jars cut waste. Unused portions can be left in the jar, recapped with the original top, and put back in the refrigerator. This saves both time and a lot of extra dishwashing!

Duraglas

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NAME THAT HELPS YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look, we're apt to forget they're made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact, plus the incredible rapidity of today's modern glassmaking machines, make possible low cost containers that let quality products speak for themselves.

Enjoy Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians Thurs., Blue Network 7-7:30 EWT—see newspaper for Central, Mountain, Coast Time.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . Toledo, Ohio —makers of containers that give "a lift to living."

Help your Dentist

HE'S IN THE thick of things, too. For thousands of his fellow-dentists have gone to war. And here on the home front, he is putting in longer, busier hours—taking on more patients—to help keep America fit.

You can have a share in the great service he is rendering. Yes, you can help him save precious time in devoting his skill and dental knowledge to the job. Just follow these few simple rules for dental care:

1. Make appointments well in advance.
2. Keep your appointments.
3. If you *must* break an appointment — do it promptly.
4. See your dentist regularly — don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits — give your teeth and gums proper care at home.

...and help your Smile!

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush." Let Ipana and Massage help you keep your gums firmer, your smile brighter.

TODAY and every day, proper home care of your teeth and gums is most important. So be extra careful in choosing your dentifrice. And by all means, consider Ipana.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth to their natural brightness but, with massage, to help the health of the gums as well.

It's a good thing to remember that gums as well as teeth need regular care to help safeguard their soundness. And the beauty of your smile—the bright gleam of your teeth—depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender—denied exercise by today's soft foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For massage with Ipana speeds up circulation within the gum tissues—helping gums to become firmer, healthier. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

Help yourself—between dental visits—toward firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.

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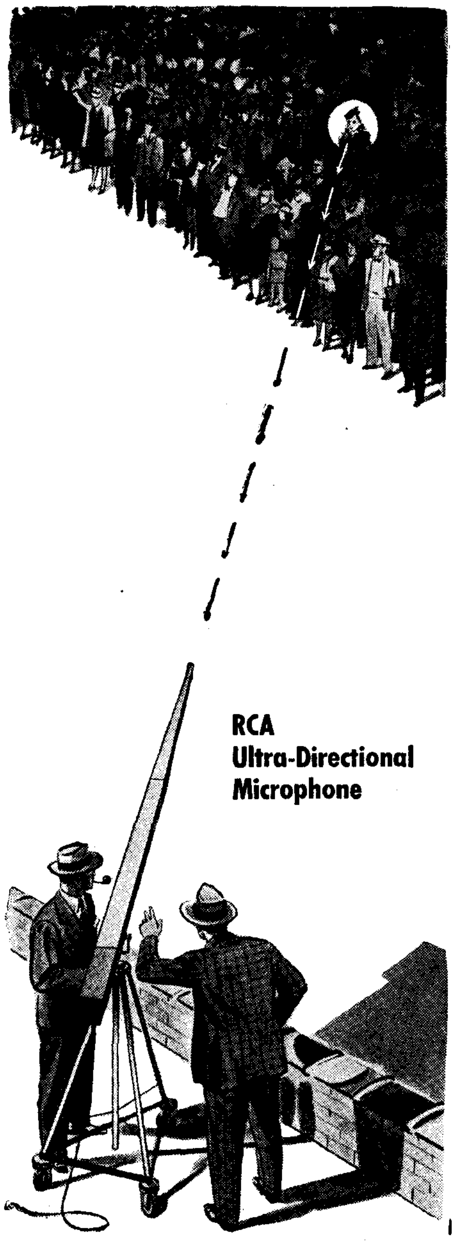
TOOTH PASTE
MASSAGE THE GUMS

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana and Massage



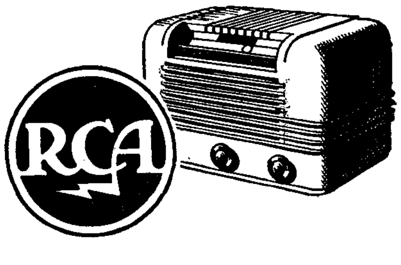
IT PICKS OUT A WHISPER

from the roar of a crowd

. . . and means a better postwar radio for you!

LIKE a pointing finger, the RCA Ultra-Directional Microphone focuses on *one person* in a crowd, brings *one voice* to life, "blacking out" the other sounds.

Broadcast station operators already predict an extraordinary future for this RCA development, especially in television. Watch for this same keen engineering and spirit of inventive research in the fine RCA Victor postwar radios, phonographs and television receivers, including such great features as the RCA Super FM circuit.



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Any Week

WE ARE assured by Mr. Horace N. Austyn of Miami, Florida, that for a great many years he had been a good-natured man—jolly, merry and accommodating. This, he says, has been a mistake. But, he adds, he fears that it's *too late to change now.* "To get anywhere in your own house," says Mr. Austyn, "a man ought to be mean at least once every two weeks. I started doing this, having some trouble picking out things to get mean about, two months ago. Last week when I was being as mean as I could about what I didn't get for breakfast, I heard my wife tell her bridge club not to pay any attention to me. She said, 'Poor old Horace, he's trying to work up a mean and can't convince anybody.' This takes the heart out of a man."

CAPTAIN H. MERRYWEATHER LANGE, whose application for membership in the Futileers is on file in our office—the headquarters of the High Incompetent Lodge—does not seem to realize that membership is not by election but becomes automatic when a fellow demonstrates that he is completely futile. But he wants to know, now that the election is over, who won the leadership of the political section, Mr. Bob Hannegan or Mr. Herbert Brownell, respectively the chairmen of the Democratic and Republican National Committees. We have assured him that it was a photo finish, and that the office is now occupied by both gentlemen.

AND Mr. "Red" Smith who writes sports for the Philadelphia Record came in to tell us of a fight at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, during the World Series. Mr. Smith said that there'd have been nothing to the fight at all if a third party hadn't butted in "fomenting peace with a baseball bat."

A LADY has just sent us a manuscript with the following directions: "Must be printed in the first ten pages of your magazine because it has to be read while the reader is fresh. Also must be illustrated by someone else because I am not very good at drawing. Also no quotations from my story will be tolerated by law." There is a postscript, too: "Deposit check in some good sound bank and send me the book as I do not need the money right away."

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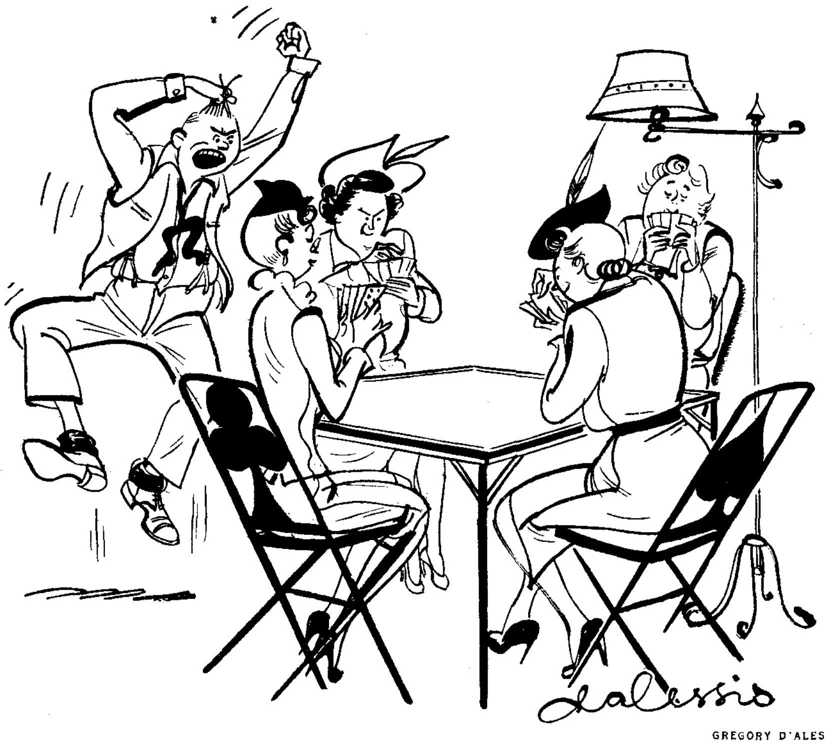

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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Now you can get complete home, farm, and personal liability protection as part of our NEW auto policy. Yes, *auto* policy. It's unique and extremely low in cost. See your State Farm agent today or clip and send in coupon below.

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"Remember, Mary? We didn't even want to see that fellow. But he kept after us and we can thank our lucky stars he did! Best friend we ever had. Yup—if it hadn't been for him we'd a probably lost this house and all we've got when the court said, 'Mr. Coulter, we figure you're to blame for that auto wreck and you'll have to pay the damages.' Wow!—eleven thousand bucks—I shudder to think of it. Well, that fellow paid the bill. Sure hope the new people next door listen to him. They're good neighbors—hate to lose 'em."

There's really no mystery about the Coulter's friend

He's one of 7000 representatives of State Farm Mutual—world's largest auto insurance company. The accident that happened to the Coulters could happen to the "people next door"—it could happen to you. But if you have State Farm's NEW *Full Service* policy it will protect you just as it protected the Coulters from virtually every liability that can be incurred as the owner and operator of an auto, home or farm.

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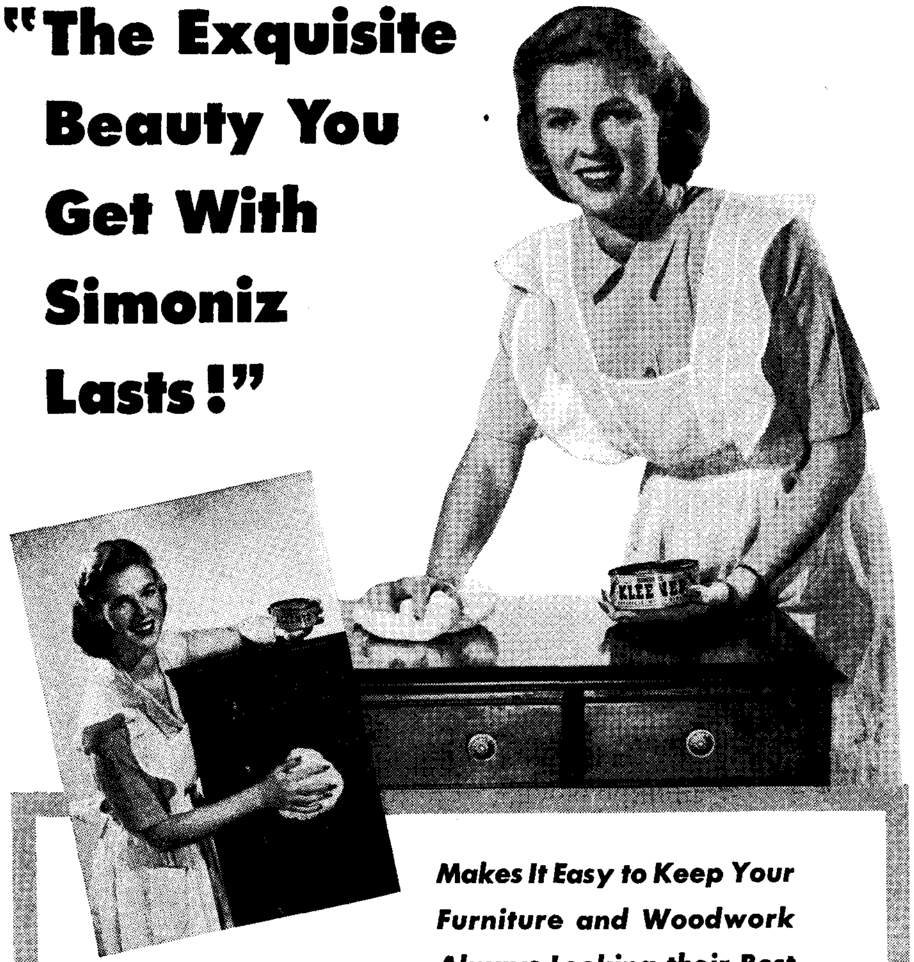

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Gives your floors the same long wearing beauty so famous for furniture and automobiles. Easy to use. Just pour on! Spread! And it dries to a shine in twenty minutes. Saves hours of tedious cleaning and polishing. Keeps your floors immaculate and sparkling all the time with the least amount of care.

SHINES AS IT DRIES WITHOUT RUBBING

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

O.SOGLOW
PERMIT

O. SOGLOW

Down in Santa Tecla, once the capital of El Salvador, a gentleman who intends to serenade a lady must first obtain a $2 serenade permit.

The destruction of telephone wires by the Nazis retreating from France and the Low Countries did not interfere with the communications of the pursuing Allies. They were equipped with a new cable that, although no larger than a pencil, carries three telephone and four telegraph circuits, is laid alongside the road as fast as the troops advance, and transmits "scrambled" messages which, if intercepted without a special device, sound to the enemy like a series of meaningless squeaks and squeals.

Despite the dominance of political parties in this country, thousands of local public offices are filled today in nonpartisan primaries and elections. California, North Dakota and many other states vote for all judicial and local officers without the use of party designations, while Minnesota and Nebraska also choose members of their legislature by this system. Moreover, 1,248 of our 2,033 cities with over 5,000 population elect their councilmen on nonpartisan ballots.

More than 10,000,000 persons, living in sections that total one third of the territory of the United States, are outside of the daytime service areas of all broadcasting stations. *—By T. DeWitt Talmage, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

One of the strangest partnerships was that of Gilbert and Sullivan who, between 1871 and 1896, collaborated as librettist and composer respectively in producing 14 of the most popular and profitable operas in musical history. Owing to their low regard and intense dislike for each other, these men rarely met, preferring to "work together" through the mail. Three times, in fits of anger, they broke off their partnership and tried collaborating with new associates, only to find that neither could produce a successful work without the other.

In 1163 A.D., several hundred refugee Jews started a colony in Kaifeng, China, where their descendants have lived unmolested and in peace to this day. Since the sixteenth century, these Chinese Jews have intermarried so extensively with the Chinese that, today, they have not only lost their original racial characteristics but have long ceased to follow the law and religion of Israel.

The number of our lineal ancestors does not double with each past generation as commonly believed. After the third or fourth generation, the actual number is progressively smaller than the possible number, owing to the intermarriage of kin. For example, in the past ten generations, or 300 years, the possible number of one's ancestors is 1,024, but the actual number is only 300 to 400.

While most public health laws allow a bacteria count of only 100 on drinking glasses in public places, a recent survey made in an Eastern city disclosed an average of 7,000,000 germs on the beer glasses in 19 bars visited.

A rare coincidence is found in the baseball records of St. Louis. The Cardinals won their first National League pennant in 1926 and the Browns their first American League pennant in 1944, each by winning 89 and losing 65 games; and their percentages of .578 are the lowest ever made by a championship team in either league.*—By L. N. Bronson, London, Ontario, Canada.*

The list of the world's 50-odd seas has been increased by three new names, born of war necessity: The Solomon Sea, the Philippine Sea and the Bismarck Sea.*—By Joseph Marturano, Montclair, N. J.*

The phrase "not worth a tinker's damn" does not refer to "damn," but to the dam which is a small amount of soft clay that a plumber places around a leak to dam up and hold the melted solder in place until cooled. As the clay cannot be used a second time, it is thrown away; hence the proverbial worthlessness of "a tinker's dam."*—By Mrs. Hartley Rogers, Albion, N. Y.*

Following the recent liberation of Antwerp, the Belgians appropriately interned Nazi prisoners and collaborators in the animal cages in the zoo. . . . The United States, Canada and Alaska now have one uniform system of air-traffic control for the guidance of private as well as commercial planes. . . . A unique plaything of the Gaekwar of Baroda, India, is a solid gold field cannon whose six-foot barrel weighs 280 pounds and cost $117,600.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

FM Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.

***BING CROSBY** appearing in **HERE COME THE WAVES,** a Paramount Picture. Star of Kraft Music Hall, every Thursday over NBC.*

Only FM radio captures the natural color of Bing's "Silent Night"

This Christmas, imagine hearing in your own living room, Bing Crosby's "Silent Night", so vibrantly alive, so thrillingly colorful, that you are tempted to applaud before you realize that he is not actually singing there before you!

It's only on FM radio that such a startling illusion is possible. And on the new General Electric FM radio you will also hear a thousand musical tones conventional radio loses . . . the fragile lacework of *overtones* that alone give to every voice and to every instrument their particular charm. All against a background of velvety silence . . . virtually free from static or station interference.

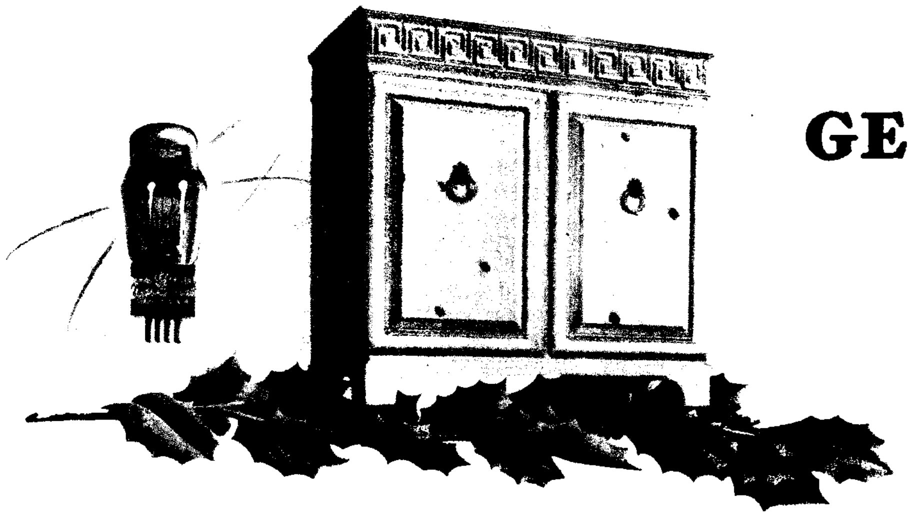
This is FM "Natural Color" radio by General Electric . . . the radio you'll want to own.

Conventional radio is able to re-create less than half of the tonal range you should hear. Delicate *overtones* are lost. But the new General Electric FM (Frequency Modulation) radio captures their glorious beauty . . . keeping all the delight music was meant to give.

General Electric built the first FM sets for the public. It owns and operates its own FM broadcast station. It is the only manufacturer to build FM complete . . . from station equipment to the radio set for your home. This unmatched experience in Frequency Modulation is your assurance that the coming General Electric FM will embody all that's best in radio.

***FREE:** A fascinating booklet,* "YOUR COMING RADIO." *28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Previews the revolutionary, new General Electric Radio and Television sets. For your free copy mail a postcard request to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument. The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants.



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Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" News, every weekday 6:45 p. m. E. W. T. on CBS and the G-E "All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m. E. W. T. on NBC

NAVAL AVIATION

WHEN HELLCATS STRIKE..
380 JAP PLANES DESTROYED IN ONE DAY
75 JAP PLANES DESTROYED IN ONE DAY
ONE SQUADRON 187 JAP PLANES NO LOSSES
IN 5 MONTHS 1944 787 JAP PLANES DESTROYED 444 IN COMBAT 323 ON GROUND

..CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
INSURE DEPENDABLE IGNITION!

The Navy's great fighter, the Hellcat built by Grumman, is setting almost daily, unparalleled records in combat. The combination of Navy pilots' skill, courage and daring, and the obviously great ships that they fly, is a winning one. "Hot" pilots and "hot" engines go together. Champion Spark Plugs and "hot" engines likewise go together, and championship performance is always the result. So today they are firmly established as true champions in the air, as they are on land and water. Champion-Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs are standard equipment in the Pratt & Whitney engine which powers the Grumman Hellcat. Thus Champions continue to demonstrate their better performance and outstanding dependability in service where spark plug dependability may spell the difference between being victor or vanquished.

6 WAR LOAN

Buy at least an EXTRA $100.00 War Bond

TO SAVE GASOLINE —KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

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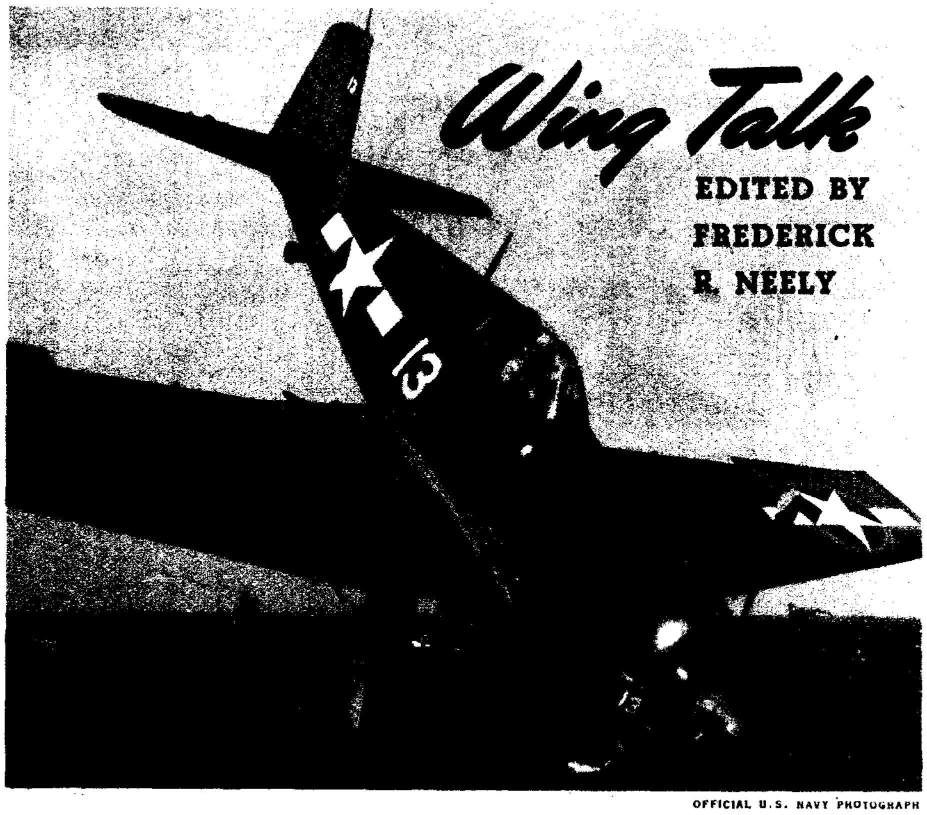


Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

With its arresting gear injured by antiaircraft, this "Lucky 13" Grumman Hellcat makes the carrier safely. At night this sort of landing isn't rare, but the ships are back in the fight next day

ALL new Navy Air Groups now going to war on the big aircraft carriers are being qualified for night-deck landings, an experience many naval airmen in the early days of the Jap war had to undergo for the first time with their planes shot up and themselves worn out from long hours of combat. Take-offs in the black before dawn have been routine, this being necessary for antisubmarine patrol work and protective cover for the carrier, but the planes always came back to their carrier in daylight.

We witnessed one of these qualifications several hundred miles from the United States not long ago and in waters where enemy submarines were operating. It was no dry run. The ship is completely blacked out except for five tiny lights—three dim ones on the stern marking the width and center line of the flight deck and two in the hands of the landing signal officer. These are called wands and they closely resemble illuminated corncobs in size and shape.

The Grumman Hellcat fighters have been launched an hour earlier and have been flying around in the black night over the ocean, working out a search problem. Now it is time to come in. The carrier swings into the wind; the landing signal officer takes his precarious post on the port stern. Soon we see the tiny red, green and white running lights of the first fighter in the landing circle.

The signal officer works his wands, using the same signal system he employs with his flags in daylight. There is no use trying to figure out the progress of the plane in the darkness; your sense of distance and depth perception is gone. So you look for a downward sweep of one wand, the signal to the pilot to cut the gun and dive for the deck or a frantic waving of the wands overhead to go around again.

As we stand in comparative safety high up on the island, looking down on that tiny space on the stern reserved for the arresting gear, we try to visualize how we would feel if we were in that hot fighter which has just straightened out from his turn and is watching for the signal to cut and come in. We nearly collapse at the terrifying thought and are revived only by the self-assurance that we are no longer twenty-one; our eyes are not eaglelike by day and owlish by night; our "advanced years" have taken toll of our nervous system and right now we are having the stomach jumps.

Then we remember that a number of these Hellcat pilots had never even been off the ground a year ago; two to our knowledge hadn't known a Piper Cub from a DC-3. As for building model airplanes, phooey! But here they are coming in out of the black night, diving for that postage stamp, pulling up just in time for the tail hook to engage the cross cables and jerk them to a sudden stop.

You're just about to burst with pride over the courage and skill of these lads raised in the pacifistic era when you're suddenly shocked into the realization that the Japs can do this, too! But we know they can't carry as many planes as our ship, and we know they cannot take them on as fast, and we know that our planes are speedier and, in order to be tougher, must be heavier. So if this were an international night-deck-landing contest of sportsmen pilots, we'd still say our kids would win.

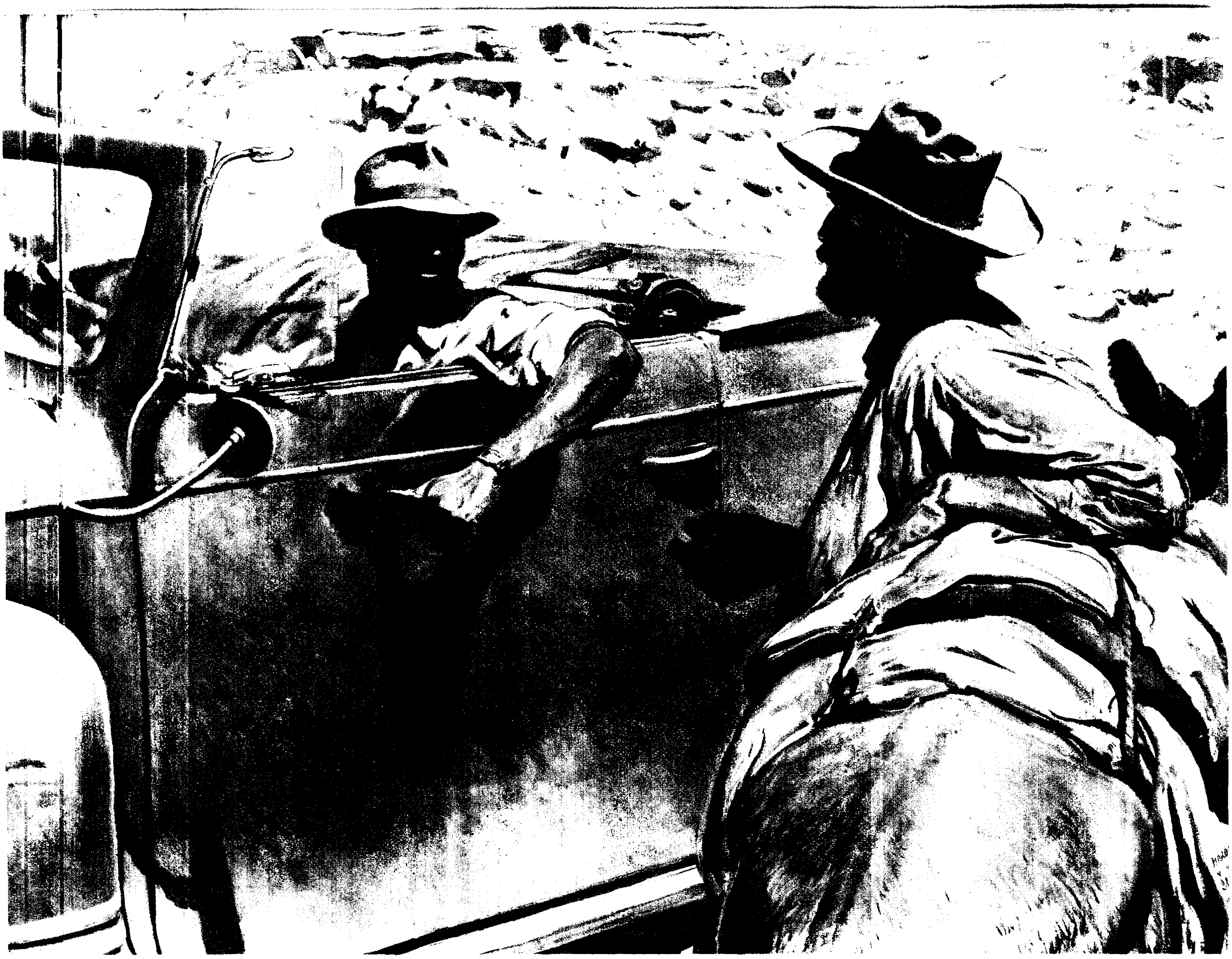
This morning there have been a few wave-offs, but most of the squadron is safely on deck. There's a faint streak of light on the horizon—just enough to destroy the darkness of the deck but not enough to illuminate it. Hence the next Hellcat in the groove is confronted with bad conditions for lining up the weakened stern lights of the carrier and watching the lowered light intensity of the signal wands.

We could see this fighter more clearly than the others and his approach appeared perfectly normal. He got the cut, the nose went down and this six-ton piece of streamlined metal traveling at ninety miles an hour kept right on flying. It took only a second to pass over that small area where his hook was to engage the arresting gear—then *wham!* Into the barrier he crashed, up went the tail, down into the deck gouged the whirling prop blades, then the tail dropped, and the Hellcat rolled slowly backward. Liquid from the hydraulic lines sprayed from the plane like escaping steam.

FROM the catwalk on both sides leaped the ever-faithful, ever-efficient flight surgeon, plane handlers, crash crew and fire-fighting equipment. But there was no fire—leakproof tanks. The pilot had a red face, but at least it wasn't bashed in. Firm shoulder straps held him back in his seat. The Hellcat had conveniently rolled back onto the aft-deck elevator and in a jiffy the plane handlers had folded its wings and dropped it below to the hangar deck.

All this took only a few minutes, but dawn was moving in fast. The big hole in the flight deck was filled up quickly but it was too late for the remaining fighters out there in the landing circle. They didn't qualify that night; neither, of course, did the boy who went into the barrier. Catwalk witnesses said he never

(Continued on page 78)



BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Yep, three years–three dollars!"

"It's 112 here in the desert — and I've driven up North at 40 below zero. Crossed the continent four times, too, in this Plymouth. I follow heavy construction jobs all over the map and I have to get around plenty. In the mountain mining country I've traveled on roads so rough the rocks dented the exhaust pipe and the gas tank. But the car keeps right on going.

"In three years of continuous driving, I've had one $3 repair bill. That's why I call it my 'dollar-a-year car.' Buying this car in '41 was the luckiest strike *I* ever made!"*

THAT'S a Plymouth true story of *economy* and reliability. *Why* Plymouths display these qualities under all sorts of conditions is quite a story, too. Before this loyal Plymouth owner bought his car, Plymouth engineers and test drivers had driven much the same rough ground — and more. They met and overcame the *special* problems of desert, ice, mountains, mud, city traffic . . . right on these spots. They used the whole United States as proving ground for *all-around* performance. With Plymouth in war production now, three million Plymouths are supplying reliable low-cost transportation. And Plymouth dealer service helps *keep* them at their best.

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BUILDS
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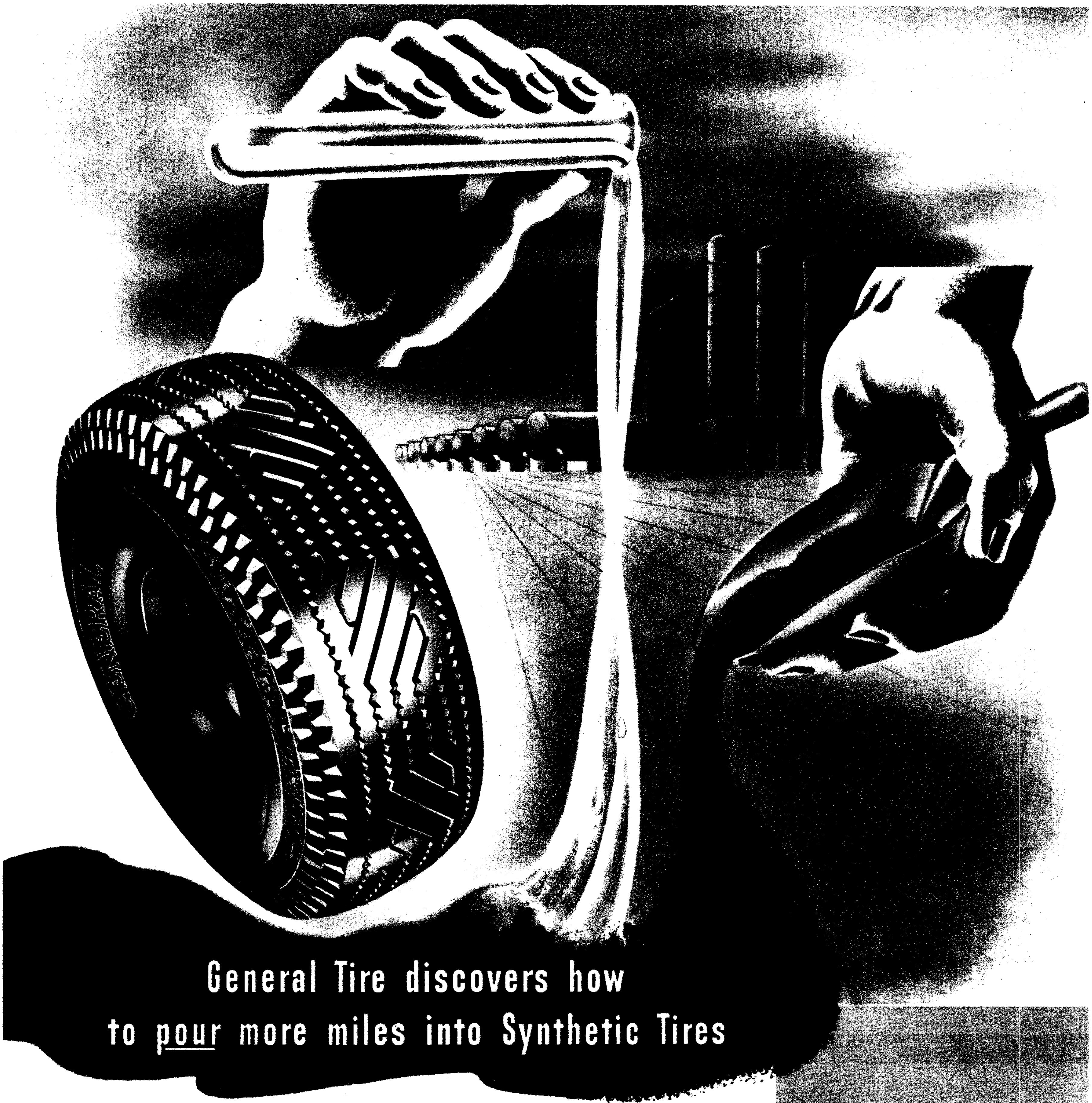
● IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW

**Based on an actual letter in the Plymouth files*



General Tire discovers how to pour more miles into Synthetic Tires

America now can look forward to more synthetic tires—and better tires, sooner.

For 40 years—ever since the rubber industry learned that mixing carbon black with rubber would make tires wear longer—chemists have dreamed of doing this mixing while the rubber was still in liquid form.

General Tire now has made this dream a reality.

In its synthetic plant at Baytown, Texas, General Tire today is mixing carbon black with liquid rubber . . . by a process hailed as the greatest advance since America's synthetic rubber program was launched.

Milling time is reduced one-third; manpower needed for milling is reduced sharply, with men freed to operate tire building machines; mileage-adding carbon black is evenly dispersed throughout the rubber, giving uniform wearing qualities everywhere.

Great new avenues of research have been opened. From this beginning, General Tire will continue to show the way with still more new processes and better rubbers.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 2, 1944

HOW A *Nazi* QUITS

BY IRA WOLFERT

A correspondent just back from Germany reports that most enemy troops want to surrender—but can't. Here's why it's harder to stop fighting than it was to start

ABOUT seventy per cent of the German soldiers I saw on the line—those who are taking the klobbering we are giving out—wanted to surrender. In Germany this was plain to see in the way they fought—fighting hard only when trapped—and in how glad they were when finally they were taken prisoner.

Here it was their fatherland that they were fighting for "to the death," and their Fuehrer, but there did not seem to be any regret in them that they had lost the fight. They walked into our prison camps the way men walk out of a dentist's office—with the mark on their faces of what they have been through, but, under that and bubbling through it, glad relief that it was over.

This was true of Hitler's venomous little superkiddies, too, his SS men and paratroopers and Panzer soldiers. These are the thirty per cent of the army that very militantly does not want to surrender. But very, very few even of these, as far as I could see, were sullen or genuinely sorrowing that the war was over for them and they had lost it.

But the German army does not surrender to us. It wants to, yet it doesn't, and the reason for this was made very clear to me a little while ago when we were up against a crowd that had obviously had a bellyful and obviously would give up the fight if they could. Our infantry was jumping off against them at eight o'clock. But the colonel in charge on the field there—Colonel Bernard A. Byrne of Bradenton, Florida—said, "Hell, if those Huns want to come over, why not let's invite them and see if they'll come?"

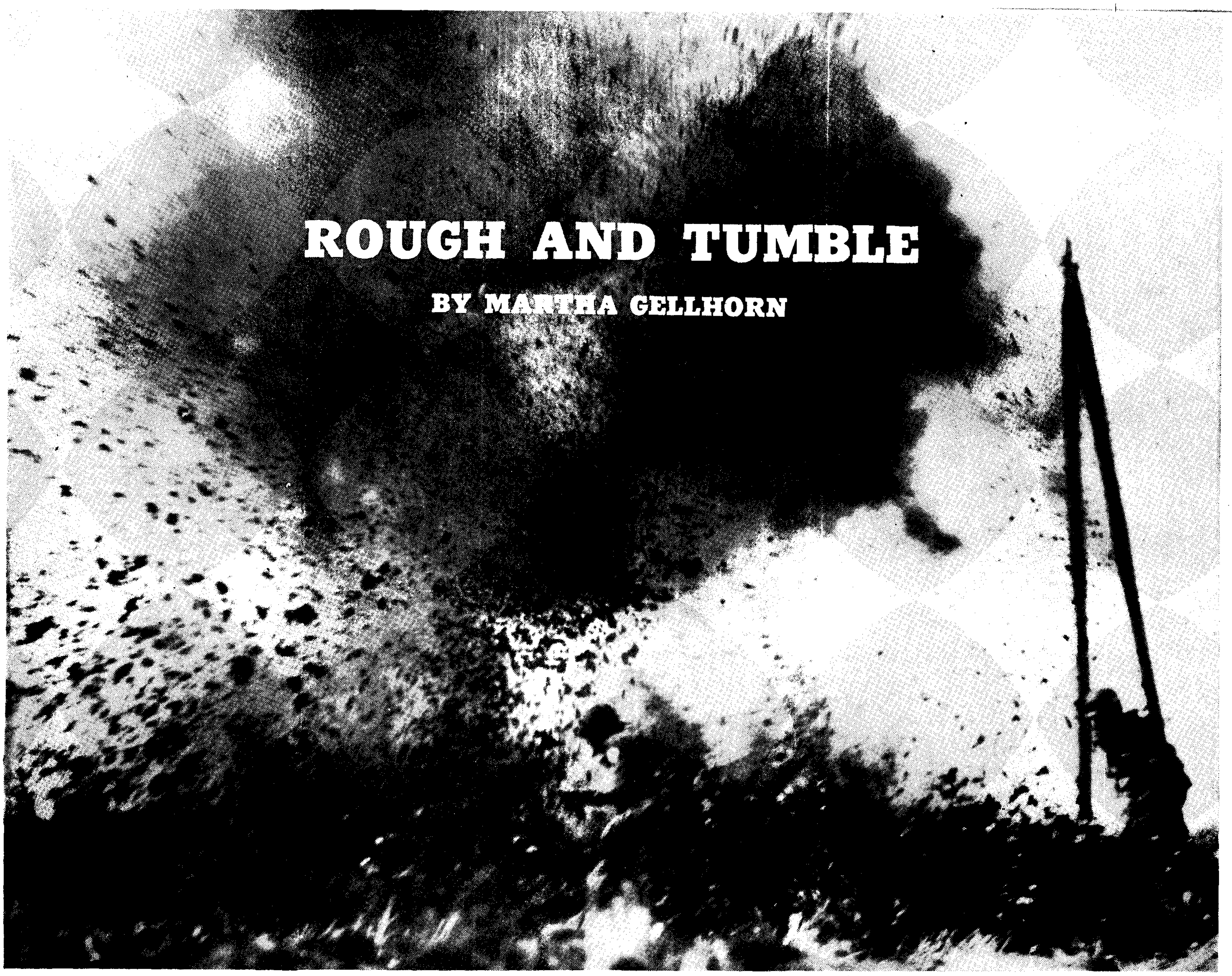
So a mobile radio-broadcasting company was sent for and drove most of the night in a truck like one of those small moving vans and finally came lumbering down the shell-dimpled road to the front, backed into a side road and hid the bulk of itself behind a thick earth embankment on top of which a prickly and brambly hedge grew.

The regular artillery preparation for the attack—a localized, line-straightening one in preparation for a push on the left—had been set back to 0750 hours, but the colonel had decided to throw in a wham or two at seven o'clock to give the Germans the idea. And that was what we heard now, while Sergeant Kenneth *(Continued on page 50)*

HUGH BRODERICK—INTERNATIONAL

ROUGH AND TUMBLE

BY MARTHA GELLHORN



ASSOCIATED PRESS WIREPHOTO

From Holland's skies came the paratroopers and glider troops of the 82d Airborne Division. Veterans of four major campaigns, many of these seasoned warriors are too young to vote

RADIOED FROM HOLLAND

THE troops of the 82d Airborne Division look like tough boys and they are. They are good at their trade, too, and they know it and they walk as if they knew it. Their trade is war: most of them are too young to have learned any other profession.

The general, who is himself thirty-seven, received many official communications about the soldiers' voting act and how soldiers were not to be influenced and how ballots were to be made available, and all of this was evidently most important, though in the middle of the campaign in Holland it was perhaps hard to attend to these matters.

Anyhow, quite worked up and conscious of his duty, he went around to the battalions to see that all was in order, and discovered that in one company only two men were old enough to vote and that this odd state of affairs was the usual form in his outfit. Finally, after a careful checkup, it was learned that the average age of the 82d Airborne Division paratroopers is twenty-two, and if you subtract two or three years for Army life you will see that these young men have not had much time to study any subject except the technique, mechanics and principles of killing other men.

They walk as if they know how good they are and they walk like individual men. All combat troops have a special pride and style. All combat troops despise garrison life and garrison soldiers, and all combat troops look like something very rare and would shock anyone with stern ideas about uniforms and comportment. But these airbornes seem to me even more remarkable than most and, seeing them now, you notice every face, for every face is that of an entire man, and you notice that each man wears his soiled and baggy clothing as if it had been designed for him alone and was not Army issue at all.

These rainy days the 82d Airborne Division is sweating it out in Holland. It rains now in Holland, Belgium and France and very likely in all the other countries I have not lately seen. (In Italy, too—oh, most miserably there!—and in those bridgeheads into Germany and all through the Balkans.) This rain is the heartbreak rain that washes away men's hope of peace and home, and it is the rain which warns you of the ugly winter ahead, another ugly winter of war.

In this rain, in the flat, dreary country of southern Holland, the paratroopers live and now fight a deadly little nibbling campaign which is not their style, and they do not complain, since they are tough boys and not given to complaint and besides they are volunteers and a volunteer is a man who says to himself that he damn' well got into this and there is no use beefing, and where do we go from here?

But before this Dutch campaign temporarily slowed down into foxholes and artillery duels and mortar fire and night patrols, it was one of the boldest and most spectacular attacks of this war and it suited the 82d Airborne Division perfectly.

On the 17th of September three airborne divisions parachuted and glided into Holland. There were the American 82d and 101st, and the famous First British which dropped on Arnheim. But this is a story about the 82d and, though a campaign means a mass of men all vital to one another and to success, and though from the workshops mechanics who repair tanks to the stretcher-bearers, to the signal corps linesmen, to the cooks, each man is essential, one needs a book to tell about them all.

Probably each tank crew and each infantry platoon deserves at least a book to pay them proper honor, and I am filled with wonder for every one of the anonymous and modest men who do this deadly, exhausting work of war as if it were not too hard and as if they expected no thanks. So this paragraph is merely a poor and quick recognition of all those one leaves unmentioned not because they are lesser but because they are too many.

In the November 11th issue of Collier's, W. B. Courtney's article, Army in the Sky, described the surprise attack of the greatest airborne armada ever staged. Now, in this article, Miss Gellhorn carries on the story of the paratroopers and glider troops after they landed in Holland

On September 17th the 82d Division boarded hundreds of planes and half a hundred gliders, left England and flew in formation at a fixed altitude and speed across the Channel and over the dunes of the Dutch coast. Here the flak began, and the endless flying wedge of transport planes and the gliders with men crowded in those canvas cockleshells without parachutes moved through the sky like an enormous procession of clay pigeons. It took thirty-five minutes for this fleet of planes to pass any given point on the ground—in short, thirty-five minutes for the flak batteries to get the proper range.

If one has not made such a ride, one could not presume to imagine what any man felt or thought while doing it. There was fighter cover and luck and whatever else there was and the losses en route were slight. Above Grave and north and south of Groesbeek the parachutists jumped and the sky flowered with thousands of swaying silk water-lily leaves, and if you see a picture of it, for pictures were made, you will think you never saw anything lovelier in your life.

On the other hand every man hanging like a little dark pencil beneath his parachute must have been filled with a strange surmise, to say the least. Then the gliders came in and some turned over and some landed on their noses and most of them made it all right. The troops kicked their way out of the thin canvas ships and again wondrously the casualties of the landing were very light.

The 82d had as its mission to hold the Grave and Nijmegen bridges and the high ground to the south of Nijmegen as well as a couple of subsidiary bridges over a canal to the east of Grave. The Grave and Nijmegen bridges are huge steel-girdered structures spanning the Maas and the Waal. The roads are either raised up on dikes or they are narrow flat strips passing through bare country which gives no cover. The two rivers are broad, between high banks, and at Nijmegen the Germans had a most convenient fort which commanded the approaches to the railroad bridge and the road bridge. There was likewise the enemy in force and determined and well equipped; there was, for a change, German aviation.

There were seven German counterattacks on Nijmegen. At one time the 82d Division

(Continued on page 70)

BY JOHN O'HARA

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

THIS? I got this knuckle the first night I was home on leave. My sister and brother-in-law give a big party for me, see? They took over the whole top floor of the West Park Hotel and they got all the girls from the Paradise night club show and all the bourbon whisky you could drink. I guess those waiters and all like that, they must've had two, three bottles apiece to take home with them, in addition to tips.

My brother-in-law—the most generous character I ever did know—him and my sister naturally they understood I was out here all this time, so they went home and left me all alone with them girls from the Paradise night club show, you know what I mean? I'd been off women for two years and I kept telling myself to take it easy, boy. So this one girl, built like Betty Grable, only better, I could see she liked me but I noticed she didn't have no drink in her hand.

Two other dames was loving me up at the time but I noticed this one kid didn't have no drink in her hand, so I called over to her why didn't she have no drink in her hand, and she said she never drank only champagne. So I called to one of the waiters, give her a bottle of champagne, this kid.

So the waiter brung her this bottle of champagne and as he was opening it, the cork flew out all of a sudden and hit me right here on the knuckle. I tell you it hit so hard I didn't feel it myself, but the dame I had my arm around, she felt it as if I give her a punch right over the kidneys. She let out a yell, it hit her so hard. She wanted to know what's the idea punching her. So I explained to her how my hand got hit here on the knuckle with this cork out of the bottle of champagne, but she didn't believe it.

Oh, you don't believe it, either, eh, wise guy? Okay. You're supposed to be my best friend on this ship and you don't believe me. That's a fine hell of a note.

Okay, pal. You're right. It didn't happen that way. My sister and brother-in-law, I only seen them the one time all the time I was home. That brother-in-law, he knows more about the war than I do. He knows more about where I been than I do. He knows everything, that character.

What a character! Get me started on him some time and I'll tell you about him. All right. He married my sister, he's her husband, my eldest sister. Listen, did you ever see a French seventy-five out here? Neither did I. I never seen any French seventy-five anywheres around out here and neither did you.

Well, you want to know something? That's why we ain't licking them Japs fast enough, because we don't have no French seventy-fives out here. The French seventy-five is the whole reason why they won the last war. That and the field artillery. Them guys won the last war because the field artillery had these French seventy-fives and what's the matter with MacArthur he don't order some French seventy-fives sent out wherever he is, my brother-in-law don't understand.

The only time I opened my yap, I said to my brother-in-law: "Why don't you get a bunch of them French seventy-fives and swim and tow them out to your old pal MacArthur, then we'll win quick enough for you."

I GUESS he got it all right, but I don't care if he did or not. I walked the hell out of there. My sister was sore and said I didn't have to get fresh, but I didn't say nothing. I thought of a couple things to say, but I didn't say them because of she being my sister. I just walked out and went around to a couple saloons and one place I got acquainted with a kind of an old guy that told me he had one of his sons on a battlewagon. He was a kind of an old nuisance but he didn't say anything about no French seventy-fives, so him and I went around to a couple bars.

Well, one of these places, the old guy said he had to go home, his wife'd be waiting up for him, and that got me thinking here it was around twenty-three hundred, and they wasn't nobody waiting up for me, so I called up a broad her husband's a railroader. She said it'd be all right if I come over in about an hour. By that time there wouldn't be any of her neighbors see me going in the house.

Well, while I was sittin' there drinkin', I began thinkin': Boy, some deal! I come all the way home, and my parents, all they want to talk about is when do I think my other brother will get home, the one I told you about was wounded over in Italy, and did I think they got good treatment in the Army, the wounded, and would he be brought home in a hospital ship, and was it true they wouldn't be allowed to go see him.

So I finally told *them*. I said Roosevelt was sending a private yacht for Paul, my brother, and what they did with the wounded in the Army, they hung them up by their thumbs and only cut them down a couple or three times a day.

For that, my old man hit me in the face with his open hand, and he can still hit even if he is around sixty-five years of age. He use to be a blacksmith. That's when I went over to see my sister and brother-in-law.

So I told you. I was sitting there and I got to thinking about this girl I use to tell you about. Frances. You know. *Frances*. No, I never called her anything but Frances. *You* heard me talk about her. I was gunna get *married* to her. I use to talk about her all the time. The only one I ever talked about the way I talked about her. Went to school with her, lived two blocks away from her, use to carry her picture with me. Not the one in the bathing suit. That was Lillian.

Frances was—oh, you *remember*. *Now* you remember. I think you remembered all the time, wise guy. I think you were trying to kid me, wise guy. One reason why you ought to remember her is the load we got on in Dago when she told me she was gunna marry this other guy—Harold Wilson.

WELL, I was wondering about her. Her kid ought to be around a year old, and maybe by this time she's prob'ly having another. I didn't mind, you understand. The way I looked at it, if she didn't want me, it was her privilege to marry somebody else.

I didn't like the guy she *married*, understand, but maybe she saw something in him I didn't see. Maybe he was what she wanted. Otherwise she wouldn't have married him, and anyway it was a good thing I found it out when I did and not after she went ahead and married me, and then I had to come out here, and *then* have her find out she liked him better. That I wouldn't have been able to take. I'd of blown my top if that would of happened.

So I'm working on this bourbon, and who should come in but Harold. Harold Wilson. The guy that married Frances. He said hyuh and I said hyuh, and he offered to buy me a drink, and I said no, I'd buy him one, and then we said we'd both buy one another a drink. I asked him how was Frances, and oh, he looked you know, in the chips. He had some kind of a job in the typewriter factory, only now they been making parts for the twenty-millimeter ever since the war.

He was friendly and he said Frances was okay, the baby okay, didn't say anything about having any more, so I took it for granted she wasn't, or maybe she was. I don't know. He didn't have much to say about Frances, and I thought he didn't want to embarrass me on account of me getting the pass-up. That's what I thought.

Then he said why didn't we go someplace else where it wasn't as dead as this place, and I said I couldn't, I had a date later, in an hour or so. So he laughed and he said, well, he had a car outside and plenty of gas, why didn't I call my date and ask her if she could make it for two.

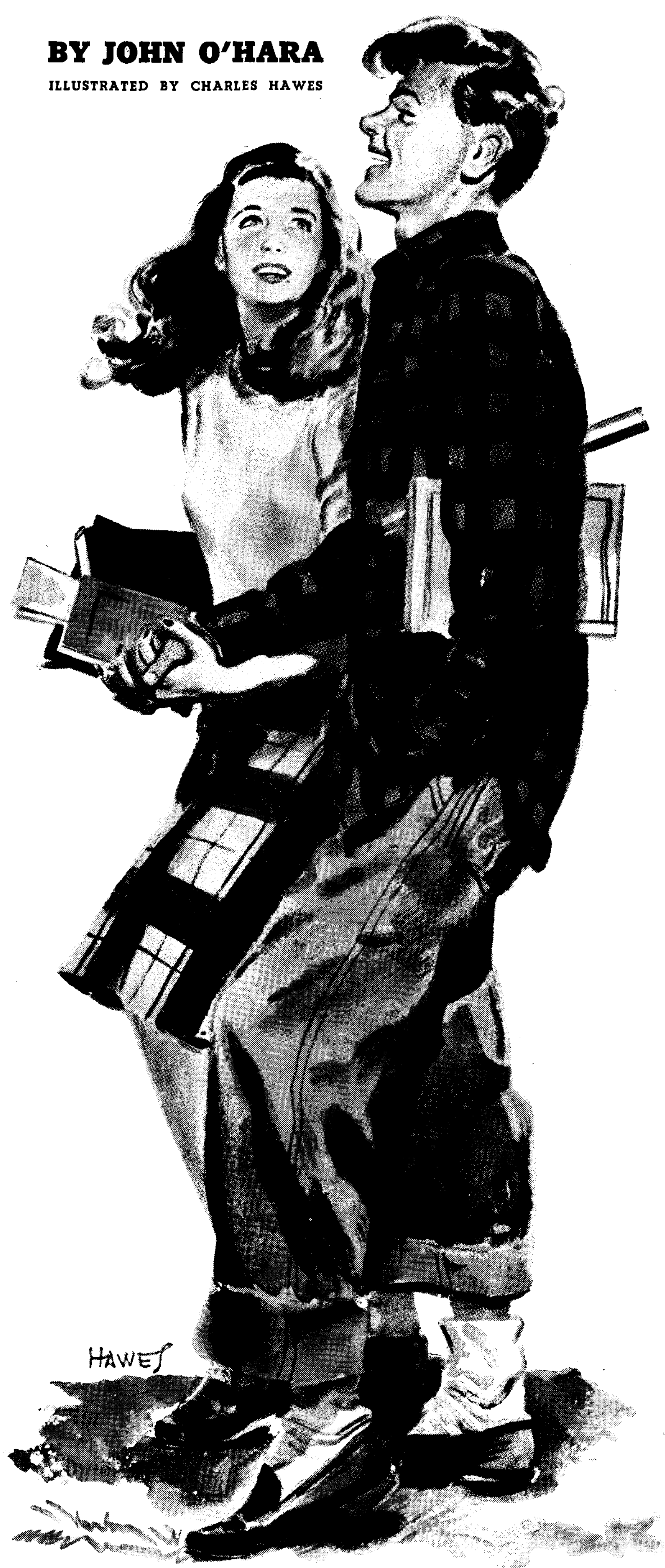
"Wuttid you say?" I said to him.

He said call up my date and get her to get another broad and we'd make it a foursome. I looked at him and I guess he didn't understand what the hell I was looking at him for. He must've misinterpreted because he said if it was money, he had plenty.

"So have I," I said. "Plenty."

I had around eight hundred dollars on me—pay, and from when I hit a crap game on the way home. So I said no, I wasn't thinking about the money angle. What about Frances? Well, the stupid—he laughed. He said what he did was his business, and I said, was what Frances did her business, and he said, "Sure, I guess so." Then he asked: Why? Did I want to call Frances? If I did, go ahead, and he'd take my date.

Well, that's where I got the knuckle. I'm gunna hit the sack.



"I got to thinking about this girl, Frances. The one I went to school with"

BACK to the

Americans and Filipinos are pouring back into the Pacific Islands that witnessed our tragic defeat in the opening days of this war. Here two correspondents with long experience in the Far East report on President Osmeña, who carried new plans for independence when he splashed ashore with MacArthur, and on the fighters who swarmed across Leyte in a grim thrust that meant doom for the Japanese oppressors

PRESIDENT OSMEÑA RETURNS

By Robert Bellaire

WHEN General MacArthur led his troops back into the Philippines, the smiling man on his right was Sergio Osmeña. Osmeña, who recently became second president of the Philippine Commonwealth, is virtually unknown to Americans. But among the conquered peoples of the Orient his name (pronounced ohs-*may*-nyah) is the symbol of a new hope of freedom.

Osmeña's return to the Philippines climaxed one of the most remarkable careers in modern Far Eastern history. He is the co-liberator of his eighteen million people from Japan's reign of terror. And, tucked carefully in his pocket, he carried America's unconditional promise of immediate Filipino independence as soon as civil government can be restored.

This double coup should establish the aging Osmeña as one of the most successful liberators of all time. But, significantly, he plays this role with none of the traditional trappings of the profession.

EILEEN DARBY

Now sixty-six, Osmeña has never worn a uniform, issued a military command or carried a gun. He even denies being a revolutionist. He has inspired his people to throw off Japan's yoke by force "because that's the only language the Japanese understand." But he has won independence without violence, or even "passive resistance."

Osmeña became the Filipino's first national leader when he was only twenty-eight, and he's been up to his stiff gray hair in politics ever since. Yet to the average Filipino he's much more of a legend than a real flesh-and-blood personality. He's a mystery man in his own country.

Osmeña has deliberately suppressed many facts about his background. Even today he refuses to discuss his father or mother or his early home life. He admits he was born in Cebu on September 9, 1878, but the next thing you hear about him is in 1894, when he entered the University of Santo Tomas in Manila.

Diligent research indicates he has nothing more scandalous to hide than a trace of Chinese blood, of which he is privately very proud. But to Osmeña, the politician, the fact may be well worth hiding. His easygoing countrymen have never liked the Chinese because too many Filipinos have been driven out of business by shrewd and frugal Chinese immigrants.

The Filipinos expect their leaders to be erratic and explosive, in the best Malayan tradition. They revel in the spectacle of government enacted by colorful egotists, as willing to swing a bolo knife as they are to eat, or drink, or love. But Osmeña has been none of these things to his people, except their liberator. That trace of Chinese blood has tempered his character, making him a suave but notably colorless public figure.

Before the masses, he moves with all the dull reserve and dignity of an aged mandarin. He speaks with grim logic and realism, instinctively shying away from catchy phrases or fiery slogans. Scandal has never touched him, and he has frequently retreated into the dim background of politics rather than fight his enemies to a showdown.

He's a masterful behind-the-scenes politician, with a warm personality which most Filipinos have never seen. When he turns that personality on behind the closed doors of his office, or as host in his own home, you feel it.

His eyes twinkle merrily. His genial smile reassures you and convinces you he has never been so happy as in your company. He loses none of his suave dignity, but all formality is gone. When he begins to talk, in highly fluent but accented English, it doesn't occur to you that maybe he isn't telling you everything he knows. And when he listens, you're surprised that what you have to say seems so important to him. His off-stage manner is disarming. It has often put his rivals—both American and Filipino—completely at their ease, while his shrewd brain, with lightninglike calculation, drove a better bargain than anyone ever intended giving him.

"He's amazingly reasonable during negotiations," one veteran American official said recently. "He'll give and take, to get what he wants."

Osmeña has studied American psychology closely. He knows there are times when we should be pulled rather than pushed. But more important, he knows there are times when we should be left alone completely.

In his private life, Osmeña is as moderate as at the conference table. His wife was enormously wealthy before the war and he himself had a small fortune. But they lived simply. Osmeña never smokes, seldom drinks and rarely exercises. He is a hard worker who has made a fetish of punctuality, something unheard of in the tropics. He has no real hobbies, although he enjoys music, dancing and reading.

Like the vast majority of Filipinos he is a devout Catholic. Strictly a family man, he is the father of eleven children, two of whom have been reported shot by the Japanese. One daughter, Maria, was with him in Washington, where the Philippines government had

(Continued on page 26)

PHILIPPINES

THE FLAG GOES UP AGAIN

By Royal Arch Gunnison RADIOED FROM LEYTE

I GOT back in time to see the first American flag go up in the Philippines. The boys who hit that tough red beach on Leyte Island thirty seconds before H-Hour were determined to get their banner up into the sultry tropical breeze as quickly as it was safe to send a man up a palm to tack on the flag. I felt I had a kind of personal interest in seeing that American flag go back up. A new American flag snapping over these islands meant we were now coming back to the Philippines. But my personal reason for wanting to be on hand dated from a dark, muggy day in January, 1941, when I was a prisoner of the Japs up in Manila and watched the Japs drop the red, white and blue bunting from the flagpole in front of the High Commissioner's office, stomp on it and then toss it into a garage like a bundle of dirty laundry.

On that day I knew that sometime, someway, I would come back here to see the American flag raised again in the Philippines. I just made it. Coming ashore, the coxswain of the small Higgins landing craft in which I was riding decided to put us on the beach alongside a long, high landing craft that had just opened its mouthlike bow to disgorge troops, supplies and tanks across a short stretch of shallow water and up the sharp beach to the battered line of palm trees, twenty-five yards inland.

The firing we had caught some 2,000 yards offshore where the smooth surface of Leyte Gulf showed deep green had stopped. We knew the Nips were waiting for us. They were going to give us the old Bunker Hill business in reverse. We were on the flank of Red Beach, the second wave to hit at this extreme end, and we knew the first had been heavily hit. Our walkie-talkie told us that as we were halfway in. You think of a lot of things in those few minutes before everything starts flinging itself out from a beach as though each red tracer was aimed directly at you.

Salvo from the Hidden Enemy

I felt pretty secure behind the ramp of the Higgins landing boat. Purely psychological, I told myself, but it was comforting, anyway. The boat grounded, and the jolt threw me forward on my knees against another correspondent. I glanced at the big LST just to our right. At that moment, the Japs, not 100 yards away in the deep black of the jungle, let us have it. Those were machine-gun tracers and slugs ricocheting off the higher side of the LST into our boat, low in the water. A split second later, the Jap heavy mortar fire began. The LST received three direct hits.

I saw a part of the superstructure break away in a great slow arch. A body, arms and legs akimbo, disengaged itself from the flying superstructure. I didn't have time to watch what happened to it after it seemed for a second to hang up there in the blue sky like a doll.

All this happened within a few seconds. Our coxswain suddenly dropped the ramp in front of us, and there, directly before us, was the Philippines beach, loaded with Japs.

Someone shouted, "Raise the ramp! Let's get the hell out of here!" Ensign James, of Admiral Barbey's flagship, bent double just behind me, hollered above the machine-gun fire and the whamp and whump of the mortar explosions: "Run for it! You're safer on the beach."

We ran toward the ramp. It took real effort to jump out of the small mouth of that target and wade slowly, waist deep, through the surf, with slugs in the water all around. I thought: This is like trying to run in a dream and not being able to make my legs function. In a minute the tiny group of us found our feet and threw ourselves toward the steep upward slant of the beach. Just a step ahead of me and to my left, three men grabbed for their stomachs and spun around. I found myself flat on my face on the beach. A dozen tiny silver fish blown up on the black sand lay broken all around my head. The machine-gun fire bore down over our heads. I didn't dare lift my head to see who was on my right. I felt someone on my heels. It was reassuring to feel him move.

The mortar shells kept dropping in the water just behind us. The machine-gun fire slackened momentarily. I looked up. Fortunately, we were just beneath the crest of the sharply rising beach. The machine guns couldn't bear on us if we remained where we were, but the mortars could. I glanced back at the LST. The fire had been so concentrated her crew had closed the bow doors. They were stuck in the sand and couldn't move, and they were taking it. Because of the concentrated fire on the LST, we decided we would be able to slip and slither out of range, and in about ten minutes we were able to relax a few seconds on the sand before running for a pile of broken palm trunks.

Just before we made the run for it, Bill Chickering, a correspondent with whom I had been talking aboard ship the night before about being so eager to return to the Philippines, looked up from beneath his helmet, "Hey," he drawled. "How does it feel to be back on Philippine soil?"

There were lots of other places where I'd rather have been at that moment. Some people claim that all invasion beachheads are the same, but here in the Philippines all of us who landed in those first few hours felt we had participated a bit in the realization of a goal. We knew we were landing against the Imperial Japanese Fifteenth Division, "The Butchers of Bataan," and that, in itself, made this landing unique. Our outfit had the opportunity to begin immediately to avenge the atrocities of Bataan and Corregidor, and it gave you something to cheer about when you saw Jap machine-gun nests or pillboxes wiped out with grenades or direct bomb or shell hits.

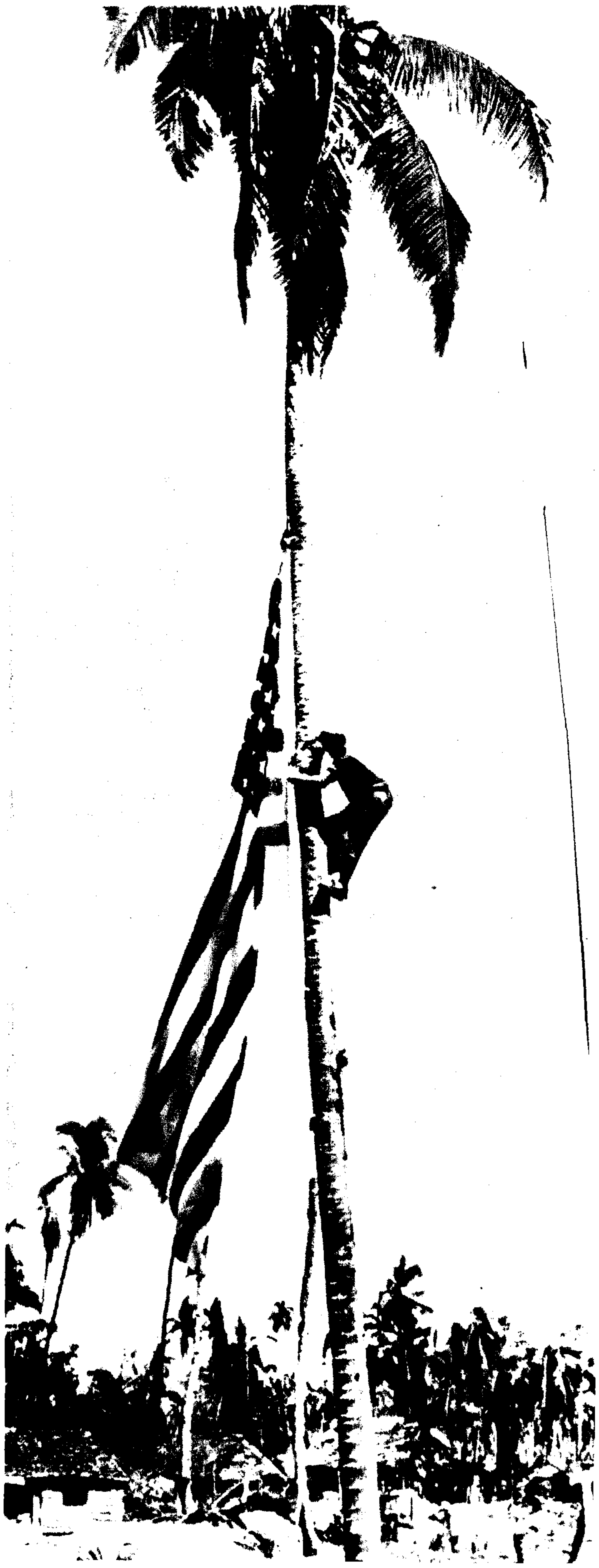
It wasn't too long before wave after wave packed in behind us. Bulldozers began to push the sand back off the beach into the water to make a

(Continued on page 28)

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

When General MacArthur left the Philippines he told the world he would be back. Here he is, the victor on Leyte, saying through microphone, "I have returned"

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



Atop an amtrac, a Yank prepares to toss a rope to some doughboys who find the going not so easy on Leyte Island, where men are men—and mud is mud

Old Glory goes up in the Philippines for the first time in nearly three years. The tall, strong flagpole, with its graceful leafy top, was not imported

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

An infallible warning device guides flame-eaters. The torch is off-angle, says Zadma, when flames spurt from your nostrils and you smell hairs singeing in your nose

FIRE-EATING IS FUN

BY THE GREAT ZADMA as told to JULE MANNIX

Here's our carnival expert with another of his simple parlor tricks. He says it's fun to eat fire, but not nourishing

THE great secret of fire-eating is not to allow the fumes of the gasoline you are eating to explode in your lungs. In the confined space, the effect is very much like the explosion that takes place in the cylinders of your car, and the sensation is horrible. Once you have learned to avoid this, your only worry is to keep from being burned by the flames coming out of your mouth.

I first learned fire-eating in order to pinch-hit for the regular performer, who had had a backfire. He had been trying to do the Fountain of Fire, which is a very pretty trick but occasionally sets the tent ablaze. The artist takes a mouthful of high-octane gas and blows it up in the air in a steady stream, at the same time setting fire to it with a torch. If nicely done on the carnival "bally" platform in front of the sideshow tent, it will light up the whole midway and makes a beautiful bally. Sometimes the vapor takes the form of a circle and sails up like a giant smoke ring, still burning, for ten or fifteen feet before it disperses.

The night of the accident, I was standing beside the fire-eater on the bally platform, swallowing a sword to attract a crowd. There was a breeze blowing, which is always bad for fire work, but after I finished, he decided to do the Fountain of Fire.

Making sure that there was no open flame on the platform, he took a mouthful of gasoline from a glass and then threw the glass away to make sure any vapor clinging to it would not ignite. Then he lighted one of his torches and, holding it at arm's length, prepared to puff out the gasoline.

I was watching him rather idly, having seen the effect many times. Suddenly a little trickle of gas leaked out of the corner of his mouth and ran down his chin. Instantly, a tiny flash of fire from the torch leaped toward it, running through the air as though along an invisible fuse. The little stream blazed up, and the whole mouthful of gas exploded.

I was blinded for a second by the flash. The fire-eater's whole face was burning and he threw himself off the platform and rolled on the ground, trying to put out the fire. The talker and I jumped off the platform and got him to his feet. I expected to see him terribly injured, but although he was moaning with pain, his face looked perfectly all right. But a few hours later, blisters like bunches of grapes appeared all over his cheeks and mouth. Several days later when he could speak, he told me that he had never known such pain. That left the show without a fire-eater, so another young fellow and I started studying the art.

Fire-eating is one of the prettiest tricks there is. It is not extremely hard to learn and many fire-eaters go for a long time without a really bad burn. This is how it is done:

A fire-eater generally performs with four or five torches that look like giant buttonhooks. In the curved part of the hook, rolls of cotton soaked in gasoline are tied in place. Be sure you tie them securely. Just before you begin your act, soak your torch heads in a little bowl of gasoline, then light one of them. Sometimes one of the burning balls falls off, and you swallow it by mistake. Although the fire goes out in a few seconds, those few seconds always seem a long time.

Now throw back your head and stick one of the burning torches down your throat, taking care not to burn yourself. This takes considerable practice. Your head should be thrown well back, not completely back as you would naturally do when swallowing a sword, but far enough so that you feel your collar pressing into the back of your neck, and there is a slight strain on the throat muscles in front. Insert the torch at an angle of about 75 degrees.

Don't be discouraged if you get burned the first few times you try. Lay in a good supply of cracked ice and fill your mouth up with it after practicing, to take away the pain. The commercial ointments sold to relieve burns don't seem to work well on your insides, and most of them taste horrible. Ice cream is much better.

Icing Their Sizzled Stomachs

When my friend and I first started practicing, we kept going to an open-all-night lunch wagon and buying ice cream by the quart to gargle with after each session. About three o'clock in the morning, the wagon ran out of ice cream, so we started buying the cracked ice the proprietor kept the ice-cream cartons in. The man began to look at us rather curiously after that, although we were paying him as much for his darned cracked ice as we had for the ice cream, and the ice was full of salt that stung. Finally he quietly closed down between two of our trips. We really suffered after that, until the drugstores opened in the morning.

The torch must be put in your mouth at just the right angle and your head held just so, or the flame will hit the roof of your mouth or your face and raise blisters. If you have it a little off-angle, the burning vapors get into the nasal passage, and you get two little spurts of flame from your nostrils. Fortunately, nature has provided a warning device to tell you when this happens. You can smell the hairs on the inside of your nose burning.

When swallowing a burning torch, always keep breathing out slightly. This keeps the gas fumes from getting into your insides, as they tend to explode in there. This tendency of the gas fumes to get caught in a cross-draft inside of you and go wandering around is one of the most annoying aspects of fire-eating. I knew one performer who always introduced his act with a flourish by drinking several glasses of gasoline. One evening the fumes from the gas got into his left lung, and when he tried to swallow a lighted torch, his lung exploded. He didn't die, but he developed a horror of fire-eating and had to make a living burning designs on himself with a blowtorch.

I used to flick the torches to throw off the excess gas after lifting them out of the soaking bowl. This has the bad effect of sprinkling the floor with gasoline, and I did it once while I had a lighted torch in a rack. Instantly the gas on the floor blazed up, setting fire to the soaking bowl and then exploding a large glass preserve jar of gasoline I was using as a main source of supply.

I was so dazzled by the explosion that I could not move for a second or two. Everything near me (including several spectators) was covered with burning gasoline. I pulled off my clothes, and got only a few slight burns. Zip, the Almost Human, who was on the platform with me, grabbed up a large bottle containing a two-headed baby and used that to stamp out the flames. It didn't

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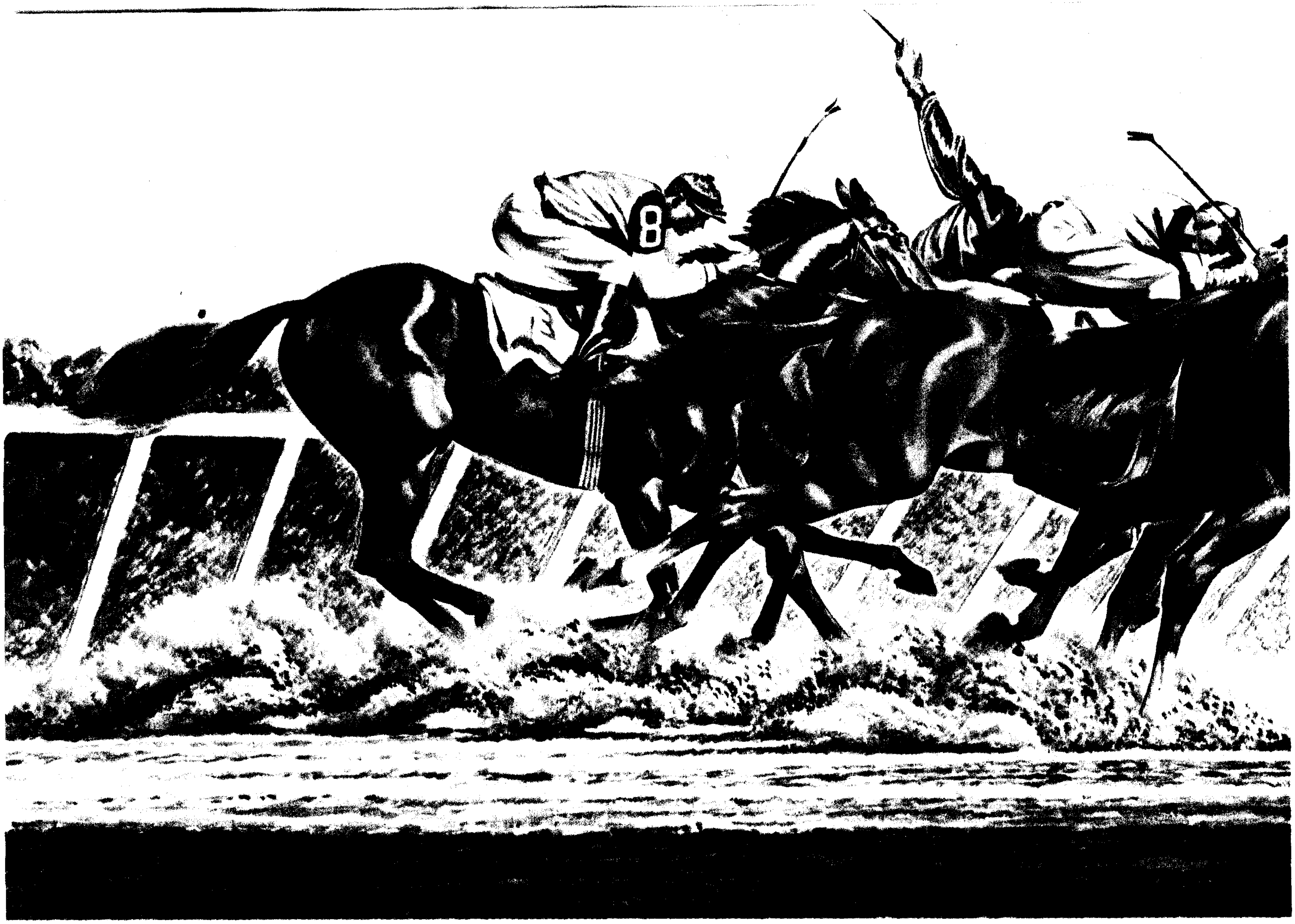
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT



Ebb Tide was halfway through when Harry felt his stirrup graze the rail. "Stay there, you rummy," yelled the apprentice on the inside horse

Arise, Arise FROM SLEEP

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

Harry was a little man who had burned his candle at both ends—and in the middle, too. But out of the past came a spark to rekindle his courage

HARRY MADDEN opened his eyes and stared painfully at the light through branches directly over his head. For a few seconds, waking there, he thought he was lying behind the paddock at Aqueduct or Delaware Park, still drunk in the late afternoon, with the crowd making its noise in the distance and the smell of horses near by. Then the painful and even frightened look with which some men, who have drunk too much too often, awake from sleep, went away from Harry Madden's face, and he felt his body loosen.

The shadows shifted and changed under the leaves, and turning his eyes he saw that it was not horses that had stamped and moved but the mules. Then he heard the other sound in the distance that was in no way like the sound of the crowd, but he closed his eyes again and lay there, pleased and relaxed—mostly because he did not have that feeling, like nothing else but being very sick, of waking after too much drinking.

It was very quiet there in the olive grove and he was alone except for the mules. After a while he ignored the noise in the distance that had taken the place of the crowd, and almost but not quite he slept again. Stubbornly, memory went back . . . and there was the illusion again, but stronger and even clearer, that he was on the grass under the trees on the far side of the paddock that last day, and Al Nicholson was shaking him angrily to waken him for the last race. . . .

AS HE had grown older there had been a change in him, so gradual that he did not grow frightened until the pattern and life of which it was a part had ended, perhaps for good, and he was in another country. . . .

When he was seventeen, he had been the best apprentice rider in the country. And even later on, after he had lost his bug—the little asterisk after his name that meant he was granted an apprentice allowance on all horses he rode—he was still a very hot rider. He was ambitious and had no imagination to speak of, so that he took chances the older riders wouldn't or couldn't take, and won races he never should have won. Twice he had been badly thrown trying to go between horses in the stretch, and once he had his ankle broken when it was jammed against the rail as he tried to squeeze through inside a horse ridden by an older rider.

But although these things made him a little more careful it wasn't so much that he had become thoughtful as that he became more skillful and picked his chances more carefully. What really slowed him down at last, he had thought, was the responsibility of marriage. He had been married the first time when he was nineteen and divorced when he was twenty-two. He had never been able to quite get used to the idea that the girls he had known in Wilmington and Brooklyn and Providence should belong to the past after he was married.

He had made a lot of money by the time he was twenty-five and then he married again, this time what he and the other jockeys called a "nice girl." Her father owned and trained a small string of horses, and by riding some of his horses, as well as those of other owners, Harry Madden made money on some very nice betting coups.

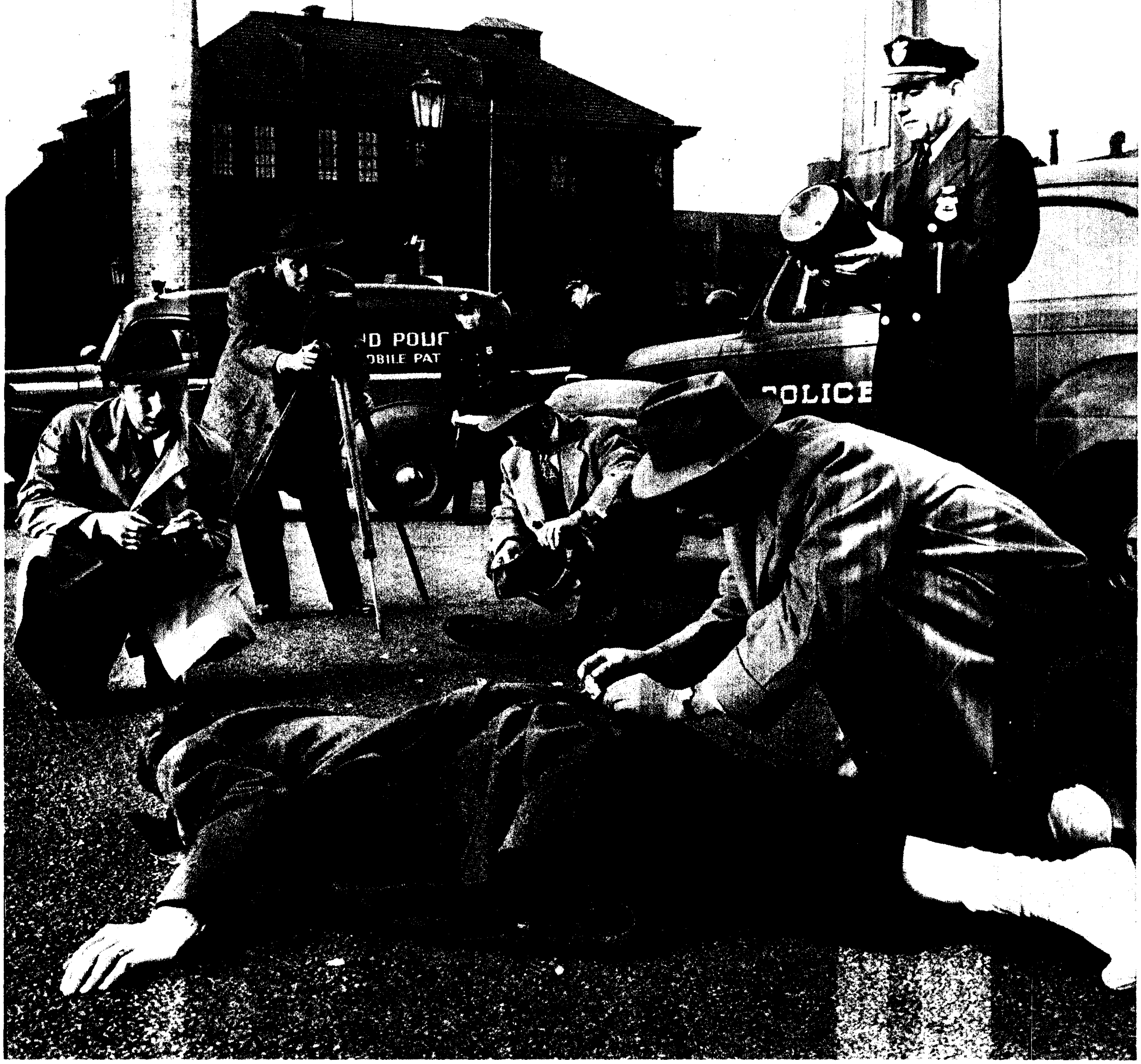
Even later, when a lot of things were over and he was in another country, he could never be sure when or even why the change had begun. There was an expression they used around the track when an older jockey began to grow careful. "He carries a picture of the wife and kid in his riding silks." He had liked to think that that was why he had grown careful. But toward the end, he realized that that wasn't the reason, either, because his second wife finally divorced him for the same reason the first one had.

When he had started to go, he had gone fast. It was as though everything went at once—his wife, the child, even the money he thought he had been accumulating. He got fewer and fewer mounts, and finally only horses in claiming races that the owners didn't want ridden hard because they were saving them for a spot and a good price. But sometimes he got one of them to ride when the price was right, so that he managed to hang on at the big tracks, preferring to stay there and ride maybe not more than one mount a day, although he could have made more money at the half-mile tracks, riding every race there.

By the time he reached thirty he was in a thoroughly bad way. He was drinking too much and was always heavily in debt to some owner or jockey agent. The one race a day he rode in usually was the last one, so that the pattern of his days was always the same: The waking around noontime in a cheap hotel room near the track, or in someone's parlor on the daybed, and once or twice in jail; getting to the track for the third or fourth race; the talk with the other jockeys or the owners in the tack room to see if anybody "knew anything" and, if they did, whether he could find out about it in time to get a bet down. And then, if the track

(Continued on page 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



This is how the hit-skip squad operates, with a member of the police force acting as victim. At left: Sgt. Clarence O. Triska; Lt. James Basta, extreme right. Detective Roy Inlakar photographs scene for records; Plainclothes Man H. J. Schroedel scrapes car paint from victim's coat; Chester Kluzik examines pieces of headlight. Note shoe at center. Police say that when a pedestrian is hit by a car going more than 35 m.p.h. he is usually jerked right out of laced shoes

HIT, RUN AND REGRET

By Wm. F. Mc Dermott

With science, sweat and persistence, Cleveland's hit-skip squad has cleaned up on the hit-and-run drivers. A plan other cities can profitably copy

IN CLEVELAND the hit-and-run drivers are on the run—right into court. There it's "Thank you, Judge," when a 20-day jail sentence instead of 30 is handed out, or the fine is $100 instead of $200. As if to help along the cause of justice, most of the culprits plead guilty, saving the public the time and expense of a jury trial.

It isn't an attack of virtue, however, which is causing the hoodlums and cowards who smash down pedestrians or bash in parked autos and then turn tail and beat it, to take their medicine. Rather, it's the brilliant work of a coterie of crafty cops, known as Cleveland's "hit-skip squad."

Police departments of most large cities are up on their hind legs trying to find out how the officers of the Ohio city jumped the solution of hit-and-run cases and the conviction of offenders by 200 per cent in one year—from 93 out of 480 cases in 1942, clear up to 241 out of 386 in 1943. Out of 199 persons arrested last year, 192 were convicted. The proportion is still shooting skyward, with 203 out of 299 skippers nabbed and disposed of by court action during the first 8 months of 1944—with 36 cases pending.

It's simply a case of a special outfit, composed of some of the brightest and hardest-working members of the police department—they put in 1,000 hours of overtime last year—being assigned to a do-or-die job of ferreting out the guilty and seeing that they get their just deserts. The hit-skip squad has done an incredible job in upping arrests from 22 to nearly 70 per cent, yet it claims that if holes in the Ohio law were plugged it could easily run down and jail at least 90 per cent. As it is, it succeeds because of its extraordinary thoroughness. Let's look into a couple of cases:

Late at night, on a deserted Cleveland side street a few months ago, a pedestrian was struck by a speeding automobile. His body was hurled to the curb. The driver switched off his lights and fled.

Police were at the scene in a few moments. A broken radiator cap and a goddess-of-speed ornament were the only apparent clues. The battered body was taken to the morgue. The bruises, which were many and severe, were examined. Suddenly the investigator gasped; one peculiar bruise revealed a shadowy outline of something. A photograph was taken and enlarged. There, partially hidden away by the swollen discoloration of the flesh, was detected a dim imprint of the killer's car.

The blow had been so terrific that the speeding auto had etched its trademark on the victim's arm, and death had preserved it. The extensive files of the hit-skip squad immediately revealed the year the car was made, also the addresses of all owners of that specific model in the community. Police can-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF—PIX

vassing garages, sales agencies and gas stations found an attendant who had sold such a goddess-of-speed ornament to the owner of such a car. Hit-skip squad officers traced him to the farm of a relative, where the death car had been hidden, and the hit-and-run driver was cowering in a potato bin. They got him for manslaughter.

Previous to that, a young man had been killed by a hit-and-run driver on a downtown thoroughfare. Two witnesses got the license number of the car and reported it to the police. The owner swore he was not involved and offered testimony of half a dozen witnesses that he was in his office when the accident occurred. He explained the deep dent in his fender as having been caused by a collision with the garage door.

Members of the hit-skip squad were convinced that the man was guilty. Both the dented fender and the victim's clothing were given laboratory analysis. A photograph of the dent showed a definite pattern of fabric imprinted in the paint, that had not been visible to the naked eye. An impression of the dead man's clothing was made on a ferrotype plate, then photographed. A comparison of the photos showed that the weave and texture of the cloth matched the impression on the fender. The killer went to prison.

Up to September 1st of this year, Cleveland—with a population around the 1,000,000 mark—had only one person who had been slaughtered and abandoned by a motorist (and the offender has been caught), whereas in all of 1943 there were nine. Seven of last year's killers, however, were caught and convicted.

For years, Cleveland has been doing a job of cutting the motor death and injury toll. But what galled the entire city was that hit-and-run drivers continued their murderous business and got away with it. Heavy penalties seemed only to increase the number who tried to escape by turning off their lights or stepping on the gas.

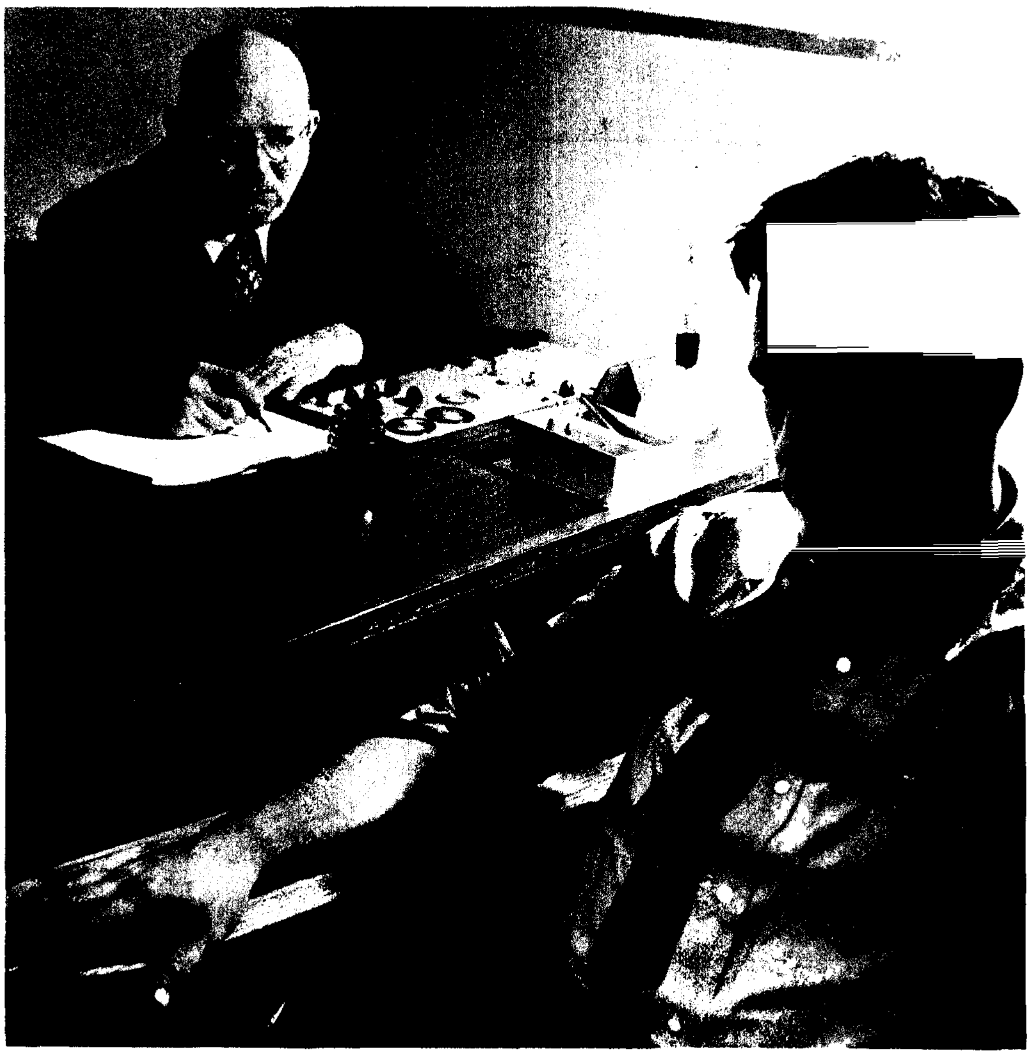
Traffic Commissioner Martin A. Blecke went into action. Only a special detail, assigned to that one job alone, could meet the situation, he decided, after a conference with Carl L. Smith, executive vice-president of the Greater Cleveland Safety Council. Blecke summoned two top-flight young men from the Accident Prevention Bureau, Lieutenant Reinhold Apelt and Lieutenant James Basta, both graduates of the famous Northwestern University Traffic Institute. Each officer was told to pick two men and to go to work. Thus was born, in February, 1943, what has come to be known as the hit-skip squad. After distinguished work in founding and directing the detail, both Apelt and Basta went on up in traffic control, and Sergeant Clarence O. Triska is now in charge.

Science is the first weapon of the squad. Every one of the six members is an expert photographer and has a regular newsman's camera and flash gun in his car. Several are experienced draftsmen, and scale drawings are made of the scene of each accident. Each squad car is supplied with a typewriter for taking statements, brake-testing apparatus, first-aid equipment (every member being a graduate of the Red Cross training course), blankets, flares, broom and shovel to gather debris, filter paper for gathering spilt blood or bits of flesh for evidence, and razor blades to scrape paint samples.

The laboratory at police headquarters

(Continued on page 59)

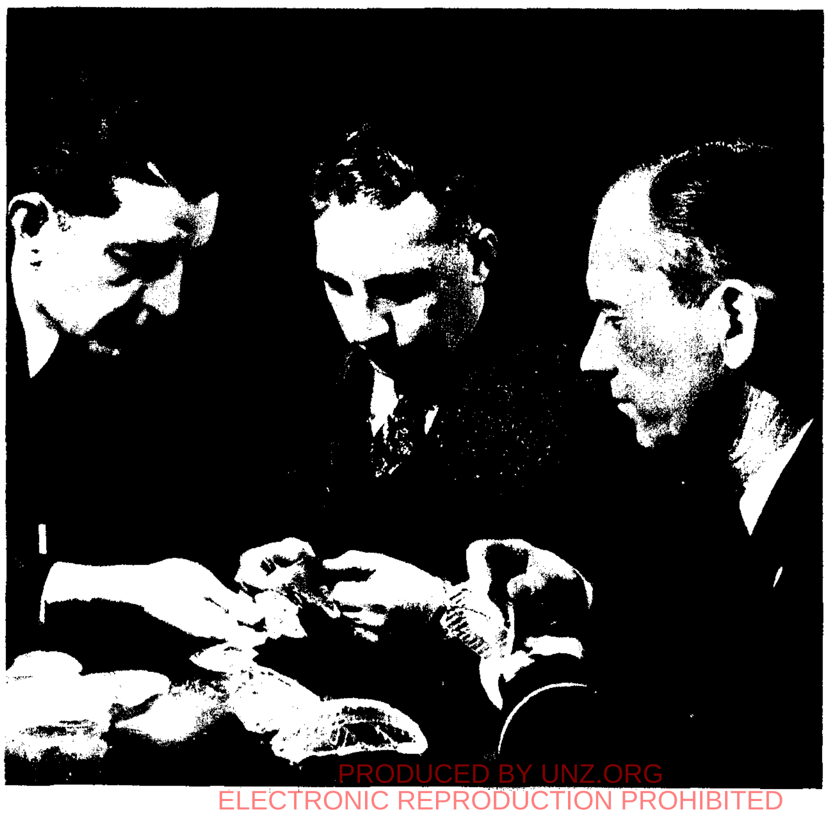
Herbert J. Schroedel examines for bits of evidence the undercarriage of a car involved in a recent hit-and-run accident. In this case, the culprits are still at large



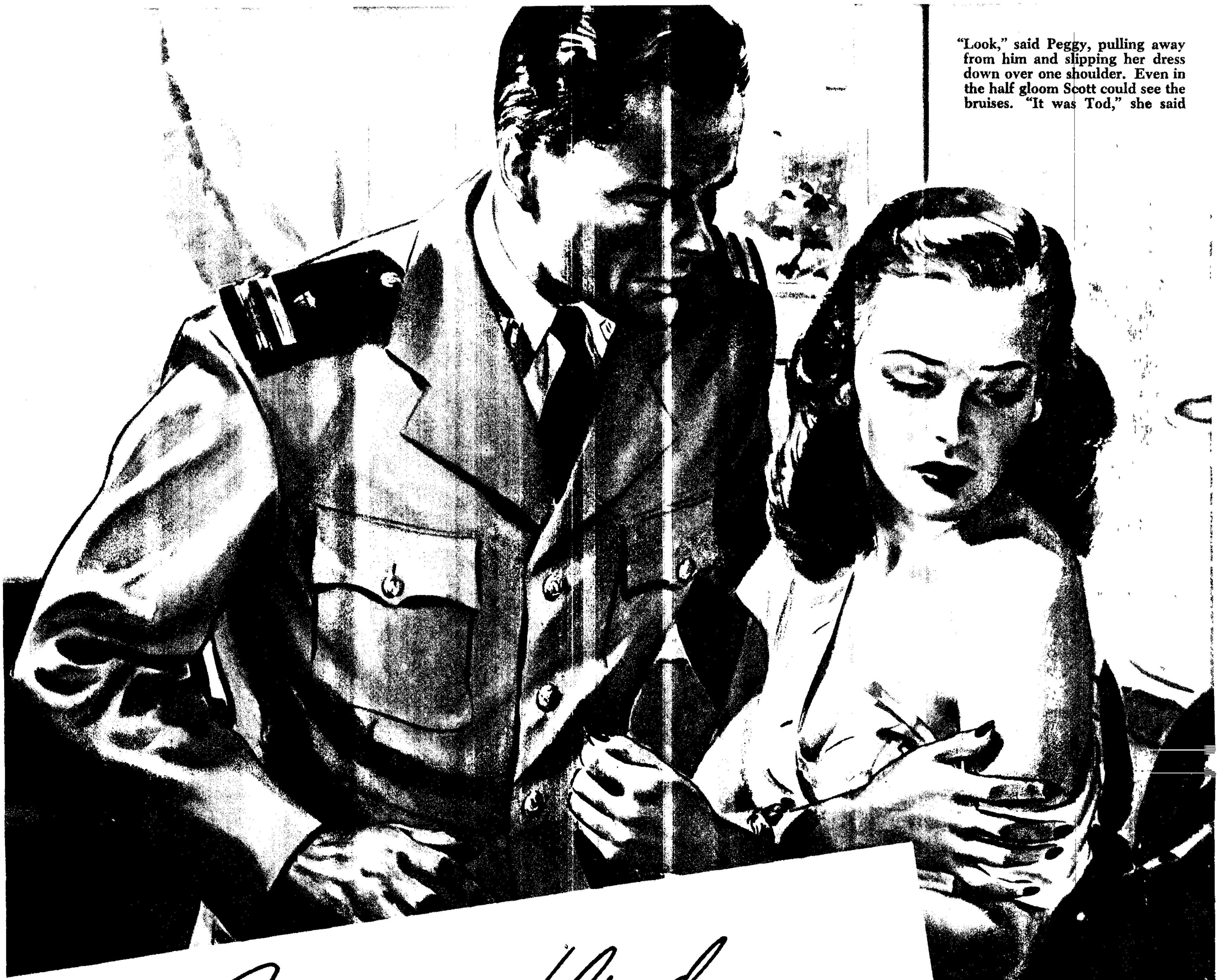
Just the sight of lie-detector often brings a confession. Here David L. Cowles, Supt. of Bureau of Scientific Identification of Cleveland's P.D., tries it out on a staff member

Lieut. Reinhold Apelt looks over victim's jacket for a telltale trace of car paint

Pieces of headlight, checked by (l. to r.) Basta, Triska and Apelt, reveal make and year of hit-run auto. Squad files will locate owner



Headquarters laboratory does complete chemical analysis. Sgt. James Dodge examines radiator cap figure



"Look," said Peggy, pulling away from him and slipping her dress down over one shoulder. Even in the half gloom Scott could see the bruises. "It was Tod," she said

None so blind

BY MITCHELL WILSON

The Story:

When Scott Burnett, lieutenant in the Coast Guard, falls deeply in love with beautiful Peggy Butler, wife of blind, domineering Tod Butler, he walks into a storm of ominous emotions. Peggy hates and fears her ex-artist husband, a darkly brooding man of tremendous physical power, but, having caused his blindness, tells Scott she cannot leave Tod until he dies. Although assured by Dr. O'Neill, Tod's jovial, intelligent physician, that the man is totally and incurably blind, Scott cannot rid himself of his belief that Tod can see. Haunted by this obsession, he tries to prove it one day by guiding his horse so that Tod, walking beside him on the beach, must either step into a mass of jagged wreckage or reveal himself by halting. To Scott's horror, Tod falls helplessly into the wreckage, and Peggy accuses him of attempted murder. Sick with bafflement and despair, Scott visits Eve Geddes, a girl of whom he was once very fond, for consolation. Taking her in his arms, he thinks momentarily that he could love her, then abruptly withdraws, realizing that he cannot involve Eve in the terrible web of conflict between the Butlers and himself.

III

EVE was beginning to realize what Scott was talking about, and the white mortification on her face stopped him for a moment. He had been correct, then, in breaking this off. There could be so much between them that a single kiss could no longer be passed off as an affectionate gesture. He looked away from her again, knowing that if he allowed himself to hesitate too long, he'd bog down because of pity. Searching his mind for some adequate explanation of his behavior, he tried awkwardly to express himself aloud, but the words were difficult to speak.

"I had no intention of kissing you," he said miserably. "It's just that I was feeling exceptionally low, and it was so pleasant here." The fumbling apologies came in a clumsy, hastening flow, and he thought he could not bear it, when Eve bent her head, her eyes suddenly bright with unwanted tears. "Oh, Lord, Eve," he said, his voice low and tight. "I think you're swell, and I'd like to stay, but I don't have a choice any more, and well —damn it—I just can't, that's all! It's too late, much too late for me to turn back."

He turned away from her then, and finding himself face to face with a small mirror, saw his incompleted, pleading gestures reflected sharply. A hot flush seared his face; he snatched up his cap, and without looking behind him, marched out through the darkened store.

Once outside, he stood alone for a moment, in the deserted street, and then walked quickly toward the beach. Above him, a lopsided moon shone brilliantly in a clear sky that faded into blackness as it curved down to meet the ocean; as he stared up at it, the memory of the evening with Eve began to dissolve, breaking away like tatters of thin cloth in a strong, steady breeze, and he knew that he couldn't forget Peggy by kissing Eve; he couldn't hide from himself the fact of Tod's existence with chintz slip covers.

When Scott reached the beach, he was the same man who had left it a few hours before: a man ridden by frustration, haunted by fear, and trying desperately to remain blind to a solution that appeared to be thrust on him from a hundred sources. What he had said to Eve ran through his mind again and again; try as he might he could not escape the memory of the self-imposed sentence: "I don't have a choice any more." There was

(Continued on page 31)

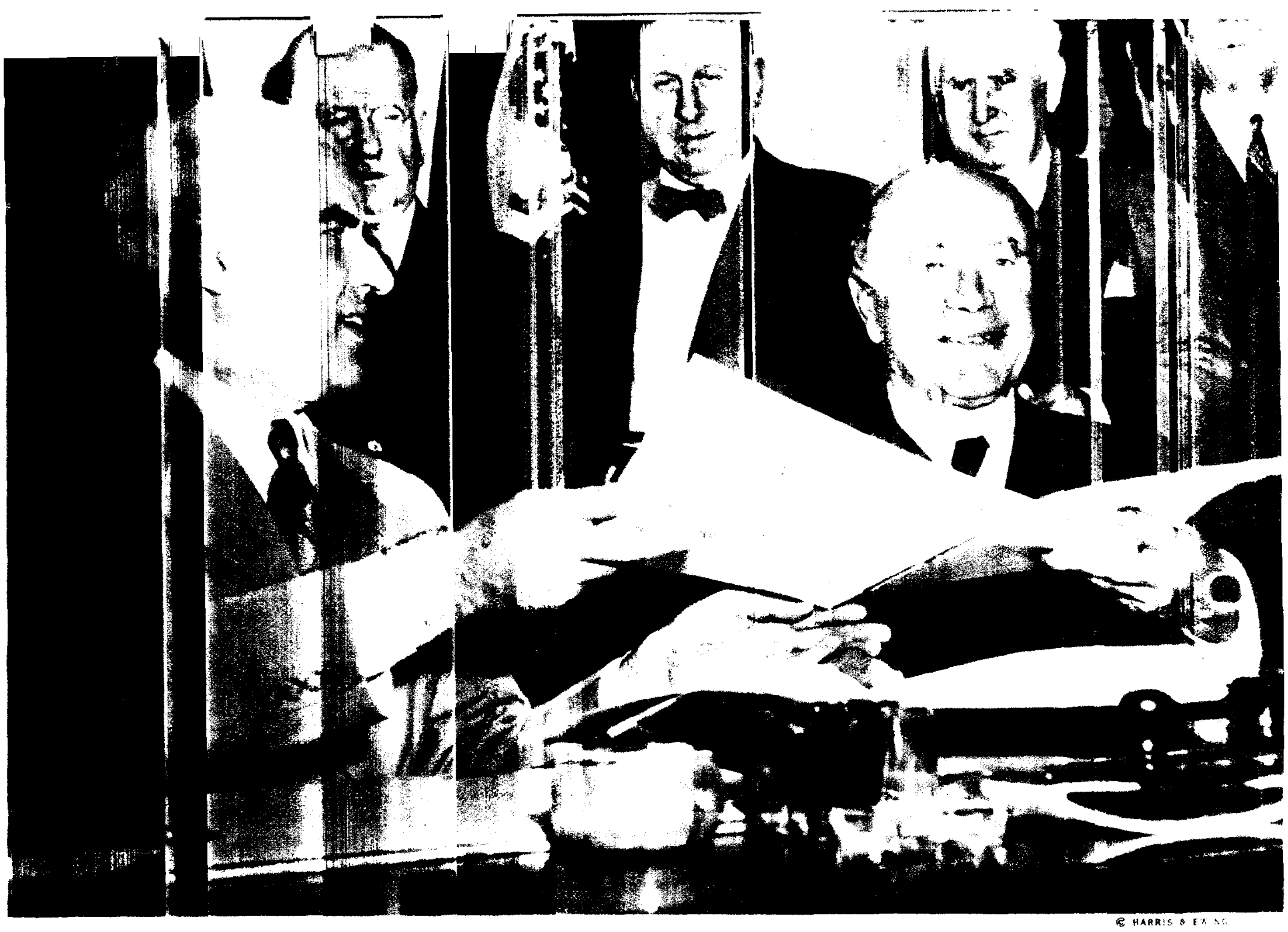
ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

OIL and PEACE

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Here is the story behind the dispute over an oil pipe line in the Middle East, by one of the principals. Mr. Ickes surveys our oil accord with Great Britain



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U.S.-Great Britain oil accord is signed in Washington by Undersecretary of State Edward Stettinius, who passes it along to beaming British Minister of Supply, Lord Beaverbrook, for his signature. Secretary Ickes (behind Stettinius) looks on

WORLD PETROLEUM

Under Arabia's burning sun, American welders and beturbaned helpers work on tank lines through which Eastern oil will flow to the Mediterranean

I WAS serving first as Petroleum Co-ordinator and later as Petroleum Administrator during those trying days when every man of us was straining to produce the 100-octane gasoline and other petroleum products needed to chase Rommel out of North Africa and help Great Britain defend her own shores. I was deeply concerned also about the ability of the United States to produce enough crude oil to satisfy the needs of the war machines, war factories and essential civilian uses.

Accordingly, I had no concern about supplies of oil after the war. I thought, but one day the presidents of the Standard Oil Company of California and of the Texas Company called on me. Their companies, through a wholly owned subsidiary, later to be renamed the Arabian-American Oil Company, had an exceedingly valuable concession in a large oil area in the Middle East. They were concerned about the security of this holding. Even if Rommel should be beaten back, they were not too sure that "friendly" rivals might not be able to secure a toe hold in Saudi Arabia, immensely rich in oil. I decided that I needed more precise and detailed knowledge on petroleum in the Middle East. I requested Colonel J. Frank Drake, president of the Gulf Oil Corporation, which through a subsidiary had valuable concessionary rights in the Middle East, to come in to see me. I found that he also was perturbed.

These three gentlemen had knocked on the doors of other departments in Washington, notably those of State, War and Navy. An influential group of federal officials had become convinced we must prepare for peace in the matter of oil. They also decided we should lose no time in preparing ourselves for another possible war—a war that might be imposed upon us.

After several discussions, it was proposed that a government corporation, to be known as the Petroleum Reserves Corporation, be organized under the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

A high degree of misconception existed in this country then with respect to our petroleum supplies, even after the war had put us on notice that we would be hard put to it to supply, from the continental United States, the petroleum products necessary to win the war.

Hoping to set the people right on this important subject, I had written an article for Collier's December 4, 1943, issue, arguing that the time was not far distant when, unless we found oil in greater quantities than we had been discovering it for many years, we would find ourselves importers rather than exporters of this energy.

Some people exclaimed, in effect: "Help! We are running out of oil!" Others insisted we have in the United States all of the oil we will ever need. Each of these points of view is wrong. We have never run out of oil—yet—even though we have been plagued with war-created shortages; and neither have we even been sure—nor are we now—that we will always have enough.

The true state of affairs is between these extremes. It is this: We don't have to run out of oil if we will just use ordinary American horse sense.

To me, this horse sense suggests several things: (1) Stimulate the discovery of new crude-oil reserves in the United States and use wisely what we already have. (2) Encourage and develop new methods of discovery, production and secondary recovery. (3) Develop the making of synthetic liquid fuels from natural gas, tar sands, coal, oil shale and other adaptable substances. (4) Assure ourselves of access to foreign oil resources, by peaceful, legal means, and with the full consent of the nations possessing those resources.

There is still a lot of oil in this country. New fields are being discovered continually. Huge amounts will be recovered by the extension of proved fields. Considerable additional amounts can be produced by secondary recovery methods. The possibilities of synthetic fuels are enormous. All of these factors are on the asset side of the ledger. But there is a liability side, too, on which the most striking entry is this:

Every year since 1938, as shown by the figures of the American Petroleum Institute, we have found new oil in the United States at a rate below our current consumption.

As the Truman Committee reported: "Thus, while consumption has increased 28 per cent (1939-1944), proven reserves have increased only 15.7 per cent, and even if the nature of oil reservoirs were such that the rate of production could be maintained at the desired level, would be equivalent to only about 14 years supply, based on current consumption."

With reference to the question of oil in foreign lands, this committee said: "The acquisition of foreign oil rights has become affected with a strong national interest. To secure possession of such rights would be a

(Continued on page 55)

There is not enough gasoline in China to drive even essential military trucks, so the ingenious Chinese took their wheels, made carts, used ancient ox power

Each of the millions of rocks that went into the huge runways—some of which were nearly two miles long—was hand-placed by patient Chinese

China's Handmade Airfields

BY COREY FORD WITH ALBERT I. LODWICK

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALEXANDERSON, FROM GUILLUMETTE

Some of the fields were built over swampy rice paddies so that a major job of drainage was necessary. Here coolies swarm over a ditch-digging job, overwhelm it by sheer manpower

When the Army decided it needed airfields in China, there was nothing to build them with—no draglines, bulldozers, rock crushers or concrete. There was nothing except the strength of a million willing Chinese arms and the patient persistence of half a million men, women and children. And so the airfields were built

AT AN ADVANCED AIRFIELD IN CHINA:

THE shiny aluminum hatch eased shut. For a moment the disheveled men who had swarmed over the big ship stopped in mid-motion to watch the starboard outboard engine. The sixteen-foot prop moved, silently wound up. With a sound like a string of giant firecrackers, the engine caught and settled into smooth, hollow thunder. The port outboard engine came next, then the two inboards. Looking absurdly awkward for a machine so beautiful, the plane lumbered forward, its wings rocking over the packed earth. It turned and poised for a moment at the head of the runway, then, its engines mounting in a crescendo roar, started down the long straight strip. After an impossibly long time it inched off the ground, almost immediately folded its wheels into its huge belly. The first B-29 was on its way to Japan. . . .

It was on its way because a million nameless coolies, conscripted from rice fields and farms in China's agricultural heart, worked tirelessly with homemade picks to build this airfield and other fields from which Superfortresses take off on their ever-increasing missions over the Japanese homeland. Using the ancient methods that had been employed back in Confucius' time, old men and young boys hauled huge stone rollers over filled-in rice paddies where sleepy water buffalo used to labor up to their hips in black muck.

You would see a fat Chinese woman sitting beside the growing air strip with feet outstretched, breaking rocks with a hammer, while a six-year-old child beside her piled the chips into a basket. There was no modern machinery for constructing a strip. No macadam or concrete was available in western China, and it would have been impossibly wasteful to fly it in. There was no heavy construction material—no draglines, bulldozers, steam shovels, rock crushers, rollers or trucks—and even if there had been, there was no gasoline to make them go. There was nothing but the grinning Chinese themselves; nothing but hand labor and patience and sweat.

When a vanguard of twenty-six U.S. Army engineers were flown into western China, they found a half million Chinese men and women and children awaiting them to build the bases for both the B-29s and Major General Chennault's 14th Air Force. They had been recruited from near-by villages, usually at least one person from each family, sometimes one of every four in the entire population. They were housed in native barracks, were under the control of the Chinese government, but were paid from twenty-five to forty cents a day by the U.S. Army. They were a cheerful labor army—they greeted every American they saw with *"Ting Hao"* (Good Luck) and a thumbs-up—but in mass, they had a quiet persistence that was a little terrifying, the way a buttoned-up General Sherman tank is terrifying as it smashes its way through a forest.

Moving Mountains by Pony Cart

They built the runways. How many or where cannot be told, but they built them. The only mobile equipment they had was a few pony carts—with wheels taken off Burma Road trucks—which they used to haul the bigger stones from the mountains to the airfields when the mountains were more than two or three miles away. When they were less than that, the Chinese carried the stones on their backs; all told, they moved a hundred and sixty thousand tons of rock and mud and sand. They used the familiar Chinese yoke, which is a stout stick that is carried across the shoulders and has a basket or a wooden bucket suspended from each end.

With their homemade tools they leveled off the runways—sometimes a hundred and fifty feet wide and five to six thousand feet long—and built them up when they encountered hollows. Once the strip was fairly level, they started to bring in the rock, cut out of the solid mountains with primitive picks. They hauled the young boulders to the airport and turned them over to the rock-crushing crew of women and children, who wielded ancient sledges and smashed the boulders into three sizes. First, the four-inchers to form the foundations; then the smaller stones to fill the crevices left by these; last, the fine gravel to make the top dressing. Nor was it any use to try to teach the Chinese new tricks. At one field a couple of Army engineers managed to haul in a small stone crusher. Immediately every coolie on the field stopped breaking rocks and gathered in fascination around the wonderful new machine; the Americans had to lug the thing off and hide it again before they could get the laborers back to work.

Every stone was set in place by hand, the average strip taking at least twelve inches of rock base. Then came six more inches of mud, gravel and water which was hauled from near-by streams in old wooden buckets.

U.S. Army Engineers, who directed Chinese laborers, pore over their blueprints

Surface of the runways was made by hauling a soupy mixture of mud and water from riverbanks, pouring it over the layers of stone and letting it bake hard in the sun

Stones, hand-crushed by women, were carried in baskets hung on yokes

Large beds, about twenty by twenty feet, were dug on the banks of the streams, and water was poured into them. When it had mixed with the clay to form a fine gooey mess, the Chinese scooped it up in their buckets and toted it to the runway. As it hardened and dried in the sun to the consistency of adobe, it was constantly rolled with huge ten- to twenty-ton rollers.

The rolling was perhaps the most impressive process in the whole job. The rollers, about ten feet across and seven feet high, were cut and chipped in one piece out of the mountainside, shaped and smoothed by hundreds of laborers working with ancient hand tools. When they were finished, the surface was nearly as smooth as the drum of a steel roller. A hole for the axle was bored through the center of the rock cylinder, and a heavy pipe inserted. A framework of timber was fastened to this, with long ropes attached, and then hundreds of Chinese would grab hold and pull the roller along.

Except for the fact that these Chinese are free men who are doing the work of their own will, the rolling operation would remind you of pictures of the old Roman galley slaves. The Chinese—five hundred to a thousand, depending on the size of the roller—would pull in unison, guided and goaded by the cries of their leader. They would not seem to strain at the job, just maintain a steady, constant pull. They would haul the roller down the completed length of the runway, then throw the ropes back over the roller, walk around it, pick them up and start back.

The Show Must Go On!

Sometimes you would see an aged Chinese coolie collapse in the fierce heat, his hands clutched to his stomach and his face twisted in agony. As the heavy roller ground irresistibly forward, two other Chinese would grab him and pull him out of the way. Then they would rejoin their fellows and the slow walk would continue, no one paying the slightest attention to the old man writhing in the sun.

The inscrutable Oriental mind was something our average G.I. had a hard time comprehending. On one occasion a battalion of Army engineers, made up largely of Southern colored troops, discovered to their dismay that a Chinese woman had just stretched out alongside the strip and given birth to a baby boy. Immediately the sentimental G.I.s dug into their pockets and took up a sizable collection which they presented to the new mother. The following day, two more births occurred among the enterprising coolies; by the end of the week, the bankrupt colored

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Before laying the rock base for the runways, Chinese men, women and children leveled off the ground. Sometimes they had to cut down small hills, cart them away in baskets; other times they filled in valleys by the same method

Most spectacular job was the rolling of the runways. The 20-ton rollers were cut by hand out of solid rock and pulled endlessly by hundreds of men and women

Susan the Nonesuch

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Unfair Hollywood once sentenced Susan Hayward to six months of demure "cheesecake." Now it condemns her to playing hussies

IT'S hard to tell whether the Slavic Room of the New York Public Library or Gone with the Wind has had more influence on the career of Susan Hayward, a career that has waxed and waned fitfully for the past seven years and has only now brightened perceptibly.

Without the Scarlett O'Hara sweepstakes, there never would have been any Colonel David O. Selznick grabbing up every redheaded minx, with or without Southern accent.

On the other hand, if Susan hadn't done her major brooding in the Slavic Room, after making futile rounds of the producers, she might never have smartened up. She'd probably still be giving them—in answer to the question "What experience have you had on the stage?"—the brave little smile and the proud intelligence that she had done a trick at the Feagin School of Dramatics.

Whereas, after meditation with the gloomy Russian authors, she decided that life was a pretty sad business and maybe it would be a good idea to get herself a paying job—a decision apt to meet with the approval of Poppa Hayward. It did. Poppa Hayward, who had done modest chores for the transit system, had an even better suggestion: The sooner the better.

A day or two later, Susan chanced to glimpse an advertisement extolling the joys of a certain tooth paste to which a beaming blonde bore witness. She pranced into the nearest drugstore, ripped out of the classified directory the page listing the model agencies, and struck out.

From here on out, it was a cinch; for a while, that is. She poked her tip-tilted nose into an agency and was hired on the spot. She'd been concentrating on swim suits mostly, with breath sweeteners and quality silverware thrown in, when she was ordered to pose for a series of color photographs accompanying a magazine article on the model business. The day it appeared she was showered with offers of screen tests. Mr. Selznick's looked terribly attractive, especially in the light of a tiny weekly stipend he was prepared to pay to her older sister Florence to see that Scarlett didn't get off the train at Atlanta by mistake. Susan signed and shoved off.

Alas, Selznick took one look at her screen test, yelled grand larceny, and, after fleeing from the projection room, ordered his aides to strike her name from the pay roll instantly and to tell her to go back to Flatbush. Susan couldn't have gone back to Flatbush if she had wanted to. The entire Hayward clan was with her, all of them Pullman devotees, and she was fresh out of money. Besides, as she apprised Colonel Selznick by letter, she was "far too entranced with the lemon trees in my backyard to give your suggestion more than a passing thought."

Listed as "Competent Cheesecake"

She lived to rue her rashness. A tour of the studios convinced her that Hollywood's interest in rejected Scarletts was purely academic. She managed, in time, to cozen the boys at Warners' into adding her to the contract list. They designated her as "competent cheesecake," and assigned her to the publicity department where for the next six months she peeked demurely out of Cellophane raincoats (in a bathing suit yet), sloshed through puddles in a halter, tended imaginary delphiniums, caparisoned in shorts and deported herself—at least from 8 to 5— as was expected of her. At the end of six months the cheesecake kid was summarily dropped from the rolls.

Back to reading her Russian authors, Gogol and Gorky, she remembered that she hadn't given Paramount a try since the installation of the new head of the talent department, one Artie Jacobson. She traipsed over, sent in a note inquiring whether Mr. Jacobson was interested in meeting a real actress, and was straightway informed by Mr. Jacobson's secretary that the answer was yes.

"I was wearing a shabby black suit and good sturdy shoes," Susan recollects. "My hair was flying, and, as is my custom, I was almost entirely minus make-up."

Apparitions like this, apparently, impress movie executives. At any rate, Mr. Jacobson put a script in her hand, asked her to read, and let her go on for something like four minutes before he interrupted to inform her that there was no point in carrying the

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DON'T LOOK NOW!

...but one day soon this will be a safe, new U. S. Highway

THIS IS no road for your car now. It's a picture of a highway coming up. But it is also part of one of the greatest plans for American security and prosperity in the post-war years to come.

Road building is tremendous enterprise. Today, in the planning stage, it looks like jobs for seven million men and investment of billions a year—a big factor in the nation's basic economy.

New roads are needed—*now*. Before the war our great highway system carried traffic estimated in 1941 at 300 billion miles—about all the old roads could carry. New construction, stopped by war, must take care of expanding post-war transportation.

Power is the hub around which this whole operation turns. Road construction men are planning their work now, and that means big International crawlers on the dirt-moving jobs.

These rugged tractors have been making history on some of the toughest assignments of the war. As battling "bulldozers" they've spearheaded the action on every fighting front. War has proved they have what it takes to shove roadways through with speed at lowest cost.

Harvester also builds the power units that put the push behind all kinds of graders, shovels, mixers and other road-building machines. With this equipment on the job you'll soon ride new roads in a peaceful and prosperous U.S.A.

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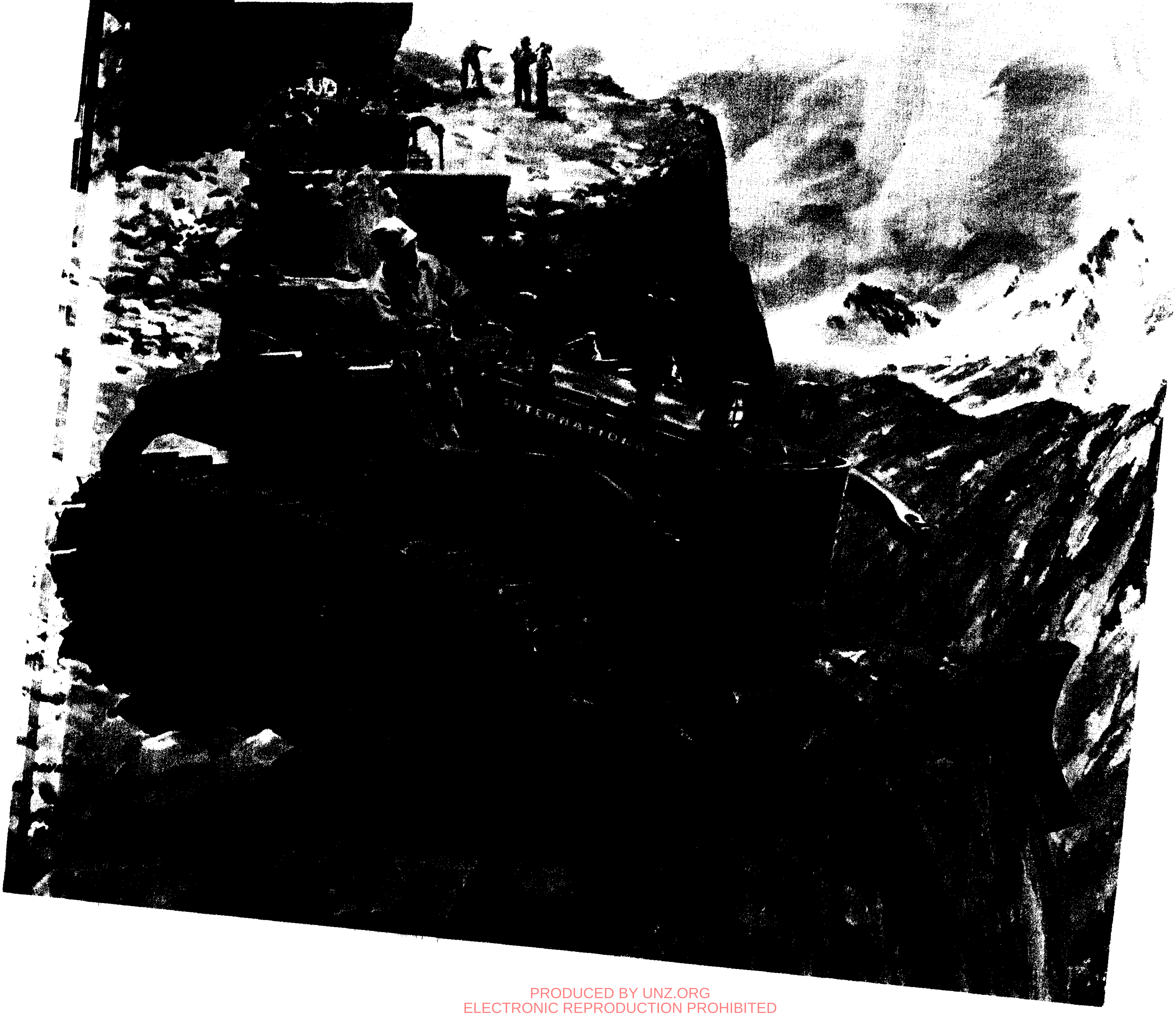

President Osmeña Returns

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headquarters after the fall of Bataan. Maria, a musician, recently married an American musician, James Milne Charnley, of Cleveland.

When he landed in the Philippines, Osmeña knew nothing of the remaining nine members of his family, including his wife, except that it was reported that the Japanese had evicted them from their home in Manila; and he was facing the possibility they had been taken to Tokyo as hostages.

Osmeña calls himself a "political realist" and an "evolutionist."

"During the revolution of 1899," he told me recently, "I realized we could never gain our freedom by force. America was too big and too powerful, and she always would be. Our only hope was that the Americans might some day free us, if we could prove we deserved it."

Osmeña realized this was a long shot, but he decided to test the Americans, even before the revolution had ended. Instead of joining the insurrectionists, as most young patriots were doing, he walked straight into the enemy camp. He wanted to know whether there was any difference between the Americans and the hated Spaniards, whom we had driven out of the Philippines the previous year. "You haven't any right here," Osmeña told the startled U.S. Army commander in his native city of Cebu. "We Filipinos deserve to be free, just as you are."

As he saw the officer's face slowly turn red with rage, he wished he had left it to someone else to determine the difference between Americans and Spaniards. He was beginning to suspect there wasn't any, and he knew what the Spaniards would have done to him now. He could see the dungeons beneath the ancient walls of Manila, and the execution squad which would be waiting.

"We Filipinos deserve to be free," Osmeña repeated, fully convinced that nothing he could say now would save him. "But I know we can't throw you out. Our only hope is that you'll give us our freedom, if we can show you we deserve it."

The American began to relax. In a moment, his finger was pointing toward the mountains, where thousands of Filipino guerrillas were fighting an elusive but bitter battle with his troops.

"If you think your people can't win," the officer said, "I wish you'd go up there and tell them."

"That's what I want to do," Osmeña replied, "but I need your permission. I want to publish a newspaper."

"To attack the independence movement?"

"No. I want to support the independence movement. But I want it confined to peaceful means."

The American studied young Osmeña carefully. All agitation for independence had been outlawed, but finally the officer nodded his head. How many American and Filipino lives he saved by that simple nod of the head can never be estimated. But it launched 21-year-old Sergio Osmeña on a political career which was soon to bring the Philippines more than forty years of peace.

An Urgent Appeal to Reason

Osmeña first published his newspaper, The New Day, in 1900. He urged the insurrectionists to lay down their arms, but he also tried to sympathize with them and defend them. He insisted they were true patriots, misled into a hopeless struggle and deserving of leniency rather than the harsh laws we had enacted against them. And this line of argument led him into frequent conflict with the American military censor.

"It wasn't easy to put anything over on that fellow," Osmeña recalls now, with a chuckle. "He knew our language as well as I did. Sometimes I had to remake the paper four or five times before I satisfied him. But there was one day of the year when I could say anything I wanted to. That was the Fourth of July. Then he'd stamp my copy without even reading it."

Osmeña became governor of Cebu in 1906. He was only twenty-eight, and the province was in near chaos. The surviving insurrectionists had finally turned to genuine banditry and were now a greater burden on Filipinos than they were on Americans.

Osmeña toured the province, making hundreds of speeches to arouse public opinion against them. But at the same time he won the confidence of the guerrillas by refusing to arrest them or to accept their surrender until he could promise them leniency.

After hundreds of guerrillas had offered to surrender, Osmeña reported the situation to Manila. The Americans relaxed the laws as an experiment, and Osmeña surprised them by restoring complete peace to his native island before he was in office a year.

The same year, Osmeña organized the Nationalist Party and led it to a landslide victory in the first elections for the new National Assembly. And although still only twenty-eight, he was elected speaker at the inaugural session. This made him the first national leader in Philippines history. For the next fifteen years Osmeña was the most powerful man in the Philippines, except for the American governors general.

Apparently Osmeña was a born parliamentarian. He had never seen a democratic legislature in action before, and doesn't recall even having read of one. But his talent for conciliation made him a brilliant leader.

THIS WAY TO THE PSYCHOPATHIC WARD

The uproar of an active child
Invariably drove me wild
Before I had a little boy
Myself. But now do I enjoy
***His* pandemonium? I do**
Like fun. It drives me crazy, too.

The only difference I can see
Is that today it vexes me
To witness grownups who do not
Appreciate my strident tot.
Although *my* patience may wear thin,
For theirs to ravel is a sin!

MARGARET FISHBACK

Under a succession of moderate American governors general, Osmeña gradually won for the assembly an amazing extension of authority. His policy was to demand more and more rights, but at the same time to demonstrate that his people knew how to use them.

When the Americans announced plans for a new educational system, to be financed by the United States, Osmeña replied by obtaining the assembly's approval of a three-million-peso appropriation to supplement the American program.

"Whenever possible," he says, "I tried to show the Americans that we knew what was good for us, and that we were as anxious to help ourselves as they were to help us."

His greatest early success came in 1916, when he persuaded Washington to pass the Jones Act. This bill, for the first time, specifically promised the Filipinos eventual independence.

But Osmeña's successes ultimately began to boomerang. Officials in Washington, agreeing that the Philippines should be free *some day,* complained that authority was slipping away from them too fast. Evidences of corruption and inefficiency in some Filipino government departments convinced them they were right, and they were further influenced by American business interests in the Philippines, which opposed independence.

The attitude was well summed up by one official, who complained that "America still has all the responsibility in the Philippines, but no longer any of the authority." From all appearances, Washington was preparing to crack down on any new demands from Osmeña for greater authority.

Osmeña wasn't worried. He had expected reaction to set in occasionally and he knew how to deal with it. The trick was to sit tight and keep quiet until the storm blew over, as he knew it would. But his very inaction this time provoked a sudden revolt within his own party and in the assembly.

Manuel Quezon, an ambitious and shrewd politician who was Osmeña's floor leader, headed the revolt. He condemned Osmeña's patient policy of evolution and formed a new party which talked as though it wanted an immediate showdown with America.

But the showdown Quezon really wanted was with Osmeña, and what Quezon also wanted was Osmeña's authority to control government appointments under the new Jones Act. He prepared to challenge Osmeña for leadership in the next election.

Sacrificed to the Cause

Osmeña was still strong enough to fight but he realized that such a fight would play straight into the hands of the Americans. They would interpret it as evidence of "political instability" in the Philippines and use it as another excuse for cracking down. In the crisis Osmeña sacrificed himself for the appearances, at least, of national unity. When his term expired in 1922 he surrendered leadership of the party to the ambitious Quezon and was himself elected to the senate.

Osmeña's intimates don't pretend he made this sacrifice without deep resentment against his former lieutenant. But his desire for national unity soon forced him into a reconciliation with Quezon, and together they reunited the Nationalist Party.

Quezon, with his fiery and dramatic demands for independence, subsequently established himself as the strong man of his people. But throughout the years he relied heavily on Osmeña's cautious and shrewd advice when they were behind the closed doors of the conference room.

Although always potential rivals and frequently in bitter disagreement on details, Osmeña and Quezon worked together from 1923 until Quezon's death last August. Their only serious break during these years came in 1933 when Osmeña succeeded in negotiating a bill which would have given the Filipinos the immediate status of a commonwealth, and independence in 1946.

Quezon opposed the bill in the Philippines legislature by objecting to a provision which would have granted America naval bases in the Philippines after 1946. But his enemies believed his real objection was that the bill would have made Osmeña the liberator of his people and probably their first commonwealth president.

Quezon finally won, and the legislature rejected Osmeña's bill. Then Quezon sailed for Washington, where he negotiated a new bill almost identical with Osmeña's, except that it left the question of naval bases open to future negotiation. Osmeña was man enough to acknowledge Quezon's victory and he supported the bill in the legislature.

The time soon came to elect the first president of the new commonwealth, and Osmeña again stepped aside for Quezon, so as to assure national unity. He knew the new government would have troubles enough without political obstructionism, and he was also alarmed by the war clouds then gathering over Asia and Europe. With Quezon, he formed a coalition ticket on which he accepted nomination as vice-president. Quezon, of course, was the presidential candidate.

They were elected in 1935, and again in 1941. Their inaugural ceremonies on the second occasion were held on Corregidor a few weeks after Pearl Harbor. Osmeña took his oath of office at the entrance of a huge air-raid shelter within easy range of Jap guns. He and Quezon remained there until February, 1942, when they escaped to Australia by submarine, PT boat and Flying Fortress.

The fact that Osmeña left the Philippines during the war may prove his greatest political liability now that he has returned. He would like to be the first president of the new, independent Philippines republic. But he probably will encounter opposition from at least two new political factions.

One is the Filipino guerrillas, who have fought the Japs throughout the war and expect a controlling voice in the postwar government. The other group includes many prewar officials who have been working for the Japs—but not, in their own opinion, as puppets. Virtually all of them are members of the Nationalist Party and they claim they were serving their people's best interests by occupying key positions in the puppet regime, which otherwise would have been occupied by Japanese, or real puppets.

One of this group is Manuel Roxas, prewar speaker of the National Assembly. He controlled rice distribution under the Japanese regime and probably will claim to have fed the Filipino people in their hour of need. Others undoubtedly will claim to have sabotaged Japanese efforts to loot the Philippines.

It remains to be seen how effective such arguments will be later. But right now the guerrillas want the head of every Filipino who has worked for the Japanese, and they are reported none too friendly toward the government in exile.

So the elements are present for a three-way battle which could easily bring political chaos to the Philippines after the war. If this is averted, Osmeña probably will be the man to do it. Osmeña naturally opposes turning control of the government over to the present guerrilla leaders but he is willing that they shall occupy many important positions in the new Manila regime. At the same time his conciliatory mind is laying plans which he hopes will prevent any witch hunt against so-called puppets when the Philippines have been reoccupied. "Each man," he told me, "must be given a fair trial by a responsible, nonpolitical court. The circumstances which led him to work for the Japanese must be taken into consideration."

How long will our military government remain in control of the Philippines after the Japanese have been driven out? If it is to be only until we have defeated Japan, the Filipinos may not object too violently.

"The reoccupation of the Philippines," Osmeña has told me, "will be only the beginning of the war for us. I intend to place everything we have at the disposal of the United States until Japan is completely crushed."

Diplomacy Will Be Essential

But if the American military government intends to supervise the reconstruction of the Philippines—a job which can hardly begin in earnest until Japan is defeated—we'll be hearing some bitter complaints from Manila.

Perhaps the Filipinos are unreasonable to want our aid and their own freedom at the same time. But that's how they felt about it before, and probably the way they will feel again, once the Japs have been driven off their necks. Many of them may be remembering, of course, that it took us almost fifty years to "reconstruct" them after we freed them from Spain.

But Osmeña isn't so cynical. He knows this isn't 1898. He believes the new republic will be founded as soon as it is practicable. His attitude, as usual, is reasonable. On the question of American naval and air bases in the new republic, he promises:

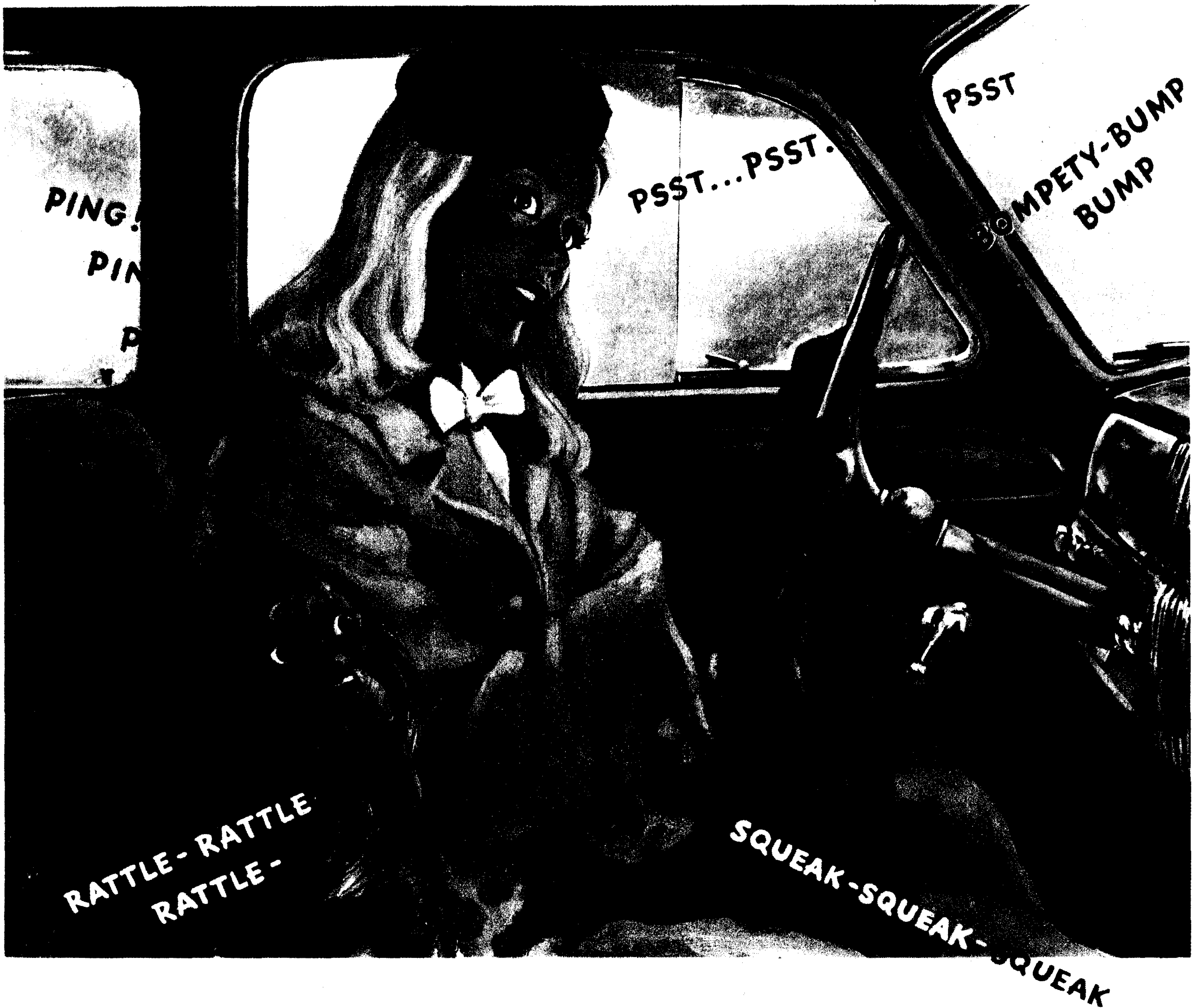
"America can have all the naval and air bases she wants. We not only offer you these bases but *insist* that you take them, for the mutual welfare of both nations."

He's very definite, however, in specifying that these bases shall be American and not "international" and he hopes America won't keep large Army forces permanently in the Philippines to guard these bases.

"We Filipinos," he proposes, "will raise and support an army just as large as your Navy and Air Forces consider necessary for their protection."

Any other arrangement, he fears, will be a potential threat to real Filipino independence. And independence, not only for Filipinos, but for all people, is Osmeña's constant dream.

THE END



...that's your car saying "good-bye," lady

MAYBE this'll surprise you, but your car can talk! With a little practice you can understand car-language.

For example, when you hear tires whining on a turn, that means "not enough air." When the motor stutters, it's probably asking you to change that tired oil. Loud squeaks, squawks, rattles and groans are your car's way of saying "goodbye!"

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ON THE SCHOOL BUS

HEMMER

This 17-year-old girl of Corinth Holder School, Johnston County, is typical of North Carolina's juvenile bus drivers

IT WAS a quiet country road. There wasn't a cop in sight. So the car swerved around the orange school bus (which had pulled to a stop) and roared on. When the driver of the car reached the next town, though, there was a motorcycle cop waiting for him—and a summons and a stiff fine.

North Carolina has some pretty strict rules regarding school busses, which are rigidly enforced. One of them requires all cars to stop and wait until the bus is in motion again before passing. When the car didn't, the bus driver—a 16-year-old schoolgirl—went immediately to the nearest house and telephoned the license number to the police.

North Carolina school kids are running what is probably the most economical—and the safest—transportation system in the U.S. In that state at 3:30 P.M. every school day, 4,810 busses, freighted with 330,000 children, are all on the highways at once, rounding the sandy dunes of Dare or skirting the precipitous slopes of the Smokies. Of these busses, 3,825 are being driven by school kids—16-, 17- and 18-year-olds.

This is no small enterprise. The busses travel daily 150,000 miles; some 27,000,000 miles a year. Each driver averages 26 miles a day, mileage that is made under every kind of driving condition and weather. They handle $5,000,000 worth of equipment that needs 5,000,000 gallons of gas and 50,000 gallons of oil to do the hauling.

The results in economy of operation are spectacular. In 1944, it is estimated, the children will save the state at least $3,000,000 in bus-driver salaries—even if drivers were available. It costs North Carolina only $8.50 per year to haul one child to school. The U.S. average is around $25, and in some states it runs to more than $50 per pupil.

Educators, however, are most impressed with the safety record of their juvenile fleet. In some nine years of operation, only half a dozen fatal accidents due to school busses have occurred.

North Carolina's bus fleet was an outgrowth of a campaign—in agitation since the early 1900s—to get rid of the old one-, two- or three-teacher rural school. The good-roads program of the '20s made this feasible. As counties and special-tax districts consolidated schools, the various county bus-transportation systems expanded, rather haphazardly, with no particular standards as to vehicles, driving or routing. Even then, a few of them were operated by the older school children, simply because it was difficult to hire reliable drivers at a price the school boards could afford to pay.

Then in 1933, a State School Commission took over the management of the public schools, and at the same time took over and consolidated the various transportation systems then extant. There was no plan mapped out to use kids as drivers. It just came about.

Of course, there was opposition. In the first place, many taxpayers thought it was coddling the kids to haul them to school. One county superintendent refused to number his busses, because the farmers would look at the number on a bus—say 64—and then criticize: "Think of this county driving 64 busses around the highways, joy-riding a bunch of lazy school kids."

Then there were the parents who doubted that teen-agers were equal to chauffeuring busloads of children to and from school. Their clamor usually took the form of resolutions adopted by Parent-Teacher Association groups, or of indignant letters to the editor. When they were shown statistics that schools using student drivers had safety records as good and often better than those using contract haulers or adults, they withdrew their opposition.

Training schools for the young bus drivers are held throughout the year, even during summer vacation, in every section of the state and can be attended by any high-school student. The school busses are run by the Highway Safety Division of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, headed by Ronald Hocutt, who has ten especially trained instructors to cover the state's one hundred counties.

Students must take a minimum of thirty hours of classroom work, although actually most of them take up to 45. They're drilled in good driving, safety and highway laws, and are tested for reaction, vision, and for such imponderables as responsibility and leadership. They are also taught how to make simple mechanical repairs. They are put at the wheel of a bus and must demonstrate their ability to handle it. Only those qualified by the Safety Division, and who hold a certificate, may take the job, which, incidentally, pays $13.50 a month.

As a consequence of the careful check, only blue-ribbon students are selected. The successful candidates—and their schoolmates—recognize the appointment as a distinct campus honor. Each driver has a trained alternate, sometimes two, so there must be 10,000 qualified drivers at all times.

In the last few years, the Safety Division started a novel auxiliary to its bus system. It now trains "school-bus patrols." Two of these patrols are put on each bus. Their function is to help the driver in maintaining order; to assist at dangerous crossings; to help load, unload and assist very young passengers to their gates, and to keep arms and heads from poking out of windows. They don't relieve the driver of responsibility, but guard against distractions. Patrol boys load the busses systematically; the first child to get off after leaving school sits nearest the door, the last child off has the rearmost seat.

During 1943-44, there were 17,682 students enrolled in school-bus classes. Of these 11,236 were certified as drivers or substitutes—2,807 of them girls. According to C. C. Brown, director of the school transportation system, girls make better drivers and take better care of their busses. Records show girls have less than half as many accidents as boys.

One phase of the system has not been mentioned. A school official from a near-by state came to North Carolina to study the setup. He went home convinced he could never induce his state to adopt a school-kid driver system.

"The jobs are not much," he said, "but they are part of the patronage of our political regime. There's old Uncle Joe Doakes, for instance, who can't do much, is ignorant, and gets drunk every now and then. He can't hold a job—but he *can* drive a school bus."

North Carolina would rather keep Uncle Joe out of the driver's seat.

BILL SHARPE

The Flag Goes Up Again

• **Continued from page 15**

roadway out to the open-mouthed LSTs, which carried trucks and tanks and more bulldozers and antiaircraft guns and ammunition and medical supplies. I felt around me the tremendous movement of supply. Thousands of men were packed into our beach and into White Beach, four miles to the north, near the vital Tacloban airstrip. Everything except the ground itself seemed alive.

The invasion of the Philippines comprised some 600 ships. It was nearly double the size of the North African invasion. It was the largest overseas invasion force ever taken across water. We had brought everything we had 1,500 miles from New Guinea with us. We were putting at least as many men ashore for this field day as General Eisenhower put ashore on D-Day in Normandy. It seemed that the masts of the armada of liberty ships, transports and warships were as thick behind us on the water as the palms were in front of us on the beach, and we had understood that the Japs on the islands of Leyte and Samar did not amount to more than one division.

This was what General Grant had meant when he said, "Overwhelming force is the answer to successful attack." After being on the short end of the original Jap landing on Luzon in 1941, this felt good. But I was jerked out of this mood by heavy machine-gun fire on the left and right. Tired, sweaty G.I.s hit their foxholes.

A tough sergeant in spotted jungle suit raised up out of his foxhole and let go with as many epithets as his tommy gun was firing bullets per second. "Don't them b——s know this beach and these islands belong to us?" He shouted. "Come on! Let's get 'em out of there!"

G.I.s came out of their foxholes like black- and green-faced specters. Their chartreuse and deep-green camouflaged jungle suits made them flitting shadows in the morning sun as it streamed down through what palm fronds were left after the 9,600 tons of shells the battleships, cruisers, destroyers and rocket ships had laid down a few hours before we landed.

I was about to follow the sergeant's men, when I heard a G.I. say, "Well, this is about time to put it up."

Raising Freedom's Banner

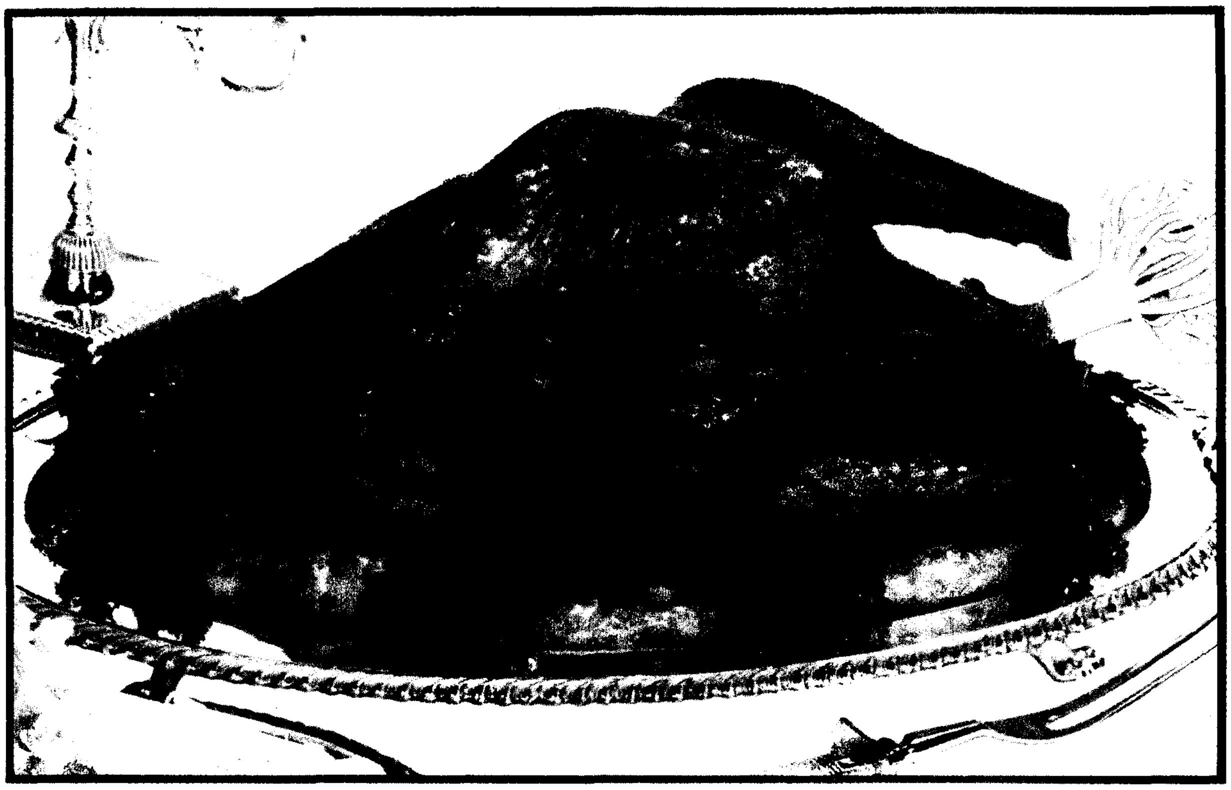
I turned around to see a grimy soldier holding a small American flag and studying the palm stumps for a suitable flagpole. And with no more words, the flag went up again in the Philippines.

There was plenty of ceremonial gunfire when the Japs dropped Old Glory in Manila in 1942 and raised the red and white rising sun. But there was more purposeful gunfire for our Red Beach ceremony only three miles from the town of Palo. All hell was breaking loose. The camouflaged sergeant's group had contacted a force from the Imperial Sixteenth Division from Bataan. That was the ceremonial music that rose to a sharp, high crescendo.

Boatload after boatload of soldiers, landing up and down the beach for two hundred yards, hit the sand, then raised on their elbows to watch the flag.

American and Jap dead were sprawled at the bases of near-by uprooted palm stumps. Three litters of wounded lay 20 feet away. One of these American boys was receiving blood plasma. Another lay on his stomach, a great, dirty red patch across his back. The third was being tagged by a hospital corps man. He motioned the corps man aside to watch.

It took less than two minutes. Four green-helmeted soldiers huddled like an All-America football backfield. The line was



WHERE ELSE . . . BUT *America?*

Be thankful that here in the U.S.A., true luxuries are still to be had . . . roast turkey with all the fixin's . . . a cocktail or highball of Seagram's 5 Crown—every drop *true* PRE-WAR quality.

Be thankful, too, for the skill of the cook, whose subtle touch can create such a taste triumph. And the master blender, whose rare genius can produce a superb whiskey like Seagram's 5 Crown.

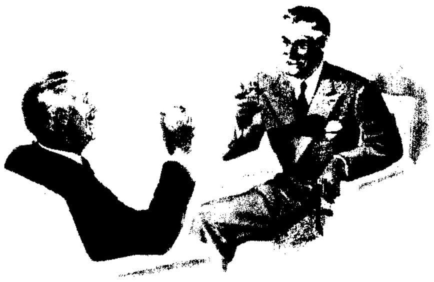
This glorious blended whiskey merits today all the praises you've heaped on it in years gone by.

It was, is, and always will be America's greatest whiskey value—*true* pre-war quality at its Seagram-best . . . *good taste* says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"

SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT...BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say **Seagram's** *and*
be Sure of Pre-War Quality



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5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof
Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City

holding splendidly just a few yards ahead. A short dash and a jump took twenty-year-old Pfc. Austin Holder of Chattanooga, Tennessee, several steps up the topless palm trunk which he had chosen as his flagpole. He was wearing telephone lineman's climbing spikes (at home he was a telephone company lineman). He had the flag wrapped and tied around his waist. His three buddies stood below, face up—Charles Kealey of Philadelphia, Edward Beljack of Meriden, Connecticut, and Henry J. Laurensen of Albany, New York.

Here I glanced around me. The three wounded, the corps man, the hundreds of fresher, cleaner-looking troops just out of landing craft, all looked up apprehensively and then looked into the jungle ahead. You couldn't tell whether any of the slugs you heard thumping into tree trunks were aimed at the flag-bearer or not, but he didn't stop to see. He hesitated about halfway up and made a grab at his waist to pull the flag loose. As if someone had led them in a cheer, the boys on the ground, on litters and in foxholes and on the sandy beach cried: "Higher . . . higher! Take it up higher!" And he did. Nearly to the top, where the palm trunk began to waver.

His helmet had slipped over one eye, but he carefully tied the knot on top and the knot on the bottom of the bunting. Then, because at that moment there was no breeze, Pfc. Austin Holder reached over and lifted the end of the flag out straight.

There it was—all forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes—once more high over Philippine soil.

There was another muffled, throaty cheer as Holder almost slid down the palm pole. That's all there was to it. The war went on from there.

There will be another ceremony in Manila later. General MacArthur and President Osmeña and his cabinet will all be there to see the American and the free Philippines flags raised. But for me, and for those Americans on Red Beach who fought their way ashore, the first flag they saw raised over the Philippines will be the one that will be remembered.

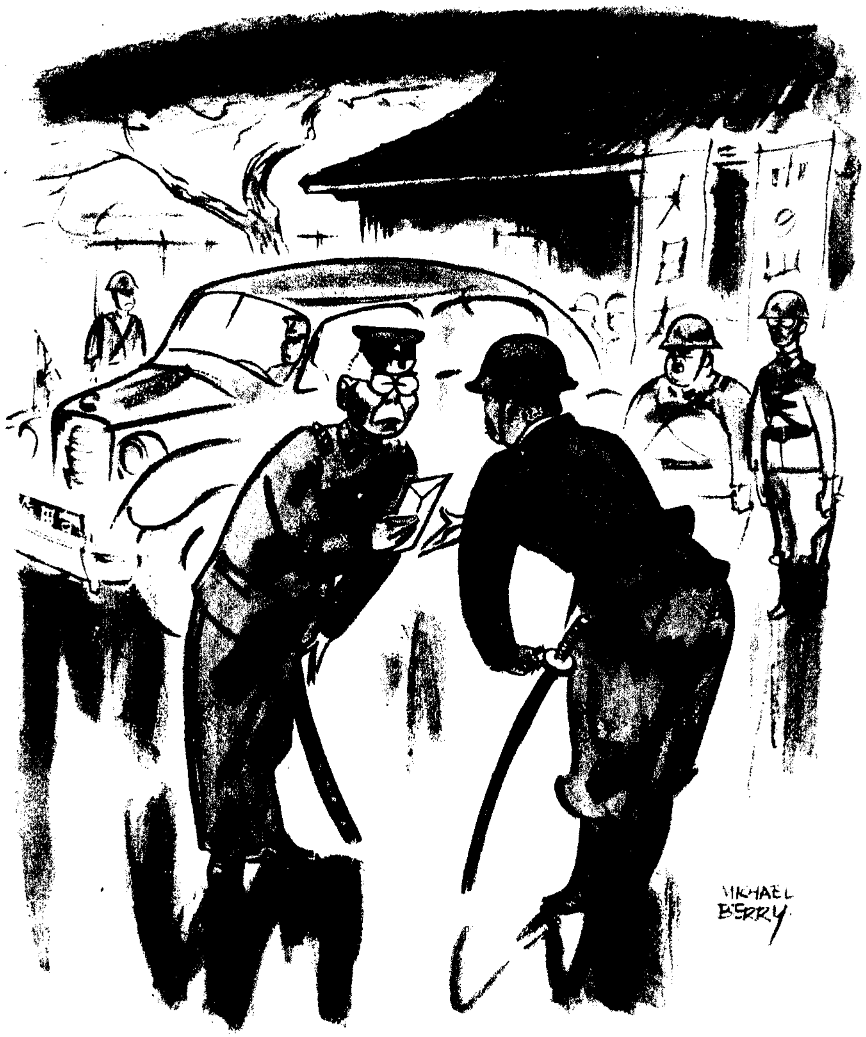
What will follow in the way of establishing freedom and liberty for a native Asiatic people makes this flag-raising the first move in a great new American-sponsored movement toward Philippine self-government. President Roosevelt assured President Osmeña, the day before the Filipino president left Washington, that the Philippine independence would be granted the very first day the military situation warrants—when the Japs have been driven into the sea. Obviously this will be before 1946, the formerly scheduled independence date. Thus, what happened on Red Beach and the other beaches was the signal for more than the avenging of Bataan and Corregidor; more than the freeing of the Filipinos.

Our Pledge is Made Good

This is the first time in American Far-East history that we have backed up with more than "official protests" what we said we would do. We said we would be back and we are; we said we would give the Filipinos actual independence. We are doing it. The impact of this realization on the native Asiatic populations from India, Burma and Malaya to Java and French Indo-China will raise newer, more potent colonial administration problems for our allies, the British, Dutch and French.

Even before the war the native leaders of the Indonesians in the Netherlands East Indies, the Burmese and the British Indians, watched carefully our plans to liberate the Filipinos. The native leaders were justifiably skeptical then. Today they can see that the average American soldier is frankly not fighting in East Asia to regain anybody's colonial empire. He is fighting to free the dominated Filipinos. He is fighting to submerge and eliminate forever, if possible, the type of fanatical dictatorship that had such a good start that it broke into war on December 7, 1941.

THE END



"There is a slight change of orders, Colonel Shigematus! You are not sailing to invade Australia, you are staying to reinforce Tokyo Bay!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

When you're always locked out like this

When you'd rather lock up like this

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

Today, the Armed Services get first call on Life Savers. If you can't always get your favorite flavor—why not try a different one—they're *all* delicious!

None so blind

Continued from page 20

no longer any way to evade the issues. There never had been. . . .

As Scott walked back to the station, the moonlit ocean held a mistlike luminosity and he thought he saw the dark shapes of a convoy silhouetted against the far horizon. For the time, his own problems were lost in remembering the swift excitement aboard the destroyer and the moments of terror between the flash of an enemy gun and the detonation of the exploding shell.

Scott remembered how the men on the ship looked in action, their plain civilian faces hard and old in the midst of fighting. Twenty-year-old boys developed lines about their eyes and mouths as they went about their appointed jobs in a thoroughly professional manner, but the lines dissolved again when it was over. When a man is convinced that it's necessary, and he knows how, he performs the job of killing with the same precision and pride in his work that a skilled craftsman exhibits. He even develops style. It's the conviction of necessity which makes all the difference. If a man is not completely convinced, if he has doubts . . .

He realized wearily that his train of thought was slowly veering around again to Tod. Ordinarily, Peggy should have been the center of his life; but now between Scott and Peggy loomed always the huge, waiting figure of her husband—a man resting on his own patience for an end that he alone of all three seemed to know in advance. And Scott would never be able to reach Peggy until the problem of Tod was settled.

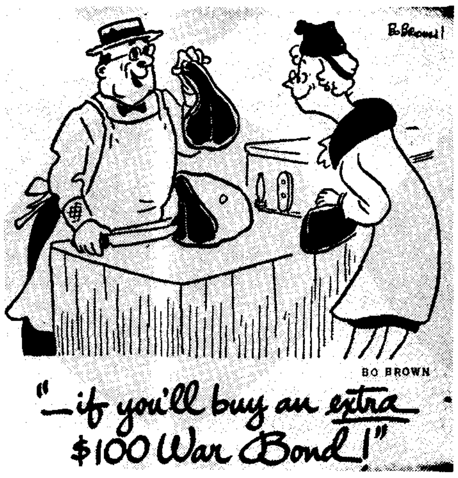
But suddenly it dawned on Scott that he seemed to be the only one absorbed in the problem. Peggy had already settled it for herself; she had said that she intended to stay with Tod as long as he lived. And so he was fighting both of them, both Peggy and Tod. It was she who was putting up the opposition, and the struggle between them had created this vortex which was threatening to drag in everyone involved, sucking them all down to the level of brute violence. Even Eve, who had before been only on the periphery, was now entangled.

AS SCOTT walked along the sand, the still air seemed to clarify his mind, and he was able to see with comparative objectivity that the long turmoil was producing a deep-seated change in his personality and in his code of ethics. It was the change that terrified him; there was nothing he could do to stop it, and Scott knew where such a change would lead him; it was already evidenced simply by the fact that each time he allowed himself to think about it, the prospect appeared less shocking.

But he *could* stop it, he told himself. It could be stopped any time he cared if he would make up his mind to break with Peggy. If he devoted himself to Eve, he might be able to forget Peggy entirely, and he knew it was the only sane thing to do. Saying it over and over made it appear easy. Yet a small, persistent part of his mind rejected the solution again and again.

He had a bad dream that night, one so terrifying that its slow, lurid images stayed vividly in his thoughts long after he finally awoke. He dreamed that he was in his destroyer again, and that he was looking over the skipper's shoulder, past the heavy neck, and out over the dark, still sea. There was no sound about them, no noise in all the world, and yet he was sick with dread that the screaming roar of planes soon would come to deafen him. He tossed in his bed, trying to withdraw, to move back, but the dream held him immobile. He was as paralyzed as if he were pinioned into place. . . .

Suddenly it became very important to see the skipper's face; he was obsessed with the idea that if the man turned around, he would recognize him as Tod, and he had to make sure if this were so. But when he tried to move up beside the skipper, he found that he couldn't take a step; he strained forward, his muscles aching with the tremendous effort, but no movement was possible, and the skipper refused to turn around. Neither of them spoke, yet Scott knew that he had made a silent plea, and that the man in front of him had rejected it.



"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

He was so intent on inventing ruses to make Tod expose himself that he missed the moment of the planes as they rose from the sea, and it was not until he glanced over the skipper's shoulder once again that he saw them, moving halfway from the horizon. At the moment of recognition, the dreaded noise began, the roar pressing down upon him from all sides like some fluid in a hydraulic pressure chamber. He was conscious of being squeezed mercilessly and he had to strain forward to see the pilots as they came diving at him. He peered up through a cloud of fear, flinching under the deafening clamor, trying to identify their faces, feeling sure that he would see Tod among them but he could recognize none of the first few that swept toward him.

AND then, strangely enough, all the faces became familiar, but whether they were people he had known at one time or another or whether they were the faces of enemy pilots he had seen before, he couldn't tell and didn't care; the only important thing in the world was to keep watching each plane as it passed over.

Suddenly he was conscious of great pain. A sharp, knifelike sensation hit him, zigzagging clearly down his back, and he knew that he had to find Tod in a hurry before the pain became too great—it might kill him before he had a chance to search him out. He screamed aloud, trying to force himself awake, but the dream continued, and he knew only that he was almost crying now because there was so little time left, and the pain was so unbearable. He'd die if this kept up. Where was Tod? There was no time at all left now, he must look at his watch, but when he tried to bend his head, he found he still couldn't move. He'd forgotten that.

Suddenly an incredible realization hit him, and he gasped in surprise, then burst into hysterical laughter. It was the damnedest thing he'd ever known. He, Scott, was Tod! He'd been Tod all along—it was Tod who was in pain, not Scott. He reveled in the agony the man was feeling, he laughed at the red, sweating face behind the black glasses, and a part of his mind stood aside, marveling at the ingenuity of the vision. Who would ever think of killing Tod by putting him in a dream? It was foolproof, diabolical.

But he was feeling Tod's pain all the time. It was becoming far too much to bear. Look, he was on the verge of tears again and he'd never before cried in a dream. There was no need to kill him, too. That would be very clever, of course, but—

He wrenched himself awake, drenched with tears and sweat. He sat up in the darkness, glancing at his watch. A cigarette helped, and he got out of bed to cross to the window facing the sea. The dream had been too vivid, and even now, with the warm sea air around him, tendrils of nightmare floated through his mind, trying to draw him back. He was too exhausted to fight against it, and yet he was afraid to stay awake because he might begin to wonder what the dream meant, but when he finally went back to bed, he fell dreamlessly asleep before he had fully relaxed on the pillow. . . .

When he awoke in the morning, the day was drizzling, gray and windless. The ocean

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The Cigarette of Distinction
For Him or Her
PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her
BEAUTY TIPS (red)
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MARLBORO
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Philip Morris
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Give a Fighter a future
WAR BONDS
to have and to hold
Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

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MUSIC that is noble and inspiring; melodies that are engaging and delightful; played with sincerity and artistry pour forth from *The Longines Concert Hall of the Air* through your local radio station. It is played by the Longines Symphonette, a group of the finest musicians directed by Mishel Piastro, celebrated violinist and conductor. Guest artists of distinction include Joseph Schuster, cello virtuoso. ¶ More than 135 stations in the United States and Canada carry the programs. See your local newspaper for station and time under the listing THE SYMPHONETTE, M. PIASTRO. ¶ These concerts of the world's most honored music are broadcast as a salute to Longines, the world's most honored watch, winner of 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and innumerable citations for accuracy in every field of precise timing.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

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WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
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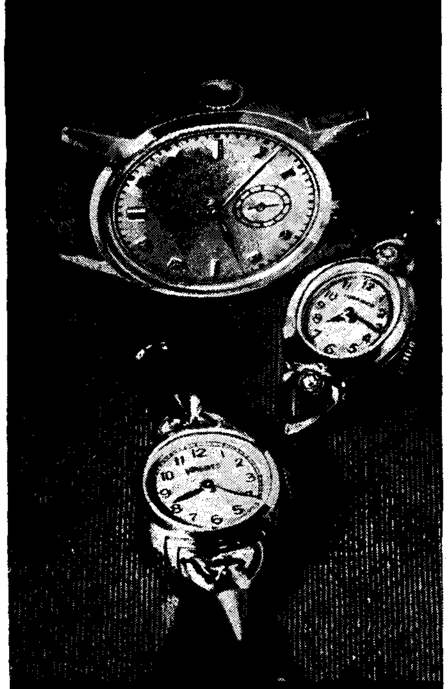


LONGINES WATCHES HAVE WON MORE HONORS
FOR ACCURACY THAN ANY OTHER TIMEPIECE

was almost black; instead of waves, long rolling swells moved against the horizon, and the sky appeared to be just beyond the reach of a tall man's upstretched hand. It was almost exactly like the scene in the dream.

When Scott went out on patrol, he was hot and sweaty under the oilskins. He had not been gone long when he realized that he was riding toward the shuttered cottage. Very early in their arrangement, Peggy had made him promise never to go there unless they had an appointment because he might be seen. He had always obeyed her scrupulously, although he had often been unable to resist the temptation of passing just within sight of it on occasions when he missed her the most.

Scott passed the cottage this time to test himself, to see if Peggy's hold on him were so profound that any thought of Eve became impossible. In the gray, shimmering drizzle, the small house had a forlorn, almost dilapidated air. It stood by itself, the only man-made thing in sight, the least beautiful form among the great shapeless dunes.

But looking closely at the shuttered windows, he suddenly had the curious sensation that he was being watched; a pair of eyes were staring at him from some unseen post, eyes that were appraising and devoid of any affection. Scott sat frozen in the saddle as the horse shivered impatiently in the depressing rain. Nothing around him moved. The long grass lay arched over the sand in all directions since there was no wind to give it orientation. He rode the horse around to the other side of the house, thinking that some chink in the shutters had given him the impression of being watched but over here it was the same, and he could almost have sworn that the person behind the eyes had moved from window to window to keep him in sight. It was exactly like looking at a portrait of a man staring straight ahead: no matter where he moved in relation to the picture, he would always find the painted eyes fixed on him.

Scott sat still again, watching the house, unable to turn away. He felt the water dripping down his face, running rivulets into the depressions of his mouth, and absently wiped the drops away. His next impulse was to gallop over to the house and search it from top to bottom—every closet, every drawer, every shadow—but he knew the emptiness that he would find would be more maddening than this attack of nerves. He remembered suddenly that the naval physician had told him again and again that this sort of reaction would set in.

"You'll be jumpy, and you'll get fits of the blues," he had been told. "But that'll pass. Don't let it throw you. That's why I'm advising you to accept shore duty—it'll give you something to do and will help take your mind off yourself."

SCOTT gathered the reins carefully in his hands, and then, curtly wheeling the animal about, moved off at a steady walk back to the beach. It took all his strength to keep from turning his head for one last glimpse of the cottage.

As he rode back along the beach, he finally came to a decision. The whole affair was mental. It had taken on the appearance of an insuperable problem simply because his nerves were still shot. He had been thinking of killing Tod—he admitted it to himself with easy candor; yes, he had actually contemplated murder. He could say it now without the frightened circumlocutions, the neurotic talk of shadows and fears. He had been planning an ordinary down-to-the-ground murder. Well—to hell with it!

His spirits suddenly bubbled at his own defiance. He was free again. He'd run after Eve, take her to the movies and hold her hand, go on picnics, go dancing, go any place he damn' well pleased. He was free, he was free; the entire horrible experience had all been due to a nervous reaction.

The mood persisted all evening so that he felt no surprise at his incredible luck in a card game with Otto, slapping down his cards as though each one were a dagger being pinned to the heart of his annoyance. It lasted all through a dreamless, drugged sleep and he awoke in the morning eager to feel its security, to reassure himself that it was there to stay. It was, and his spirits stayed high until he was called to the telephone after his morning meal.

"Hello, Scott?" It was Peggy, tense and hushed as she whispered into the mouthpiece. Some dread, an unmentionable danger was so close to her that she didn't dare raise her voice. The elation Scott had felt died as though a light had been snapped off, bringing utter blackness.

"Yes, Peggy." He had to swallow and clear his throat before he was able to speak. "What is it?"

"Darling, I must see you at once."

He could visualize her glancing over her shoulder first in one direction and then in the other. Her voice contained a crucial quality he had never heard before and the sudden tension was overpowering.

"What is it, Peggy?"

"I can't talk!" It was an agonized plea. "When can I meet you?"

Whatitis

Do you know what your doctor is talking about when he says you have an "itis"? In the left column you will find 20 words that all end in "itis" while the words in the column to the right refer to specific parts of the body affected by these diseases. Your task is to match the words in both columns.

A score of 18 and over is excellent; 15–17 good; 13–14 fair; 11–12 average. (Answers on page 77.)

1. Otitis	**Lungs**
2. Neuritis	**Muscles**
3. Carditis	**Eye**
4. Dermatitis	**Throat**
5. Arthritis	**Blood vessels**
6. Conjunctivitis	**Stomach**
7. Bronchitis	**Bladder**
8. Nephritis	**Nerves**
9. Colitis	**Heart**
10. Glossitis	**Kidneys**
11. Rhinitis	**Joints**
12. Gastritis	**Abdomen**
13. Hepatitis	**Ear**
14. Peritonitis	**Brain**
15. Cystitis	**Tongue**
16. Tonsillitis	**Liver**
17. Meningitis	**Skin**
18. Osteomyelitis	**Nose**
19. Thrombophlebitis	**Intestines**
20. Myositis	**Bones**

Gerard Mosler

His mind sorted schedules blindly, leafing through them but seeing only blank pages.

"I don't know, Peggy. I can't remember . . ."

She spoke very slowly, very deliberately so that each word stood alone.

"You must meet me now. I can't wait."

"But, I don't see how . . ."

"Be there in half an hour."

There was no goodby, just a *click* and the line went dead. It was impossible to tell whether she had closed off by depressing the receiver lever with her finger or whether something more ominous had taken place. He went over the order of sounds, recalling shades of tone in her voice to see if he had missed a sign, but there was nothing that stood out. She had probably cut off because Tod had entered the room, but if matters had reached a crisis, then Tod's arrival was in itself ominous; the terror and urgency in her voice had been obvious.

Seconds had ticked by since the conversation ended, and Scott knew that in that time Tod could easily have crossed the floor, that he might be standing in front of her at this very moment, his huge hands slowly reaching for her throat. Now, as each fifth of a second was being ticked off on his chronometer, this could be taking place. The temptation to call her back washed over him, forcing his hand to return to the telephone. If Peggy answered he would know that all this was just his nerves again, and if she didn't answer . . . then he would know that as well. Either way, he could be sure. That was the important thing . . . to be sure of at least one thing, to be sure of anything.

He left the room in a rush, telling himself that there was no need at all to call her . . . nothing was happening . . . all that she had told him to do was to meet her in half an hour, and then she had hung up because there was nothing more to say. The gruesome possibilities he was conjuring up were ridiculous.

"Wernecke!" Scott was the superior officer giving an order. "I'm going out for a while. Take over the schedule until I get back."

The rain had ceased. The sun shone out of a pale sky whose blue had been diluted by the sticky moisture in the air. At the peak of the flagpole, the standard hung limply, twitching every now and then as a stray breath of air touched it. It was the kind of morning when any movement at all, no matter how indolent, left one's body covered with sweat. The horizon was lost in a gray haze, and the entire black landscape was washed out, still, and devoid of any sign of life. Only the gray waves curled endlessly with a dogged persistence as the rising tide crept slowly up the damp beach.

PEGGY had been waiting a few minutes when he arrived. The cottage was a thousand times more stifling than ever, and as she ran to meet him, grasping his hands, Scott felt the thin film of perspiration on her body. It suddenly made her seem very human, and the sensation of being able to judge and see her dispassionately was startling in its intensity. Scott was looking at her from some new, aloof vantage point, and he wondered tentatively if he could talk to her about Eve. He found that it was more possible now than he ever believed.

"Look!" said Peggy pulling away from him. She slipped her dress down over one shoulder. Even in the half gloom Scott could see the black bruises, four of them evenly spaced in a shallow arc, and a heavier one some distance away but in the same perimeter. A man's outstretched hands could cover the marks with his finger tips.

"It was Tod," she went on. "I know now what he's been waiting for." As she turned slightly, he saw other marks just below her neck. Her voice was trembling. "We had the first fight since we've been here. It was the worst we've ever had."

The shallow flood of objectivity which had spread over the surface of Scott's mind evaporated instantly, leaving a sense of guilt for ever thinking he could abandon her to Tod. It heightened his dull anger.

"What brought it on?"

"He's waiting for me to finish all my pictures. Then, when I've decided what I want to show, he intends to destroy them all."

She was walking up and down in front of him in great agitation. There was an inner fierceness that made her seem remote, and Scott knew that her emotion, even though it was hatred, was part of her relationship to her husband; it was a fragment of her other life, shared day and night with Tod, which Scott could sense only indirectly.

"How do you know? Did he say so?"

She stopped for a moment as though he had said something entirely irrelevant, looking at him with a bewildered frown.

"Did he say so?" She repeated his question so that she might examine it again. "Of course not. He's not that stupid."

"But I don't understand," Scott said. He was looking at the bruises. "I didn't know that you had finished your paintings."

"I haven't. I have one more to do. This morning, just when I was deciding to stop work for a while, I discovered that he had been in the room all the time. He asked me to describe what I had done—he sometimes seems to take an occasional interest—but there was a peculiar expression on his

BLACK MAGIC! 95,000,000 tons of it a year travel over New York Central

SOMEWHERE, American airborne troops attack. Their thousands of Nylon parachutes, mushrooming in the dawn sky, were made from . . . ***coal!***

Somewhere, a girl war worker directs the hissing spark of an electric welder. Back of that spark is a dynamo, turned by the power of . . . ***coal!***

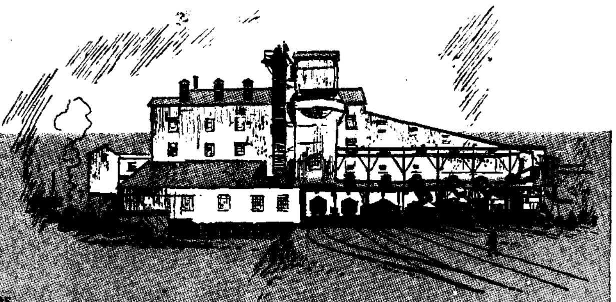
Somewhere, a trainload of war materiel rushes to keep a secret appointment with a convoy. It is sped on its way by the driving force of . . . ***coal!***

If ever there was black magic, it's the modern magic locked in a lump of coal. And New York Central is proud to have this fighting fuel as its largest single customer.

For this railroad acts as a giant mechanical stoker . . . picking up coal from mines and other railroads . . . and feeding the ceaseless black stream to industries and docks and coal dealers along its 11,000-mile right of way.

More than 60,000 coal cars now wear the "N.Y.C." But even that vast fleet must be reinforced with cars of other roads to handle the yearly wartime total of 95,000,000 tons.

Today, only careful timing and organization keep coal flowing to where it is needed. Tomorrow, that war experience will pay dividends. Dividends in still more efficient fuel delivery to industries and homes of post-war "Centraland."



"SPURS" TO VICTORY

New York Central "spur" tracks and branches serve mines in five leading coal states. At each mine, loaded cars must be picked up daily and replaced by empties to maintain the vital flow of coal.

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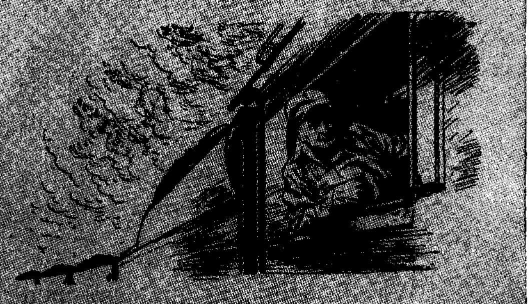
One big plant may burn as much as 200 carloads of coal a day. Those cars must be delivered in endless procession from the mines to the plant siding . . . and the empties speeded back for more coal.



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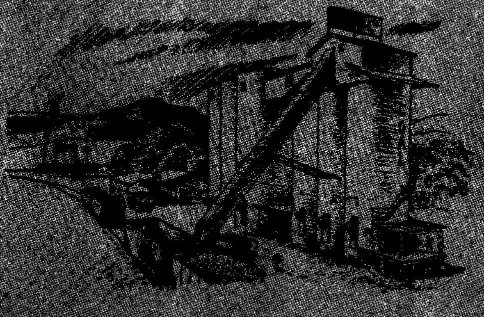
Even when coal moves in solid, 90-car trains, one engine hauls it on nearly any part of the almost gradeless *Water Level Route*. Yet, despite this natural efficiency, Central uses some 14,000,000 tons of coal a year.

GENTLE GIANT

This giant coal dumper picks up a car and pours its 70-ton load into a ship as easily as you'd pour sugar from a spoon. Gently, too. For New York Central takes *extra* care to prevent coal breakage.



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Due to war demands, it's not always possible to deliver to your dealer as many cars of coal as he or we or you could wish. So please use your coal supply with care . . . help conserve America's fighting fuel.

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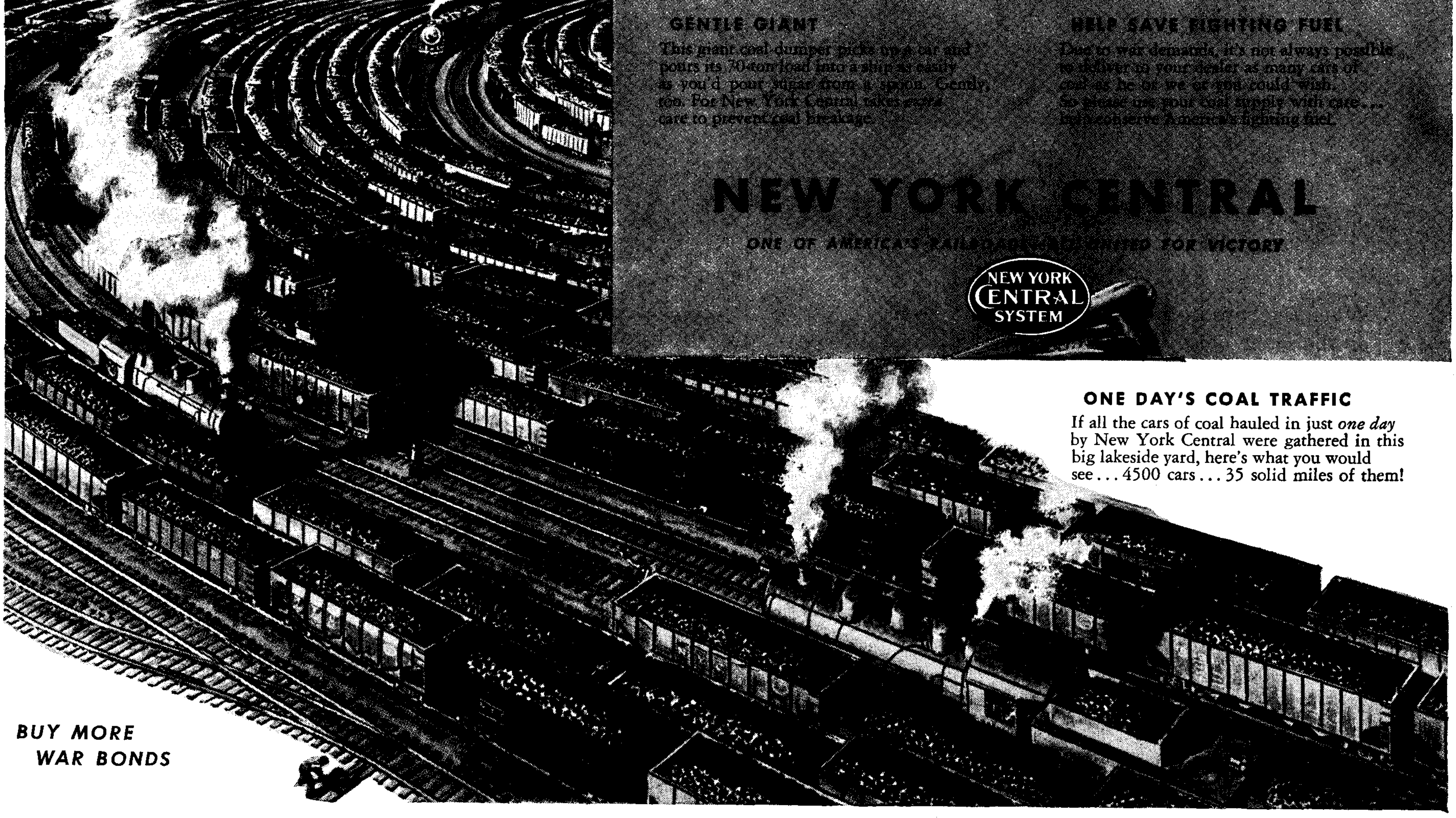

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If all the cars of coal hauled in just *one day* by New York Central were gathered in this big lakeside yard, here's what you would see . . . 4500 cars . . . 35 solid miles of them!

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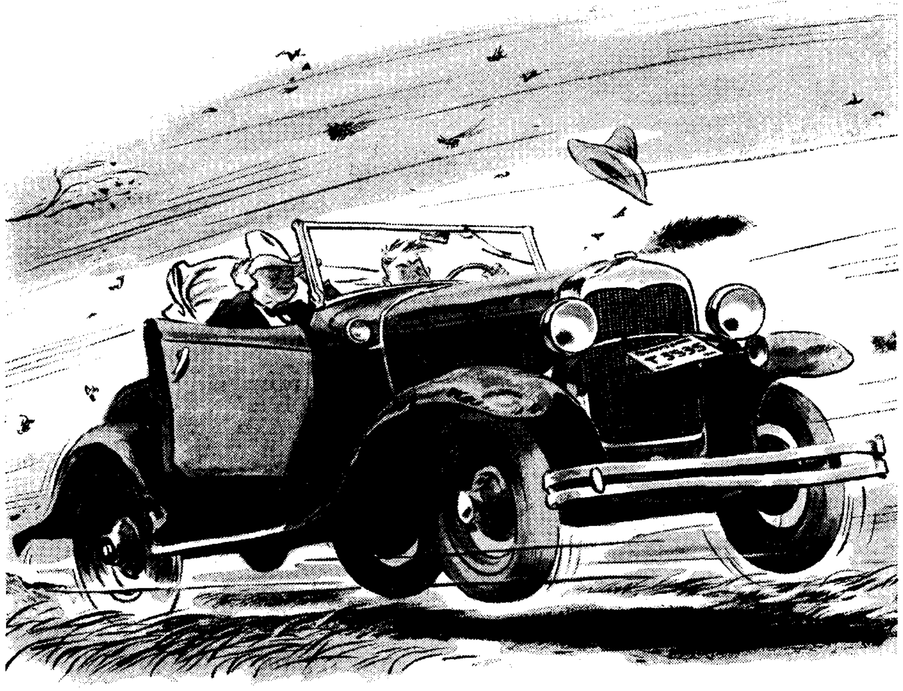
Shucks, Son, you hain't never seen wind till you been in a norther. Take the time me and Slim Bartel was drivin' down from Amarillo to San Antone in my li'l ole jalopy.

Warn't no gas rationin' then, but we run out anyways. Right spang in the middle of the prairie, 'thout a shack in sight.

Looked kinda bad to us. But all of a sudden it begun to blow. Come a-tearin' straight from the North Pole.

Wa-all, Slim and me jes' opened the car doors and that there wind pushed us clean to Big Spring. Had the brake on, but goldarn if we didn't git a ticket fer speedin'.



When the boys in the barracks, the back room, or the outer office "shoot the breeze" it's just good sport, and facts are the only casualty. But the wind blows in a different direction when business decisions are to be made!

Then, *facts* are the very fabric of future plans. And facts, most often, are woven of sound *figures*. Because these figures must be accurate, economical, and on-the-dot, it's easy to understand why Management relies on Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods.

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face. You know the way a glutton looks when he eats everything on his plate except the piece he likes best, saving that for the last. That's exactly the way Tod appeared to me." She made a little movement of dismissal. "Don't ask me *how* I knew. But I suddenly understood his patience all this time, his apparent lack of resentment. It's exactly the sort of revenge he would like."

"But he tried to choke you!" Scott said. "Why?"

"He asked me how many I had finished and I told him. For a moment he seemed puzzled and said that he had found only seven."

"Where were the others?" Scott asked.

"That's not the point!" Peggy replied sharply. "He said he had been able to *find* only seven. Find? Why should he search for the others? Don't you see? Ordinarily it wouldn't have meant anything, but from Tod it's significant." She was silent again, rubbing her arms as though to assuage a pain. "It just happened that I had taken the others up to the attic to let them dry out thoroughly. There was no intention of hiding them, but from the moment after his question, I decided *not* to tell him. I made the mistake of being evasive and that nearly drove him mad with rage. He grabbed me by the throat and swore he'd choke me unless I told him, and so I did."

"Did he go up to check on you?"

She shook her head wearily. "He knows when I'm frightened enough to tell him anything he wants. He didn't say a word; just pushed me away and went out of the house."

"Where is he now?" Scott tried to wipe his hands dry, but as soon as he did so, another patina of sweat covered them.

Peggy shrugged. "Either on the beach or in the dunes someplace."

"Does he know you're here?"

"Of course not. How could he know?"

Scott was about to say, "He could have watched you very easily," but the words died in his mind.

"Does he ever come here?"

"Not that I know of," Peggy said slowly. "No, as a matter of fact, I don't think that he does." She crossed the floor again and came to him. "Scott, what will I do?"

"It seems to me that the answer is obvious," Scott said. "You'll have to leave him."

"No!" she insisted. "I've told you again and again that would be no solution!"

THE oppressive sultriness made him lose control. "Are you going to wait until he kills you?" he shouted.

"He's not going to kill me," Peggy replied coldly. "That's not what he wants."

"For heaven's sake, what *does* he want?"

"He wants me to stay with him as long as he lives, and that's what I intend to do." Peggy was very precise and matter-of-fact. "What I want is my show. How am I going to protect my paintings?" She took his hands in her own and pressed them in an effort to communicate her earnestness. "Scott! Scott! Let's not have that argument again. Please understand what I want. You're the only one who can help me."

"Then bring the paintings here," Scott said. "You say that he'd never come to this place, so that would be the wisest thing to do."

"Yes, that's an idea," she said slowly, turning away from him and glancing about the darkened room as though she were seeing it for the first time. "I can manage to get them over a few at a time. He would never dream of coming here."

"No," said Scott. "Not unless he made you tell him. And apparently he can."

"Not this time. I'd tell him anything—I'd tell him that I took them to the village." She was lighthearted again, and her voice was easy. It seemed as though the crisis were over, but Scott tried once more to make her see reason.

"At least leave him until you've finished the work," he said. "Send your pictures away before you complete this one, and then go." He was pleading with her as he would plead for his own life.

She shook her head. "Where would I go?"

"Wherever you intend to have the show. You'd be going anyhow."

"No, I wouldn't. I had no intention of going to the show. Schlessinger will take care of it all." She put her arms about him then and kissed his mouth. "I couldn't go away from you, Scott. The only time I come alive all week is when we're together. The entire week is condensed into these few minutes. If we missed seeing each other, I'd go crazy."

They kissed again and he wondered how his memory of her lips could ever be so blunted that he had compared Eve to her. Her sweetness and warmth could be measured only by his emotions; it was ridiculous to think of leaving her.

Her dress was still loosened, and he could see the bruises on the soft, white skin, as she clung to him. The sight was a goad and he held her to him tightly as though to blot out the degradation and cruelty they implied. Peggy seemed to read his mind.

"Kiss them," she whispered, and averted her head. At first he was repelled, but then each dark spot of flesh became another mouth, a pair of lips that would part if he kissed them hard enough. She winced very slightly, but she seemed inflamed, and instead of withdrawing, pressed even closer to him. He felt all the excitement of the first time they had come together.

LATER, she was the first to mention the accusation she had made on the day he had brought Tod bleeding to the house.

"I'm sorry that I said it the way I did," she told him. "But I knew what was in your mind."

He stood up, moving away from her. For a while he had forgotten the heat, but now the gelid sensation returned. "For heaven's sake, Peggy, it's not true. You know it's not."

He tried to wipe the sweat from his face, but it did no good. He knew that his denial was weak, that he had no conviction to give. Suddenly, he remembered the dream of the night before, and had an impulse to tell her about it so that she could see how easy it was, that no one could ever find out, and then he laughed wryly to himself . . . he was awake now, and talking about reality.

"Don't try to deny it," she pleaded. "It'll make matters worse for yourself. You'll brood and brood until it's beyond your control. If you'll only talk and get it out of your mind! If you don't, Scott, you'll drive yourself to misery."

Scott turned his head slowly to look at her. "Is that why Bill Geddes was so miserable?" he asked, keeping his voice quiet against a pulsing excitement that made his fingers tremble.

Her face was upturned, shadowed in the hot darkness. "Is that what Eve told you?"

"No," he said. "But is that the answer?"

"Oh, Scott, this is what I mean! You're not making sense. In some ways, you're as bad as Tod. What do you want of me? I'm only trying to help you."

From one point of view, there was reason in what she said. It would be so easy to tell her of what he feared he might do, and he knew that in a moment of rage, in a moment of intoxicating anger, he might easily accomplish what he was trying to steel himself against. The more the idea tormented his mind, the more uncontrollable would be the impulse in a moment off guard. He could see it very clearly. He could even see himself at a point where he would go out of his way to seek a provocation.

And yet if he were to talk about it to Peggy, how would it make matters simpler? The effect would be just the reverse, it would give a logical appearance, even a further justification to what he knew would have to be controlled. Even to give this as a reason for not bringing his fears to light would be an admission. He hadn't yet reached that point; he could still say, "There's nothing to talk about, Peggy. You're all wrong."

HE LEFT Peggy in a mood that was as guilty and explosive as the air about him. It was noon but the excessive humidity had not evaporated. The air hugged the shore like a damply warm flannel blanket, cohesive and stifling, filling every spot a man might go for a clean breath. He stopped at the station and, without a word, climbed into the small gray sedan that was to be used only on official business. There were no orders to give

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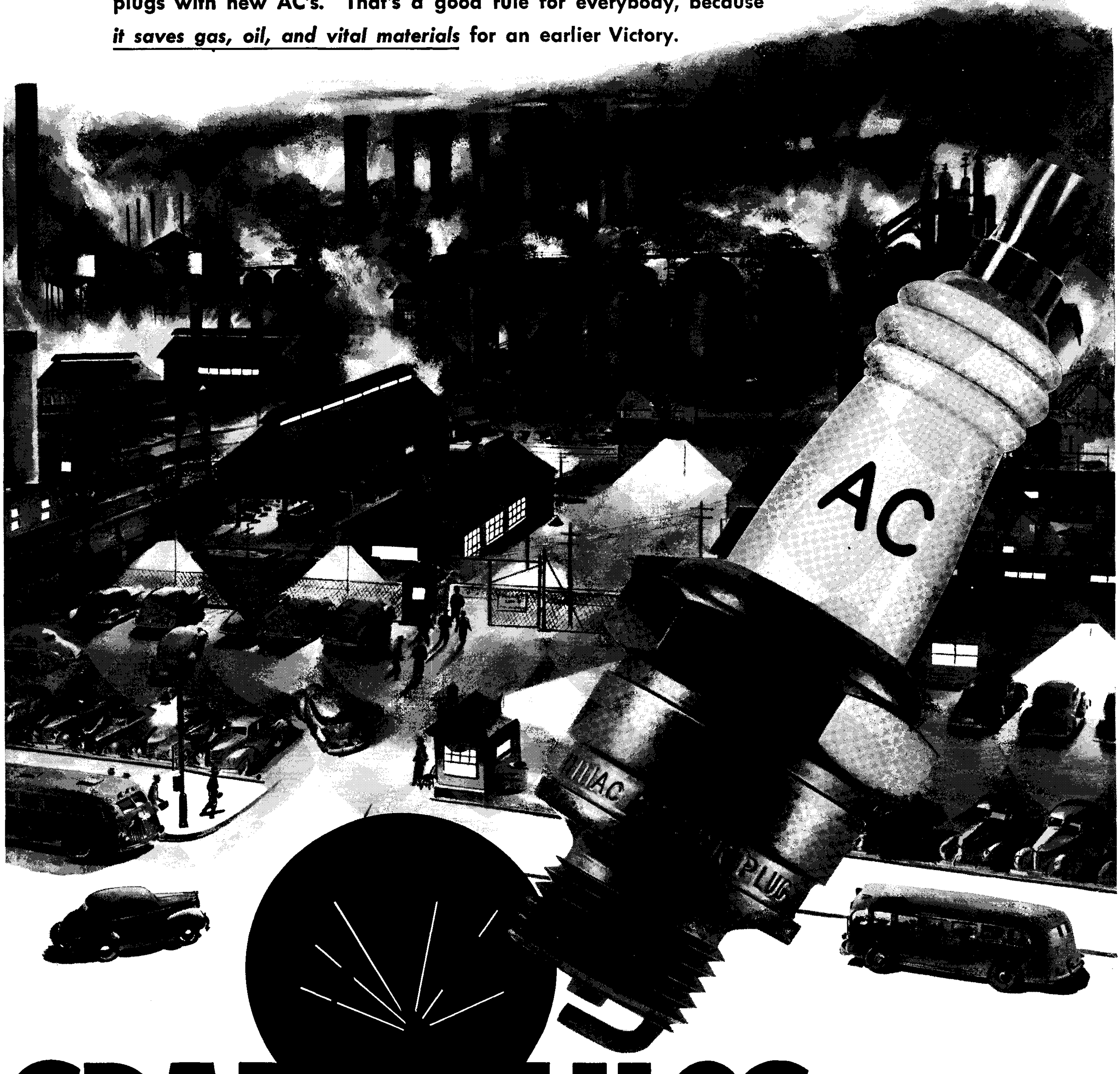

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DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

BRING YOUR FIGHTING MAN HOME SOONER • BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND THIS MONTH

and, if there had been, he was unable to give them.

O'Neill lived in a neatly painted white cottage. The lawn was not large, but it was the best tended in the neighborhood. The small trees were meticulously placed and cut, and a modest rock garden bordered the low fence. O'Neill did all the work himself, and it was more than a labor of love; the grounds were the work of a man who was stifled by the inside of a house and needed refuge out of doors.

He found O'Neill, totally unaffected by the sultriness of the air, working on a rock-lined pool. The physician looked up when Scott approached.

"I've got to talk to you, O'Neill," Scott said. "It's serious."

"What's the trouble?"

"I want advice."

O'Neill took off his cotton gloves. "Come along with me," he said. "I'll try to help you in any way I can."

HE LED Scott into the small room he used as his office and seated himself in the swivel chair behind the desk. There were some diplomas on the wall, and a calendar from one of the big drug companies. Facing the desk, there was an examination table and a glass-enclosed cabinet of steel instruments. It was simple, impersonal and contained nothing in the way of decoration.

Scott didn't know how to begin. O'Neill was the man he trusted the most and, of all the people Scott knew, the one most likely to understand.

"It's hard to say it," Scott said finally. His throat was dry, and the words were dammed up within him, blocking one another with desire for release. "But there's no point in telling you a cock-and-bull story about some mythical friend who's in a jam."

"No," said O'Neill soberly. "I've been watching you for some time, and I've come to the conclusion that, mythical or not, you don't have a friend who's in more trouble than you are."

"You know what it is?" Scott asked.

O'Neill shook his head. "I must admit that I don't. It can't have anything to do with anyone around here or I'd have heard long ago. Is it some girl in Norfolk? Or is it Eve Geddes? People say you've been seeing her."

"You're way off," Scott told him. He took a deep breath and then said wearily, but glad finally to be able to talk about it: "It's Peggy Butler."

O'Neill was really surprised. "You must be geniuses," he admitted. "There hasn't been a word about it. What's the trouble?"

"I want advice," Scott said. "I don't know by now whether I'm coming or going, but unless I get a grip on myself soon, I'll go off the deep end." When he looked up he saw the doctor's quick eyes probe his face.

"I had no idea that it was because of Peggy Butler," O'Neill said. "But now that I think of it, I should have realized that one of these days she'd find herself involved some way or other. It's none of my business, really, but since you brought it up yourself, let me ask you this: do you intend to marry her? Frankly, I wish you would."

"Why do you say that?"

"I think she'd make you very happy."

"There's more than that to it," said Scott. "You don't go in for Pollyanna advice. It's obvious that it would make me happy. But you mean something else . . ."

"Well, of course, it would do Peggy a lot of good. Actually, she's more in need of a normal life than you are. If anyone is on the verge of going off the deep end, it's Peggy."

"Then you know the relationship between the Butlers?"

"No one ever told me, but I'm his physician and so I can't help knowing."

"She refuses to leave him, that's the whole trouble."

"What reasons does she give?"

Originally Scott intended to give only an outline, merely the surface facts, but, as he got talking to O'Neill, he found himself going even deeper, not because O'Neill asked, but because it didn't make sense to himself unless he did. When he finished, he still didn't know whether he had told a coherent story.

O'Neill wasn't looking at him, yet he didn't seem to expect any more. He blew some ashes from the back of his hand, breathing gently, almost as though he dare not use too much force.

"When I saw Tod the other day, I had a time believing that he really fell on the beach," O'Neill said. "However, if that was the explanation, then it's all right with me. But for Peggy to make such an accusation doesn't sound right from the way you tell it. She's certainly under great stress but she's not hysterical."

"You mean that she had some reason for saying it?"

"I don't know how you feel about it," O'Neill replied. "But it seems like a serious accusation to me. Are you sure that you never mentioned anything of the sort to her? Try to remember."

"Of course, I didn't," Scott said sharply. "I swear that the idea never entered my head. It was always Peggy who insisted that she intended to stay with him as long as he lived. I suggested divorce, not this other thing."

"But certainly you must have realized, consciously or unconsciously, that if Tod were to walk into the wreckage he would be seriously injured?"

"Of course, I realized it," Scott said. "I thought that the threat of such a possible accident would make him reveal himself. But I swear to you, I never dreamed it would go so far. I didn't want to hurt him."

"Look," O'Neill pleaded gently, "I'm not sitting here in judgment on you, I'm only trying to understand your state of mind. The way I see it, you felt this way: He had the choice of getting hurt or exposing the fact that he wasn't blind. You were sure that he'd have to choose the latter, but that if he should walk into it, the fault was his, not yours."

Scott leaned back in his chair wearily. "No, that's not it at all. There was no question about whose fault it was because I never thought anything like that could happen. I tell you that I foresaw only one possibility, and that was that he'd give himself away." Scott's voice rose. "I didn't want to hurt him. I don't want to hurt him now. I hate him for what he's done to Peggy, I want to punch him, to beat him. . . ."

"But you don't want to hurt him?" O'Neill's tone was ironical, but his smile was sympathetic.

"It's complicated," Scott said slowly. "I can't explain it. I suppose I do want him to suffer for what he's done. And yet, actually, I only want him to go away and be forgotten. Do you understand what I'm getting at?"

"I think I do," O'Neill replied. "It's like the fairy tales where the wicked uncle is made to disappear and the boy marries the princess and they live happily ever after without anyone coming to harm. Only this particular wicked uncle won't disappear so easily, and because of that you don't know what to do. You're running around in frustrated little circles hoping against hope that you'll stumble on a magic formula. I'll tell you right now that there isn't any. You'll have to stop fooling yourself. As long as Peggy refuses to leave him there isn't a damned thing you can do."

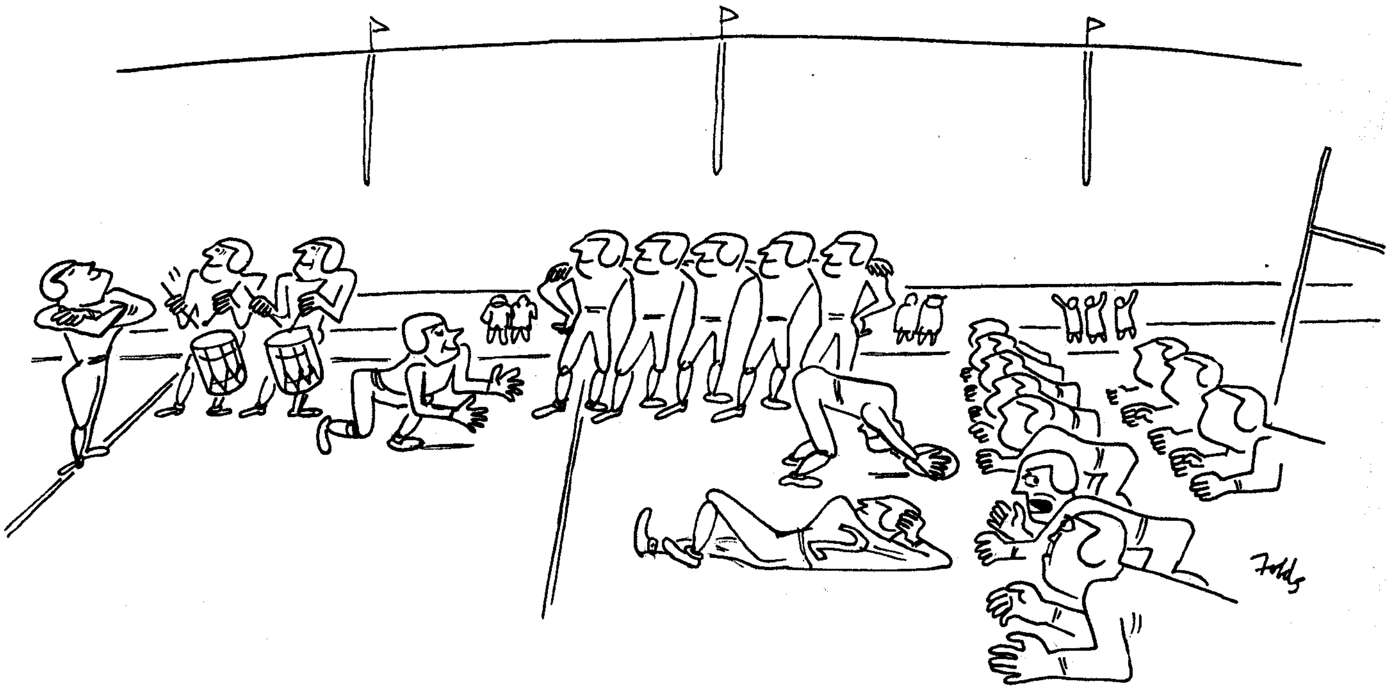
SCOTT tried to interrupt, but the firm voice, tempered to strength by the warmth of understanding, cut through his protests without mercy. He leaned forward, frustrated by O'Neill's refusal to listen.

"You'll have to stop telling yourself fairy tales that the man can see, because I tell you that he can't. And you'll have to get used to the fact that Tod is alive and is going to stay alive for a long time. There's no way to nudge him off the face of the earth no matter how you try to dress it up to suit yourself."

"Stop it!" Scott shouted. "I tell you I didn't want that. Dead? Of course I want to see him dead! *Nudged* off the face of the earth? Blown off is more to my taste!"

He ran out of strength and his voice died in the silence of the plain, whitewashed little room.

"I'm glad you got that off your chest," O'Neill said after a while. "It sounds more normal. You're beginning to talk about what's in your mind. And if you continue to be honest with yourself you won't do anything foolish while pretending that you didn't mean it. I know that you seriously believe you had no intention of harming Butler on the beach, but while you can fool the surface part of your mind, you weren't able to



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fool the part that controlled your actions. That part went through with its job and forced Butler into the wreckage."

"I tell you—" Scott began again.

"We're not discussing this," O'Neill said. "I'm telling you. Of course, if we could have Butler committed to an institution, where I believe he really belongs, everything would be all right. But you can forget about that, too."

"Why?" The idea had never occurred to Scott, but O'Neill mentioned it as though it were something he himself had considered for some time.

"Why? Because Peggy Butler would never permit it."

"How do you know she wouldn't?" Scott demanded. The new hope was stubborn; it wanted to live.

"In the first place you told me yourself how many times she told you that she wouldn't leave him. She's too ridden by her own sense of guilt."

"But blinding him was an accident!"

O'Neill shook his head. "What of it? You're talking now about objective facts. I'm talking about the way she feels. Besides," he added, "I once mentioned it to her."

"What was her answer?"

O'Neill grinned sourly. "She said that she'd repair whatever damage she had done by herself. It's become an obsession with her. Neither you, whom she loves, nor I, whom she respects, can talk her out of it. Of course, I could always override her objections and petition the county district attorney to intervene and investigate on the grounds that he's a menace to society, but, between you and me, an investigation might even clear him."

"How?"

"For one thing he has no obvious aberration. In conversation he's perfectly normal. The only sign of violence is the fact that he recently beat his wife. Well, he used to beat her up much more often, so that, if anything, he's better now than he was before he was blinded. Besides, lots of men beat their wives. The D.A. may do it himself for all we know. That's grounds for divorce in some states, but nowhere is it considered criminal violence. And suppose the committee of three alienists appointed by the court gave him a clear bill of health, then what? He'd come back here, the victim of our persecution and really tear Peggy to pieces."

"If he could only see!" Scott said, standing up in despair. "If he could only see! You were right," he went on slowly. "It was the hope that he could that kept me going for a while. Even now I'm still half-convinced that he isn't blind even in spite of what I saw on the beach. It seems that nothing can make me change my mind."

"You've got your own little obsession as well," remarked O'Neill. His voice was mildly astringent. "Do you think that Tod knew exactly what he was doing when he walked into the wreckage? That he saw it and allowed himself to fall just the same?"

"It could be," Scott said stubbornly. "If he is psychotic, and at least you agree with me on that point, how can you tell what he will do? He has his own logic."

O'NEILL waved that aside. "Let's stick to medicine, please."

"I don't know any physiology," Scott said. "But it seems to me that I have heard of people regaining their sight after years of blindness."

"There are several different kinds of blindness, and the kind Tod has isn't one you can wish away."

"Then tell me, why do I have this feeling of dead certainty? It can't be just a subconscious desire to relieve Peggy of a burden, because I had it before I knew their story. As a matter of fact, I had it as soon as I saw him that very first day."

"I never had the feeling," said O'Neill wearily. "And I examined the man's eyes."

"When was the last time?"

"A year ago."

"Well, couldn't something have happened in this past year?"

There was a peculiar expression in O'Neill's eyes. They were full of sympathy and excitement at the same time.

"That's your one last desperate hope, isn't it?" the physician asked. "From your voice I can tell that you're clinging to it as though you'd drop into a bottomless pit if you let go."

"Perhaps I am."

"You want me to examine him again, don't you? You must realize what you're risking. Suppose I come back and tell you there's been no change?"

"I don't know," said Scott. "I'm more afraid of it than you can possibly imagine, but I look at it from the other point of view. Suppose . . ." His voice became hopeful. "Suppose there *has* been a change!"

O'Neill swung around again in his chair. "All right, I'll do it for you. Within the next few days I'm going to drive out and take a last look at the cuts. While I'm there, I'll look at his eyes. I'll call you as soon as I know one way or the other. In the meantime, don't do anything drastic."

SCOTT left him, feeling easy and relaxed. The terrible exhaustion had lifted. It was as though he had received an extension on a loan that he could never possibly repay, a sum so vast that it was utterly beyond anything in his experience. Yet, as long as it wasn't due immediately there was always the chance of some miraculous windfall.

He drove rapidly back to the station, anxious to make up for the morning he had lost. The humidity hadn't abated, but the air's oppressiveness had lost its counterpart within him. To Scott, it was now merely a sticky day. And while he didn't recapture the intoxicating elation of the previous afternoon, his spirits were so far above what they had been that morning, that he considered himself a happy man. His desperation was so great that it took nothing tangible to cause the change; the only thing he needed was merely the hope that there was room to hope.

A few days, O'Neill had said. It couldn't possibly be less, and yet by the following day Scott started at each telephone call, hoping that he would hear the physician's warm, encouraging voice promising him deliverance. The tension began all over again, pulling in another imperceptible notch with each passing hour. The day after that, Tuesday, found him fighting off a grim impatience that had flowered evilly during the night, stringing tortured dreams together into a strangler's necklace.

His anxiety tightened with a sudden jerk when Eve visited him unexpectedly in the early afternoon. Scott was in the office at the time, and one of the men announced the fact that there was a visitor.

"She's outside, sir," he said.

Scott arose immediately, forgetting all pretense that he had been working. "I'll see her."

Eve was standing in the sunlight on the concrete walk. The breeze ruffled the skirt of her print dress and played with her dark brown hair. She wasn't smiling and he sensed immediately that she was embarrassed.

"Hello, Scott," she said. "Am I breaking any regulations by being here?"

He forced a smile, wondering why she had come, and led her in silence through the squat shadow of the tower toward the beach.

"It's about the other night," she said, without looking up at him. "I suppose that in a sense I really owe you an apology for throwing myself at you. . . ."

"Don't be silly," he told her curtly.

"I'm not being silly," Eve replied. "You know how I feel now, and the fact that you don't care particularly . . ."

"That's not the way to put it. I *do* care about you. I like you tremendously."

She turned slowly to face him. Her eyes were very clear, but there were red spots on her cheekbones beneath them. Looking down at her fragile slenderness, he could not help being impressed by her dignity. "You don't have to be kind to me, Scott," she said. "And don't worry about me because I don't intend to run off into the woods to hide my face. I'm not ashamed of anything."

He knew that if he were to touch her arm even in sympathy, she would be angry, so he stood quietly before her, waiting for her to continue.

"You can still step into my place, you know," she added with a small smile. "If I'm not embarrassed, certainly you needn't be."

"I'm glad you're making it easy for me. For some reason I feel guilty about it."

"That's your pathetic romantic conscience. I imagine that other girls have been in love with you before without you loving them. But because you didn't know about them, you didn't feel guilty. Or were you psychic enough to know all the time?"

"I couldn't have been," said Scott. "Because it never affected me this way before."

"Honestly?" She was taking comfort from that in spite of herself. This is how people in love behave, he realized. They can feed on crumbs. This is the way I behave even now.

"I mean it. You're somebody very special for me, Eve." He kicked at the powdery sand, and they began to walk again, their shoulders almost touching, moving with the long, sauntering steps that people take when walking is simply an excuse to be together.

"I'm glad you said that." She faltered a bit, but then went on firmly, intending to have her say: "Oh, I've liked other men, Scott, but no one . . . ever in this way." She stopped for a long time, and then continued, "I'm telling you this for a reason, Scott. You've changed tremendously since I first knew you. You've been getting older and more haggard and tired. I hardly recognize you. There's something very seriously the matter, isn't there?"

HE STOPPED, frightened, yet exasperated at his fear.

"Eve, you're imagining things!"

"You don't want to talk to me about it?"

"There's nothing to talk about," he insisted.

"I suppose you're justified," she said resignedly. "It's none of my business. But I've been worried about it for days now. I came out here on an impulse, and all the while I was walking I kept telling myself to turn around."

"You walked all this way?"

"It's not as romantic as all that. I got a lift. Dr. O'Neill was passing along and so I thumbed a ride."

"O'Neill?" Scott asked and the whole world, the sun, the steady ranks of sparkling waves, the running shadows of Eve's dress and hair, became paralyzed in his mind.

"Yes," Eve said carelessly. "He was driving out to the Butlers. It seems that Tod fell down a few days ago and cut himself pretty badly, so O'Neill is on his way there to check up on him. He'll stop by here for me on his way back. He said it wouldn't take him long."

The course that the rest of his life would take was being decided as he stood there on the beach. O'Neill had seen Tod, the moment of last possible hope was almost upon him. A little puff of frantic panic tugged at his thoughts, searching blindly for some way in which he could affect the decision. But there was nothing he could do; he had done all he could before, and now the climax was out of his hands.

EVEN at this moment the answer might be known. All that he could do was to wait. He was tired, he wanted only to be by himself in silence and hear nothing, say nothing, think of nothing until he was told the verdict. At the same time, he knew that, if he were alone, his tortured impatience would cry out for human company while he lived suspended between possible fates.

"Did you tell O'Neill you were coming here?" he asked.

When she turned her head, he saw a question flicker in her eyes, as though she were not quite sure of his meaning.

"He couldn't help but know," she said slowly. "As a matter of fact, I did tell him that I was coming to see you. Was that wrong?"

"No, of course not," Scott replied. His voice was even, slipping over the deep crags of implications. "What did he say?"

"Nothing in particular." She was trying to remember and her questioning frown deepened. "Nothing at all except 'How very nice,' or 'Send him my regards.' I don't recall. Why? Does it make much difference?"

"No, none at all."

"Does he know the trouble you're in?"

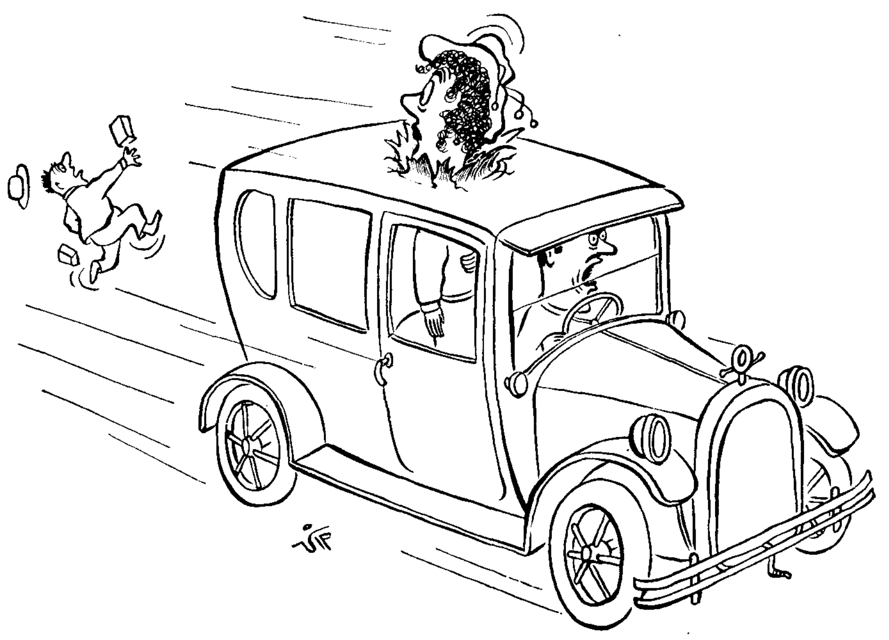
"I'm not in any trouble," Scott insisted impatiently.

"You can't tell me that," Eve said. He knew he was hurting her, and he could see her face turning white, but she was as persistent as he was. "You can't have become so distressed because of your duties here. I knew the men who were here before you and while they may have been bored, they never reacted the way you have, and in only a few months. Look at you . . . you're as nervous and as desperate as a caged animal."

"For heaven's sake, Eve! You're not helping matters at all!"

"If you'd only let me know," she pleaded. "Perhaps I *could* help. Whether you love me or not isn't important. What really hurts is that you won't take me into your confidence even as a friend."

"If I thought that it concerned you in any


COLLIER'S "Oh, stop jumping! I missed him a mile" VIRGIL PARTCH

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old magazines for the scrap paper drive,

and happened on this, and tore it out . . .

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

From 'Old Breakfast Grumpy'... who won't have any more alibis
Many Happy Returns of Perfect Toast

BIRTHDAYS and wedding anniversaries . . . *they* come but once a year, too! And wise men mark them well! Some of the wisest have said, are saying: "She's always wanted a *Toastmaster* toaster—and this time she's going to have one!" Which solves a knotty problem very neatly . . .

For breakfast comes every day. And the perfect toaster, never burning the toast or singeing the fingers, is forever renewing your gift of pleasant breakfasts, day after day, year after year.

It's fully automatic, of course—this *Toastmaster* toaster. Turn the little knob to light, dark, or in-between—*your* taste in toast. Drop in the bread—press down the lever. At the appointed second, up pop the piping-hot slices . . . no watching, turning, or burning!

See the beautiful 1941 *Toastmaster** toaster—2-slice, $16.00 —wherever good appliances are sold. Its 1-slice toastmate, $9.95. America's *finest* toasters!

And glance at the smart new combinations pictured below —gifts *par excellence*. These and the stunning new Hospitality Sets are described in a clever free book, "Entertaining Hints on How to Entertain," by Henrietta Ripperger. Ask your dealer, or write to McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.

Toastmaster De Luxe Toast 'n Jam Set—with automatic toaster, walnut tray, Franciscan Ware toast plate and jam jars $17.95

Toastmaster Waffle Service—with automatic signal-type waffle baker, walnut tray, ladle, and Franciscan Ware batter bowl and syrup jug $16.95

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TOASTMASTER

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to remind Bob of what he's *got* to get me the minute they start making them again!"

And that will be *as soon as possible* after we get our honorable discharge from munitions-making. There will be aristocratic *Toastmaster** toasters, to pop up perfect toast every time, with no watching, turning, or burning . . . and stunning Hospitality* Sets and Toast 'n Jam* Sets. And, because you and thousands more will want the *finest*, there will be the well-earned reward of peacetime employment for workers whose loyalty and skill have met every test of war.

TOASTMASTER *toasters*

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way, I'd tell you. I appreciate your coming and all that but . . ."

She smiled ruefully. "Well, I suppose that I can't afford the luxury of feeling insulted since I stuck my neck out of my own free will. It would be nice," she said quietly, "to be able to march off in a huff, but I just don't look well in huffs."

He saw that she was taking his stubborn refusal with more grace than he had ever taken Peggy's refusal to leave Tod, and that she was asking for much less. He wondered whether it was because Eve had more reserves of strength, or because she wasn't as emotionally involved as he.

There was nothing more to say, but he couldn't leave her. They were forced to remain together until O'Neill would arrive. The conversation stretched out, a flimsy net made up of long pauses between irrelevancies, but he tried to assuage his brusqueness, all the while ridiculing himself for thinking that there might be a difference between hurting someone with a sudden blow and doing it gradually over a period of weeks.

SUDDENLY Scott looked up and saw O'Neill waiting for them beside the flagpole. He waved, but as they walked over to meet him, the physician stood very still, and the outlines of his body wavered indefinitely as the breeze fluttered his trouser legs and jacket. There was no indication of what he had discovered—neither an encouraging smile nor a forewarning of failure. He was impassive, neutral.

"How was Tod?" Eve asked, and the simple directness of her question made Tod sound normal, the victim of a sprained wrist, or a turned ankle.

"He's coming along very well," said O'Neill. "In a day or so, he'll be as good as he ever was."

Scott wondered what that meant. He didn't dare ask a further question because he didn't trust his control over his own voice in Eve's presence. They walked along the concrete path to the car in silence, and then he realized that just as he was hoping for O'Neill to say something to him, so Eve hoped that Scott might make an appointment to meet her again, or at least to offer some small token of acceptance of her proffered friendship. Because of his own unhappiness, he took pity on her, but his apprehension was so great that he could not bring himself to speak.

When she was seated in the car, O'Neill closed the door after her, and turned suddenly to Scott.

"By the way, we almost forgot that boy's infected finger." He moved toward the path again, laughing at himself. "That's the second time. Is he around?"

"Is who around . . . ?" Scott started to say, and then understanding the ruse, smiled gratefully in furious anticipation. "Yes, it's Palmer. He's complaining again. He's inside. I'll take you to him."

"I'll wait out here," Eve said. "But don't be too long, Doctor. I'm probably losing customers by droves, even if I never had them by droves to begin with."

Scott waited until he was sure they were out of earshot.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently. "What did you find?"

He saw the muscles flex rapidly in O'Neill's cheeks. It gave the physician an angry appearance, yet it was no more than a nervous habit.

"You are fooling yourself," O'Neill said quietly. "He can't see. He won't ever see. You'll have to face it. There isn't a prayer that'll cure him."

O'Neill took Scott's arm and led him along. "Pull yourself together," he warned him, still speaking in the same insistent voice. "Eve is watching and we'll have to go inside. Do you have an office or someplace where we can talk?"

Scott nodded stupidly, moving in a daze, trying to remember to keep his face composed. They passed from a vague light to a vague shadow and then Scott found himself seated at his desk with O'Neill pacing up and down before him.

"But you were right about one thing." It seemed that O'Neill had been talking to him for some time, that he was simply continuing a sentence to which Scott had been oblivious, and Scott leaned forward eagerly now, to hear his words.

"There *is* something going on out there," O'Neill went on. "I'm not terribly sensitive to these things, but this is so open, it hit me in the face." It was obvious that the physician was agitated beneath his usual placidity. He walked around, shrugging angrily as he spoke with frustrated helplessness.

"What is it?" Scott asked.

"There's a real fear in that house. It's as thick as smoke. I don't know what he's doing to her. I can't even imagine the hold he has on her, because it's obvious that she hates him and fears him so that even a perverse sense of duty couldn't keep her there. . . . There's something about Tod," he said slowly, "that I can't understand. But whatever it is, it's holding Peggy the way a snake is supposed to be able to hold a bird." O'Neill shook his head. "I give it up. I don't know what to say to you, Scott. I don't know what advice to give. All I can say is that if Peggy hasn't left him by now, she can't ever leave him as long as he lives."

Scott said nothing. He was listless, past caring. O'Neill walked to the window and looked out at the sea.

"Some time ago," the physician said reflectively, "I talked very big about things I had come across in my practice—ugly things that I condoned." He grunted. "It's so easy to be tolerant and understanding when someone else has to go through the torture of choice and decision. I must have sounded laughable with my fat smugness."

"I didn't laugh," Scott said dully. It was an effort to speak; a dead weight was paralyzing him.

"No, that's right. At the time, I laughed at you because you were shocked. And now when I'm faced with just such a predicament—the case of a man willfully and purposefully maiming the lives of others, a man who has no right to live because of what he is doing—when my bluff has been called, I don't dare face it. The ivory tower theorist, that's what I am. Well, you have your three choices as I see it."

"What three choices?" Scott asked slowly. He didn't really care what they were, he was so certain they didn't exist in any actuality.

"You can put up with things as they are—as long as they are allowed to last." O'Neill made the qualification significant. "Or you can forget about her completely and play around with that girl outside."

"That's only two." Neither of them seemed possible, and Scott had dismissed them as soon as they were said. "What else?"

O'Neill spread his hands, looked at him steadily for a moment and then turned away, shrugging.

"I don't have to tell you what's already in your mind." When he spoke again anger made his voice rough. "What do you want me to do? Give you advice? How dare I take the responsibility? I know what the sane thing is, but I also know what you're going through. No, I'm not going to say anything."

O'NEILL stood at the window for a while with his back to Scott. His fingers drummed insistently on the sill.

"I can see what he's doing to her." O'Neill seemed to be talking aloud to himself. "But there's only one way to stop it as long as Peggy is hypnotized, and she seems to be just that. Damn it!" He punched one fist into his other palm, then started for the door. "Do what you think is right. I don't want to know anything about it. But I promise you that when it's all over—I don't care where, how or when—I'll sign whatever is necessary with a clear conscience." His eyes were very level and calm as he held Scott's wooden gaze. "I know only that Tod Butler will die of natural causes."

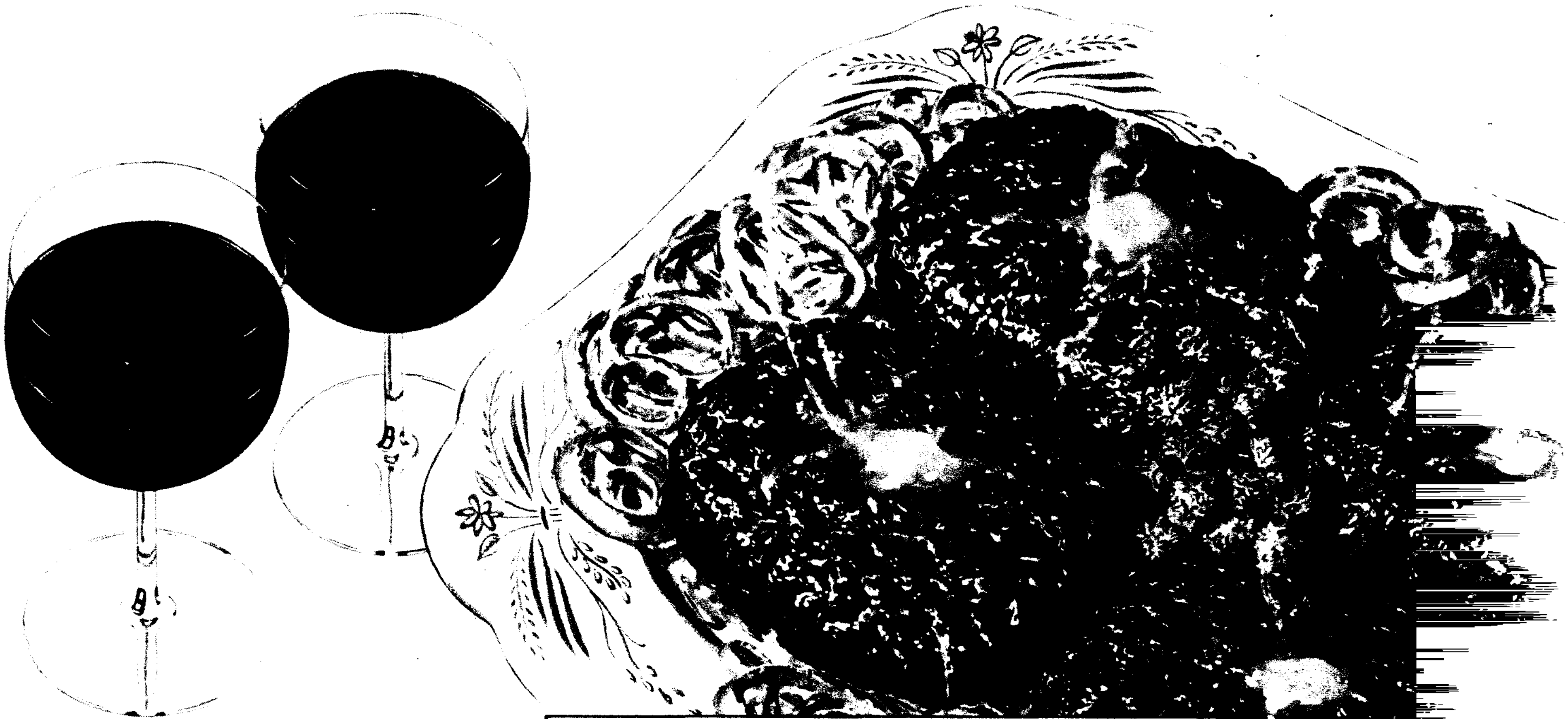
He walked out. The noise of his footsteps dissolved into the motor's steady murmur and then was lost in the distance.

The memory, the meaning, the sounds of O'Neill's voice were on the periphery of Scott's mind. He kept them there, refusing to absorb them. There was only one thing to do and, if he were to save himself, it had to be done immediately.

(Continued on page 42)

As a log fire goes with friendship

Wine goes with Food



'BURGERS made with Burgundy wine! Good eaters pronounce it a mighty cheerful meat dish. It's also the easiest known way to try out a certain cookery secret.

'Burgers Burgundy will help you discover the mealtime pleasure that results from joining wine and food together.

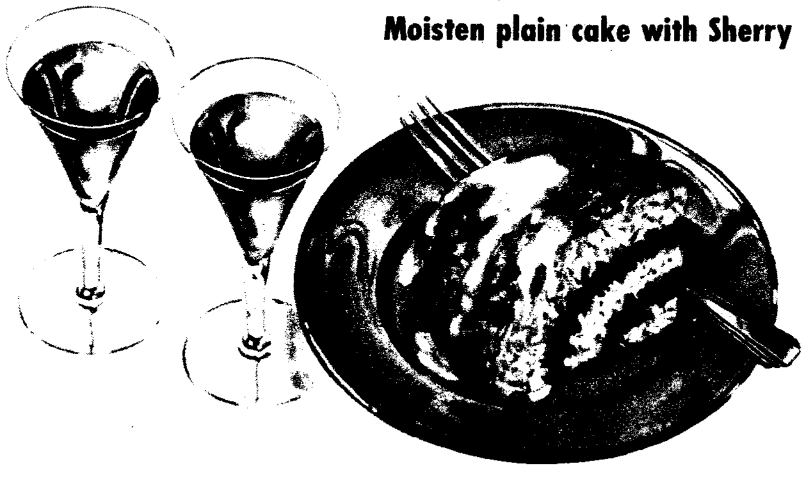
Roast turkey basted with red or white table wine is another treat for you. And there's Leg o' Lamb Sauterne. And old-fashioned baked beans made sturdy with Claret wine. Serve them soon.

Even more enjoyment is in store when you serve glasses of the same good wine *with* the meal. Then comes a taste harmony that perks up the appetite. And dining takes on the pleasure it ought to have.

Let us send you our new booklet of wine cookery recipes. It's free. Simply write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

How to make 'Burgers Burgundy

Mix 1½ lbs. hamburger or ground beef with 1½ tsps. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, and ½ cup California Burgundy or Claret wine. Shape into 4 or 5 flat cakes about 1 inch thick. Brush with oil and broil slowly 8 to 10 minutes, turning once, or brown in hot skillet, turning frequently. For sauce: add ½ cup same wine to fat in pan, heat to boiling, season, and pour over steaks. Garnish with raw or fried onion rings. Serves 4 or 5



Moisten plain cake with Sherry

Line a pint or quart bowl with thin slices of plain cake or jelly roll. Moisten lightly with Sherry wine. Spread with layer of jam. Add another layer of cake slices, more Sherry, more jam and repeat until bowl is level full. Cover and chill several hours. Turn out on plate. If desired, serve with chilled custard sauce, lightly flavored with Sherry and almond extract. A pint serves 4 or 5

Add to your share in Tomorrow . . .
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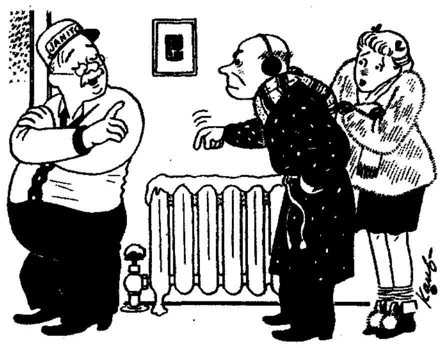
healthy, well-adjusted young man or else you wouldn't be in that uniform. But you got shot up pretty badly and you're still going through a state of nerves. That's always the last and most difficult thing to heal. I don't know the details of your problem, and frankly I don't want to know, but let me assure you that it's not really as serious as it seems to you. You'll see, in a few days, if it's a girl that's bothering you, either she'll say she's sorry she ever went out with that other fellow, or you'll meet another girl. Go back to the station and sweat it out, and in the meantime"—Scott barely felt the edge in the officer's voice, and yet it cut coldly into his mind—"I'll forget that you've broken every rule in the book by coming here this way." He went back to his papers and Scott realized the interview was over. The nightmare had him in full possession. It was really just beginning, because if he went back to the station—and he had to go back—there would be no leaving, no evading, until the course was run.

THE drive from Norfolk to the station was the reverse in every sense of the one in the afternoon. At each mile he went through a tightening of his senses. He began to hope that they might have an accident, or that some terribly important action would start that required his immediate services. Anything to delay him, any excuse would be a blessing, but it would have to come from some source outside of himself because he no longer had the strength or the will to do it alone. They sped along the quiet road without incident, always with Scott's hope that each curve would bring him some sudden, violent release hidden along the way.



"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

It was black night when Scott arrived back at the station, feeling the sensation of a prisoner returning to the death cell after a futile attempt to have his sentence commuted. He was sure that everyone there must know where he had been and what had taken place, that they considered it a betrayal because he tried to desert them. But his entrance was an anticlimax: no one was at all surprised to see him. In the past twelve hours they had aged only twelve hours, while Scott had aged by several profound emotions. Wernecke merely nodded.

The evening passed as dully as usual, and the following day Scott lived in a state of suspension, as though in the course of each small encounter, or during each time he left a room and entered another, something epochal would occur that should send him on his calamitous path. He hurried through every routine task as though he were obsessed with fear that he might leave some small chore unfinished before the storm broke.

The recurrent heat spells of July had set in, building up in unresolved stages that left one with the sensation of indefinite postponement. Scott could not shake off the idea that everyone who knew him had decided to stay out of his range until he made up his mind to face them, that they were examining him from a safe distance until the first symptoms of action would prepare them for the final centrifugal whirl. Yet the sensation of being watched really only occurred when he went past the deserted cottage. Sometimes, when he had been on patrol, he would look down on the shuttered boxlike little structure and feel nothing but its desolation in the unrelieved sunlight. But at others, the emptiness had another quality and the cottage seemed secretly peopled. The eyes behind the shutters were waiting just as everyone was waiting, just as he himself was waiting. Yet he never violated his promise to Peggy.

Two days after his trip to Norfolk, he stared at the house for close to ten minutes from the top of a dune while the breeze, heated by the baked sand, pressed like a leaning stone against his back. The eerie sensation of staring into hidden eyes behind the shutter was stronger than at any other time, and it was an exhausting effort to leave. Half an hour after that, he was sure that he could see a tiny figure, over a mile away, hurrying over the dunes from the cottage. It looked like a running man. While he was trying to make up his mind for pursuit, the rolling afternoon fog crept down on him, blotting out everything within thirty yards. When it lifted some twenty minutes later and the sunshine resumed, the puppetlike figure was gone. Nor could he find any footprints in the soft, powdery sand, although that in itself was meaningless because the footprints of his own horse lost their shape as immediately as they were formed.

The image of the running man remained with him as a clear picture. Whether his eyes were open or shut, he could not avoid seeing this bright patch of gleaming sand, spotless except for the small black figure which leaned forward as it hurried to reach the line where the blue sky came down to the shining dunes. The illusion was garish in its intensity and, as he rode the remainder of his patrol, he couldn't get rid of the picture. It stuck in his mind as an irritant; it was like an imprisoned grain of sand cutting again and again at the surface of an eye.

When he returned to the station, he found that there had been no call as yet from Peggy. Scott sat at his desk, staring at the half-finished request for the transfer, and saw only the patch of sand with the hurrying black mannequin. There was no way to stop seeing it. He got up from the desk and went to the seaward window, a small brew of unpleasant excitement beginning to work within him. It grew swiftly, expanding like steam, and then suddenly condensed into a clear decision: he would go to see Tod at his house the next day.

In the back of his mind, Scott knew very well what he had decided. He knew the implications, he knew that he was prodding his fate, that he was seeking out disaster, but he closed his mind rigidly to everything but the single statement that he would go out to the Butlers' house—reducing his plan consciously to the simple physical acts of riding to the house, climbing the terrace, entering the living room and finally . . . confronting Tod. From there he kept his mind dulled to blankness. Scott didn't even bother to invent a pretext for the visit, not even one for his own rationalization.

AS HE approached the place the next day, his expectancy began to mount. Somewhere between the station and the house, something would occur, perhaps only a small sign, which would tell him one way or another the decision that had been made for him.

But nothing happened. He rode as far as the sand break, but no one came out of the cheerful, blue-shuttered little house to greet him. The door was open to the living room exactly as he had foreseen. It was dark and cool inside, and as Scott glanced about the room, blinking his eyes to adjust them to the new light, he caught sight of Tod stretched out on the sofa, sleeping. On a low table next to him were a typewriter and several sheets of paper strewn in an untidy pile. The man lay very still. Little bubbling sounds of cooking came from the kitchen, but there was no one there when Scott looked in.

He went back into the living room, moving as though in a dream, and walked over to the couch where Tod lay, his eyes closed behind the dark glasses, his breathing slow and regular. Then a surge of hatred for the man swept through Scott and, pushed forward by some unknown compulsion, he bent over the prone figure, his hands twitching uncontrollably.

(To be concluded next week)

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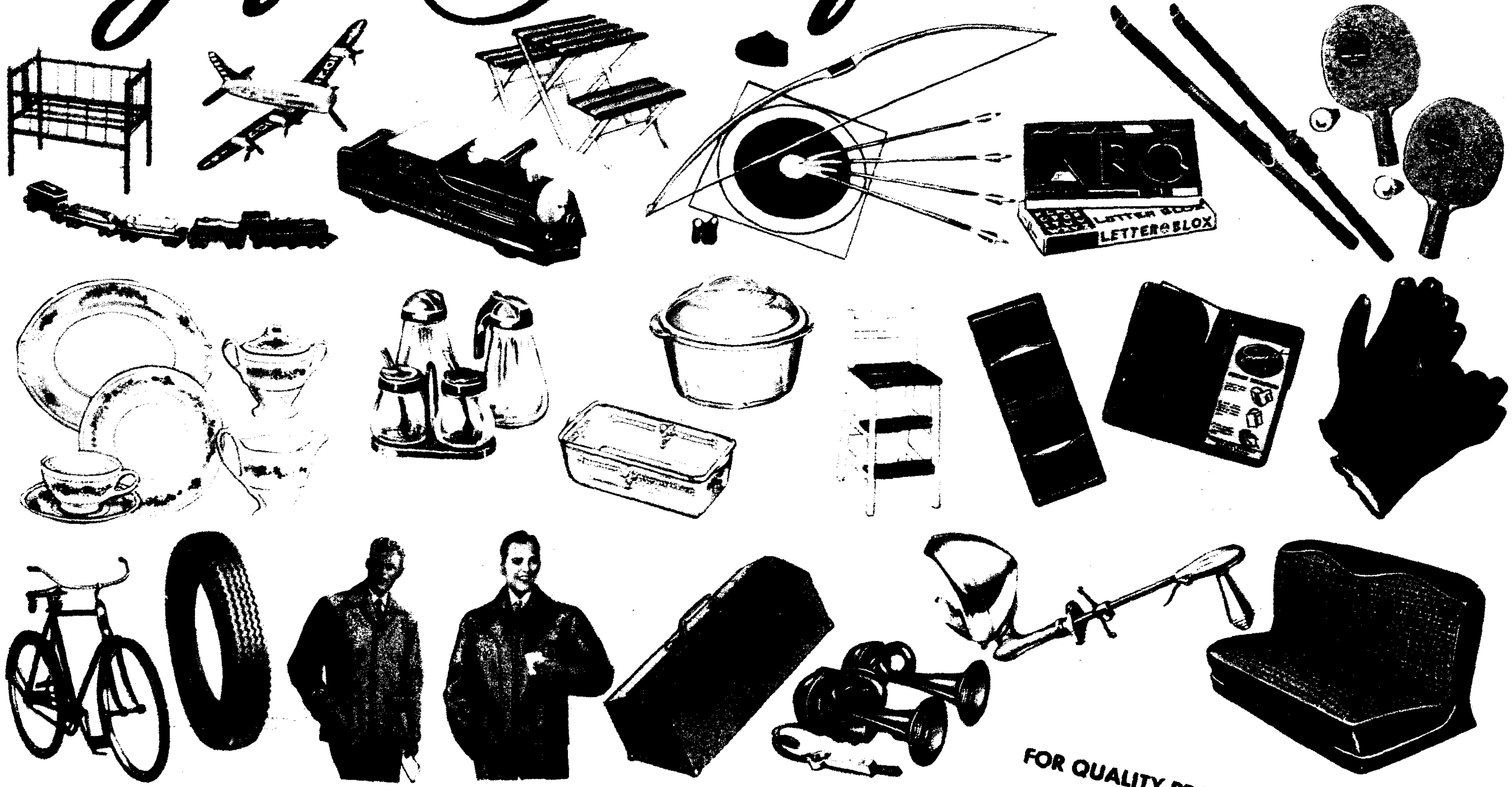

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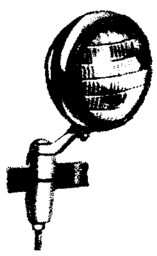

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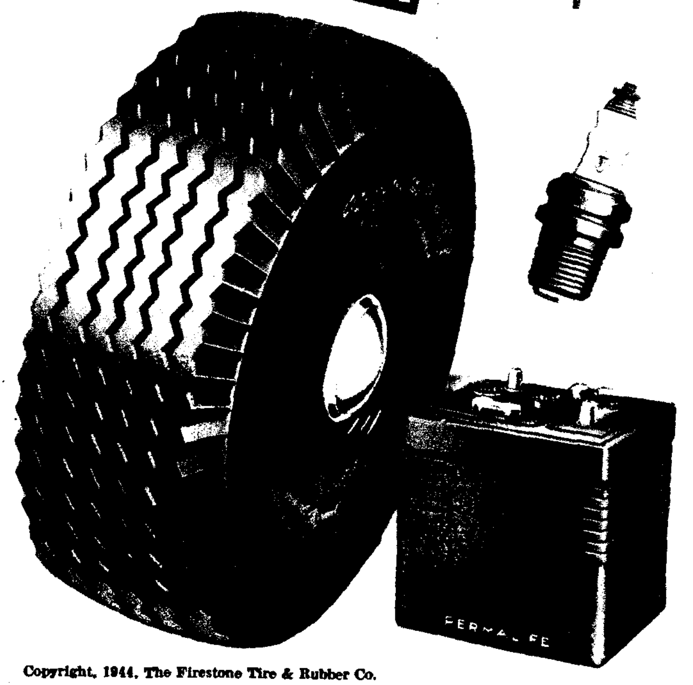

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A Mountie named Monty caught a cold

(*"Snow use!" he said. "My throat's too raw for smoking!"*)

So he tried a pack of KOOLS

(*"Mmm! How soothing!" he said*)

He liked 'em so much then, even when his throat was horse,

UNION MADE
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Tipped

That he decided to smoke 'em all the time!

Get the drift?

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

China's Handmade Airfields

Continued from page 23

boys posted a notice in self-defense: "No more pregnant laborers allowed on this strip."

Local political rivalries increased the Americans' difficulties. Each Chinese village would contract to complete a certain section of the runway. If the coolies from one village happened to wind up three feet short, the gang from the next village working up to the spot would deliberately leave three feet of their own section undone. A formal conference of Chinese leaders, complete with flowing robes and tea, would be necessary to fill in the missing six feet.

China's Secret Weapon

But somehow the job got done. Sheer persistence—which has proved to be China's most potent secret weapon in her long war with Japan—built the runways. It also built taxiing strips, revetments, barracks, bomb and ammunition dumps, the last hacked out of the solid rock of the mountainsides and entirely bombproof. The huge bombs our planes are lugging to the Japanese are stored in these caves, and are hauled to the airfields in trucks which have been flown piecemeal over the Hump.

There are none of the cute little bomb carts that ground-crew men in England ride on, tootling a harmonica as they straddle the big orange bundles for Berlin. These bombs are loaded onto the trucks by the strength of men's backs, and hoisted into the bellies of the big planes in the same way.

This Chinese determination to do the impossible without any great fuss or feathers has provided a common meeting ground with Americans who feel pretty much the same way.

Together they build the airfields and from them Major General Claire Chennault's 14th Air Force men have so successfully harassed the Japs that even in their latest full-scale drive down the Hangkow-Canton railway they have had to travel by night, hide during the day.

Now, having successfully done their monumental job, they are faced with the task of starting once more and doing it all over again farther to the west. For many of the advanced airfields that Chennault used—Henyang, Tanchuk and Kweilin—have been scorched by the Americans and abandoned to the slow-moving Jap juggernaut. The main B-29 fields farther to the west, however, are still in our hands.

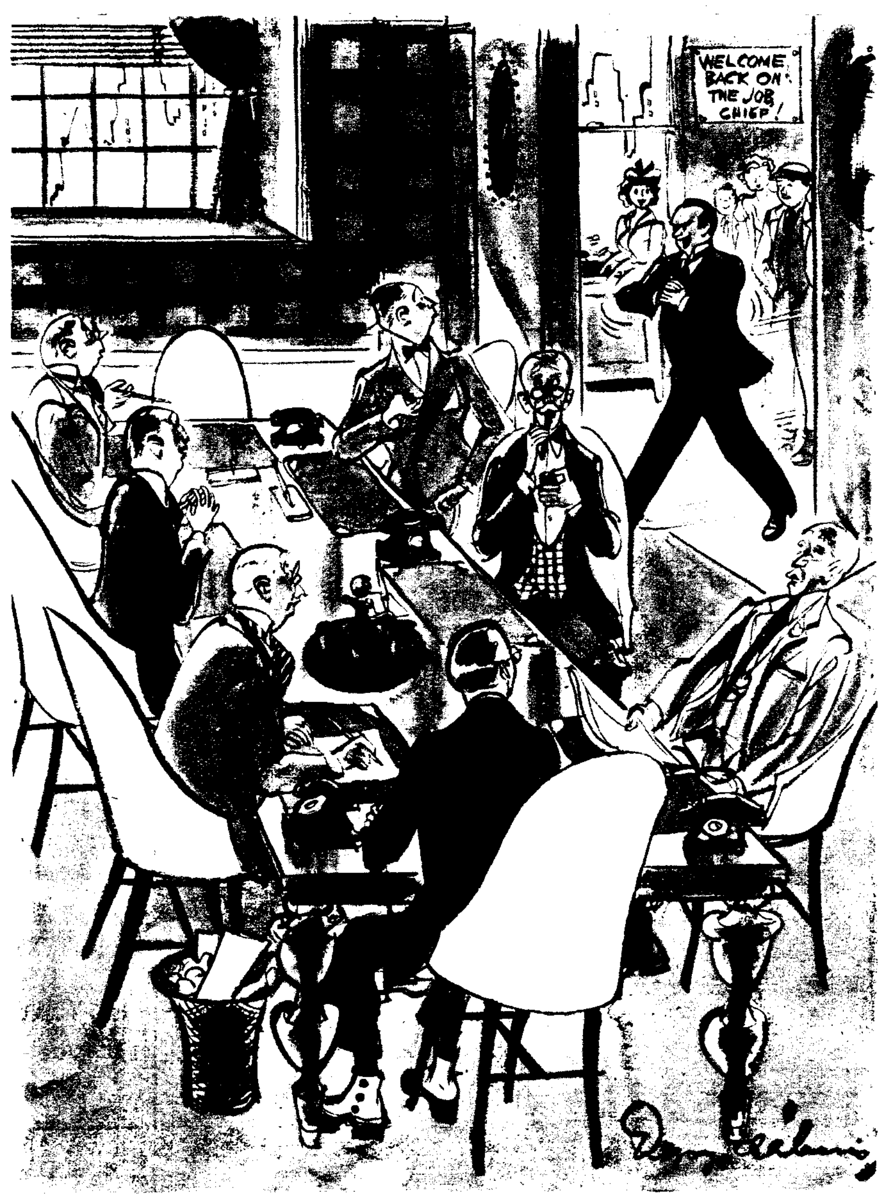
This tragedy, this realization of the futility of his greatest efforts, could easily break the heart of an Occidental. But for five thousand years, the Chinese have been learning to survive, and chief among their lessons has been patience.

They will build other airfields, and if those, too, are captured, they'll build still more. . . .

Slowly the great formation of B-29s circles higher and higher over the pink-and-green Chinese checkerboard of rice fields and farms and temples; and the coolies along the newly finished runway gaze aloft with satisfaction into the lightening sky. There is a smile on their flat, amiable faces—the smile of an ageless nation that cannot be licked.

THE END

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**


WELCOME BACK ON THE JOB CHIEF!

"Well, gentlemen, now for that report on Consolidated Tin I was writing at 3:47 P.M., December 7, 1941 . . ."

COLLIER'S

Arise, Arise from Sleep

Continued from page 17

stewards weren't too strict, three or four drinks from a bottle someplace in the vague area between the paddock and the tack room. And sometimes they had to put him under a cold shower for the last race.

But he had come to look forward to that one race a day, although he was not aware that he did. After all, riding was the only trade he had ever known, and something happened to him when he was dressed in the bright silks again, waiting in the paddock under the shade, while the grooms walked the pawing horses around and around.

During this time there was a jockey named Al Nicholson whom all the other jockeys respected although he was not what could be called a great rider. But he was certainly a very skillful one and honest without being a nuisance about it. He was also the head of the jockey association and a family man, which most of them were not. Because he was about Harry's age and taking on weight, everyone knew Al Nicholson would be a trainer pretty soon instead of a jockey.

WHEN the country went to war, Nicholson was the first of the jockeys to go, and, since he was an intelligent boy who knew horses and knew people, he went up very fast in the service. In less than a year he had become a legend among the jockeys; they heard he had been made a sergeant and then that he was a lieutenant and, as far as anyone knew, he was the only jockey ever to be commissioned. They heard he had been in command of a company that had taken the horses and mules ashore when North Africa was invaded. So that one of the things Harry Madden talked about was Al Nicholson because he had known Al well and had always been able to get money from him when he couldn't get it any other place.

There was a day then in the spring of 1943 when Harry Madden was supposed to ride in the last race a horse named Ebb Tide. This horse had once been a stake horse, but he had grown old and developed a bad knee, and his successive owners were at some pains to let it be known that Ebb Tide had this bad knee because it always made the price better on him when he did win.

This was not the day Ebb Tide was supposed to win, although he was a fit horse, so that Harry Madden did not try to stay sober. And it was that day which, waking now in the olive grove, Harry Madden's mind had gone back to first. . . .

Someone was shaking him, gentler than Charlie Galaway, although it was Charlie Galaway that Harry's frightened glance first saw when he swam up out of the haze. But Galaway was standing a little way off, with the patient and quietly disgusted look that Harry seemed always to see on his face. Harry blinked his eyes to see more clearly, and then he saw the man in khaki standing over him and the campaign cap and the single silver bar. He sat up, still without looking at Nicholson's face, and rubbed his eyes, feeling suddenly ashamed and not wanting to see Nicholson.

"Taking a little rest before the race, Harry?" Nicholson asked.

"Something like that," Harry Madden said. Seeing there was nothing else to do, he put one hand on the ground and got to his feet. He put out his hand to take Nicholson's and he said: "You're getting fat, Al."

"I don't have to make weight any more, Harry," Nicholson answered. "Some relief."

"You been doing good, too, Al. Glad to hear it."

"Thanks, Harry," Nicholson said.

There was an embarrassing silence, and Harry Madden looked at the ground and wet his dry lips, then turned to Galaway and said, "What race is it, Charlie?"

"Seventh coming up. You better take a shower and sober up. Mantone's been asking where the hell you are," Galaway turned and walked away.

"He's mad at me," Harry said unnecessarily. "I ain't been doing too good lately."

"You wouldn't want to skin mules with me, would you, Harry?" Nicholson said.

"What you mean?"

"Go across with my company. You'd be a sergeant pretty quick if you kept your nose clean."

"They turned me down once. I was underweight." But Harry's mind hung there, fascinated by something, sensing what someone else might have called the moment of decision which seemed to have come all unawares on him now in the broken light, the haze of drink.

"There aren't too many people know horses like you, Harry," Nicholson said. "For special work like that, I think I could get you in."

Harry was surprised that he wanted to go. He was more surprised at the reason he gave himself for not saying yes to Al. But because it was Nicholson and because there was no one else to hear, he said it.

"Tell you the truth," he said, "I don't know how I'd do over there. I lost my nerve. A lot of it, anyways."

Nicholson looked away, and spat once at a tree. "How do you know?" he finally said. "You haven't been giving yourself a chance."

"I dunno," Harry Madden said. He really didn't.

They began to walk toward the jockeys' quarters and they didn't talk for a while. Then Nicholson said, "How much chance has this Ebb Tide got today? I haven't seen a form sheet in a year."

"He could win, but Mantone don't like the spot. He thinks that Cold Spring might be pretty tough to beat. What you want to know for?"

Nicholson grinned, almost sheepishly. "I've been out on the far end of the Island with some of the colored boys from my outfit. We got six vanloads of mules there out in the parking lot, and the boys are all here with their pay money, waiting to cut loose. We got here late. You wouldn't want to do them a favor, would you?"

Harry Madden's mind—or some part of it—suddenly went way out ahead of him. It was as if he saw how he could do a lot of things at once, change even the pattern of his life, perhaps. But all he said, was, "I don't owe Mantone nothing."

They were by the entrance to the jockey room. Nicholson smiled thinly. "I'll tell them to bet the horse, then? They're all good boys. They'd certainly appreciate it."

"You tell them," Harry Madden said. He felt a quick and long-gone sense of power return to him and, turning away suddenly, went into the room that was hot and smelled of liniment, where the thin, slight men with hollow faces sat on wooden benches and pulled on riding boots.

DRESSING after taking a cold shower, he tried to recapture the plan that he had had, or thought he had, out there in the moment he had agreed to do Nicholson's men a favor. But he couldn't. He began to feel uneasy. If he did this to Mantone, he wouldn't get any more mounts to ride for the man. And even so, he didn't know whether his horse could beat Cold Spring. He should have told Al Nicholson to tell his boys to bet the horse across the board if they were going to bet it.

Mantone was waiting for him in the paddock, a big, fleshy man with a round, red face, neither better nor worse than most owners. "You got a breath like a brewery horse," he greeted Harry.

"The other horses won't mind," Harry said.

"No, but the stewards might if they catch up with you."

"All right, what you want me to do, Mr. Mantone?"

"Well, don't try to break that old horse out of that gate too fast. I don't want to take any chances on getting that knee of his bumped."

"Yes, sir," Harry said.

"And don't you abuse that horse," Mantone went on, looking broadly out over the paddock fence. "Don't use that whip."

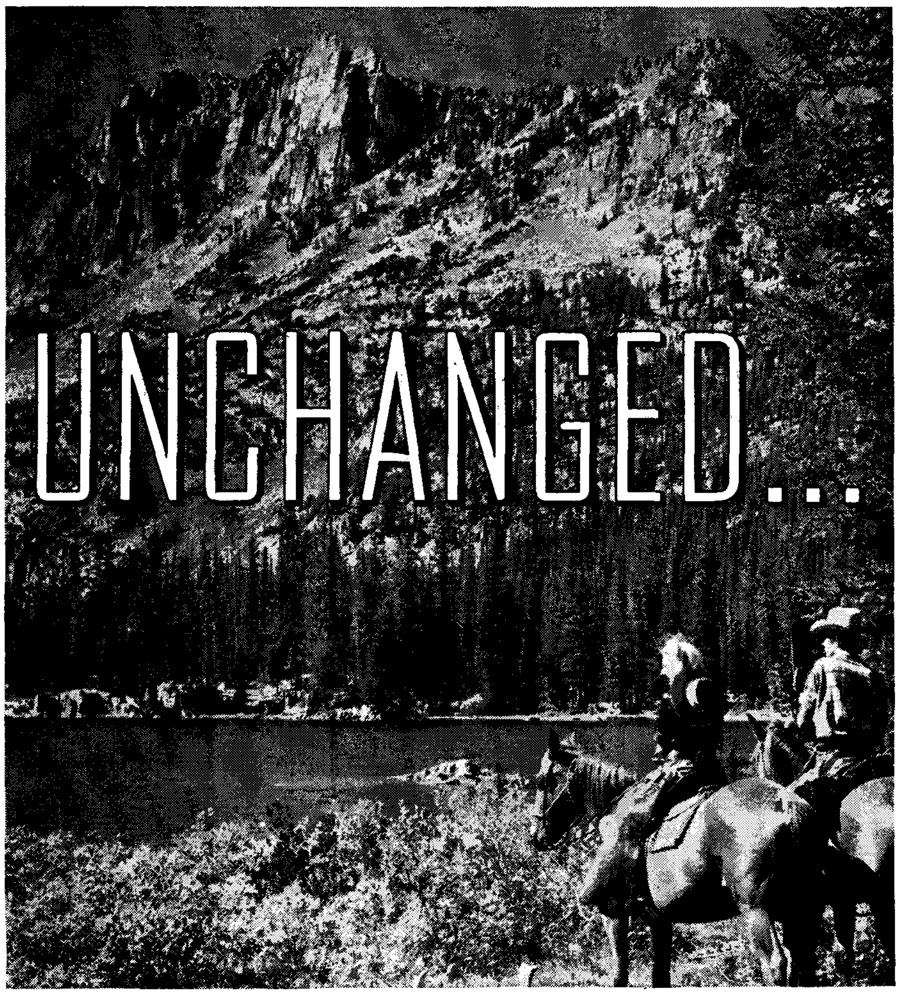
"No, sir, Mr. Mantone," Harry said.

She Says "NO! NO! NO!"
KIND OF SOUNDS LIKE MAYBE GRACIE MEANS "NO," SHORTIE!
YEAH, BUT HOW COME ALL THIS LOVE STUFF SHE WRITES? DECODE THAT FOR ME, HOT-SHOT!
OKAY, PAL! THE WAY I FIGGER IT, SHE'S SIGNALIN' YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST. NO DOLL LIKE GRACIE'S GONNA BE BOTHERED BY BREATH LIKE YOURS. NOT PERMANENT SHE ISN'T!
!
SHORTIE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE STAKED OUT A PERMANENT CLAIM, SHORTIE! IF I DECODE THOSE SIGNALS RIGHT, GRACIE'S SAYIN' "YES! YES! YES!"
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

Still, he told himself, it was a nice thing for

Cadillac



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Shirts by Pendleton

At America's better stores

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND from the Pacific, T/3 John D. Hunneywall sends a suggestion. If we adopt it, he says, this magazine will be even more popular, if possible, with the G.I.s. "I suggest," writes he, "that you issue a few magazines with every girl photo or drawing in them dressed from her neck to her heels. We don't see any white dames out here and have almost forgotten what one looks like with all her clothes on."

THE only business-sign news we have for you this week comes from Mr. Steve Pakick of Duluth, Minnesota. Somewhere Mr. Pakick saw a window card, reading: "Minds read fifteen cents this week. Fortunes told ten cents extra."

ONE of our London agents reports a nice talk with a couple of cloak-and-dagger boys from our Office of Strategic Services. What they wanted more than anything else were a few mechanical cigarette lighters. They had been working with the Polish underground. "Matches are very scarce in Poland," they explained. "Of course, you can always strike fire by rubbing two Poles together, but the Russians seem to have the knack better than we have."

ONE of America's most imposing industrialists who is known far and wide for the way he tells the truth says that his personnel office received a letter from an old carnival hand who wrote: "I want a job. Have you anything for an old carrousel operator?" To which the personnel officer replied: "Sure! What the hell else do you think we've got around here?"

WE DON'T hold with the professional optimists who are assuring us daily that everything will be all right after the war. One of the reasons we don't hold is that we've been told of a survey made at a G.I. rehabilitation center where the lads were asked what courses they wanted to take to fit them for civilian life. Out of a group of a hundred, 67 said they wanted to be radio announcers.

TWO G.I.s trying to fit into the same foxhole in Italy were discussing their spot. "I wouldn't live here permanent," said one, "if they gave me the place."... W. D.

How a Nazi Quits

Continued from page 11

Coleman of Brooklyn and Lance Corporals Albert Jones of Liverpool and Harry Ruse of Surrey got the loud-speakers out of the van and went hunkering up to the outposts to set them in place.

The shells were landing from 200 to 700 yards ahead of us. The noise and air of them seemed to pick us up a little off our feet and turn us around a little as if about to upend us and bang us headfirst into the ground. The shelling was not continuous. There were lapses between salvos, and in these moments you could hear the little pinpricks of sound made by rifles and machine guns. The artillery had made everybody on the line very nervous and they were all firing everything they had on hand.

Bullets and shells were galloping over our heads in sixty different directions at once, and it worked up eventually to so much noise and twirl and blast that in the end you couldn't tell where you were looking or what you were looking at. Your eyes felt splayed and your mind did, too, and you didn't know if you were being shot at by friend or foe.

"I hope all this foolishness will stop when we start working," said Major Woodrow Wilson Anderson of Crosses, Arkansas.

Sergeant Major John Camp of Romford, England, who had had experience with front-line loud-speakers before, took his pipe carefully out of his mouth and carefully said two things: The chances were, he said, that the foolishness would not stop when we began broadcasting, and we would have to talk through a cascade of bullets, and even if it did stop, the thing would be no good.

Then he added, "Everything is against it. These Jerries are not surrounded. If they are tired, they can retreat and rest a while. The time is wrong. It shouldn't have been in the morning. It's natural for a man to start every morning hopefully. When you see the sun come up out of the night, that's enough to carry a man along a little while. No, this should have been done at the fag end of a really rocky day. Besides, the light is not right. There's too bloody much of it. The Jerries can't surrender under the noses of their officers. This ought to have been done at dusk, so that they could slip over to us in darkness."

"If they come over in the darkness," Ma-

country life awakening came to us. I looked at my watch. It showed 0726. The latest we were supposed to have started broadcasting was 0730. Other watches around the van showed anywhere between 0630 and 0900. Everybody had forgotten to synchronize his watch.

A chicken began scratching across the road from us, and Lieutenant Frank Gardner of Boston, Massachusetts, tried to bayonet it for breakfast. He had a very good snap and lunge, but the chicken had better evasive action. We watched him for what seemed a long time and watched one another, wondering if our loud-speaker detail had been killed in all the shooting up there.

Then the chicken ran down the road, and Frank ran after it, shouting, "Come back here, you roast stuffed Maryland turkey with cranberry sauce, you," and then, after that, there was a padding, scuffling, thumping, hobnailed sound coming down the road toward us—closer to us and closer and closer—and finally Lance Corporal Jones legged it around the bend to us, running in the funny, awkward, lopsided way that he had.

Orders from a Corporal

He lopped his lean little body far over to make the turn, and his round, red face seemed rounder and redder than ever as he said more sharply than his very humble rank permitted, "No arguing now. Talk fast. The barrage for the attack is going to start any minute now." He hadn't synchronized his watch, either.

A radio van cranking up juice for loud-speakers grinds and grinds and then whirs into a loud droning whine that can be heard, it seems, for miles. After that happened, Sergeant Eric Conrad of Cambridge, England, our German speaker, took up the microphone.

"Achtung, achtung," he said solemnly. His voice intoned over the battlefield as rotundly as from a tomb. "Soldiers of the German Reich," he continued broodingly, "you have fought well, but the time has now come to lay down your arms. Your situation is hopeless and it would be foolish for you to die here in this field this morning with the end of the war and a lifetime of

up silently. Then a man started shouting from back there. His voice seemed very thin to us, but it was loud enough to carry all the way to us, and although we could not distinguish the words, we could make out the hoarseness and harshness and desperation with which they were uttered.

I found out later this was a Lieutenant Jaehrig, a Prussian about thirty years old, who kept running up and down his line throughout the broadcast, shouting over and over again to his men, "Anyone who listens to this broadcast will be shot."

When Conrad had finished, Corporal Mike Paluszek of New York had the same say in Polish. While he was talking a Nazi came out of a copse off to the left, waving what looked like a white shirt. Here and there up and down the German line, the stabbing stutter of *schmeissers* could be heard.

The man jumped suddenly high into the air, then fell and tried to pick himself up and fell again.

The Broadcast is Interrupted

Before Paluszek had got all the way through with what he had to say—wham! a blast of heavy artillery thundered by overhead, picking us all up and turning us slightly in that gentle, fondling little pirouetting twirl artillery gives you when it isn't scattering your flesh over a quarter of an acre. Somebody had loused up on the timing. This was Corps artillery from away back of our lines and, although Division artillery had been told to postpone its barrage to give the Germans a chance to surrender, somebody had forgotten that Corps was scheduled to be in on the barrage, too.

"Godammit!" cried Major Anderson. "Godammit to hellangone! Who in hell godammit!" chewing on steadily in that way and stamping in a vast rage while somebody scuttled across a field to get to a telephone to call off Corps artillery.

"Nor is there any use in that, either," pointed out the sergeant major. "All the Jerries will think now is that we are trying to lure them out of their holes to shoot them."

We knew the Germans were not going to let us off free for our impudence in trying to induce their men to surrender, and that their artillery would not have much trouble spotting so noisy a target as the radio van, but we had to wait for our loud-speaker detail to return, and, anyway, none of the fellows there really wanted to leave without taking another crack at the job after Corps artillery had been called off.

While the Germans were screaming on their telephones to their artillery to get that *verfluchte* van and those *verdammte* loud-speakers of ours, giving the map co-ordinates as they screamed, and our boys were screaming on their telephones all the way back to Corps to get our artillery to lay off, we wandered on down the road a few paces to a deserted farmhouse to see what was there for breakfast. That was when the German 88s got onto the job of looking for our van.

The first shell hit in the roof of an outbuilding about forty feet down from where we were poking around. There was this whir. It whirred up almost instantly into a terrible bang and then there was the roof scattering over us, pelting down the road like hail, bounded after by a big, high-bouncing ball of acrid smoke and a whole tapestry of feathers and straw and dung and what seemed like the dust of centuries all matted up with pig blood and cow blood and chicken blood.

What I saw was the roof lift up and spray outward and then I was in the road watching Camp stick his head out the door to see what was going on. He had his pipe in his mouth and he looked like an English householder sniffing the morning air to see if he were dressed warmly enough for it. Then I was down in the mud of the road and I didn't see anything more except my hands over my eyes to keep fragments out of them and I didn't hear anything except shell blasts and dirt and slate and stuff falling on me, and I didn't feel much except fear and the earth lifting under me as though it were being plowed and myself being lifted and turned with it as though I were being plowed.

The Germans shoot those 88s as if they were squirrel guns, but they didn't get any of us that time, nor did they get the van.

Then we noticed that the German artillery had stopped firing and our artillery had stopped firing, too. The knowledge came to us slowly and, as it came, we could hear again the stir of country life around us puddling and peeping and fluttering and whickering. While we were still lying flat, lifting only our heads to listen cautiously, the fellow came hurrying back from the telephone and said to talk fast, we had less than twenty minutes before the infantry stepped off. So Jones started up the big, noisy machine in the van that cranks up the radio or does something like that to make it work and, as the grinding began, everybody thought: Well, hell, Mamma, here we go again!

Conrad sat in the front seat of the van with the microphone up close against his lips. He hadn't said much more than "*Achtung, achtung,*" when the 88s started after us again.

This time they were trying to shoot us through the hedge. The first salvo landed about seventy-five yards behind us, but the shells had come skittering no more than six or seven feet above us.

There was an awful shriek and suck to them. The suck of them seemed to get inside your ears and suck out the inside of your ears and suck the flesh of your brain down into your ears.

But Conrad kept right on talking. He wasn't working for a medal or anything like that—just doing his job. There wasn't a chance of a medal or a furlough home for any of us in this, just a job of inviting some Germans who wanted to surrender to come on over while the coming was good; but Conrad never missed a syllable. He slid sideways out of his seat, keeping the microphone to his lips, and slid around the truck and down against the side of the embankment, talking all the time. He knew if he faltered or showed emotion in any way, the Germans would realize they were burning the target and would keep shoveling on the coal. So he just kept intoning in that solemn, booming, graveyard voice of his.

The shells were coming over in salvos of eight. The second salvo was closer. I don't know where it landed. I had my face down as deep as it would go to protect my eyes, but small stones were being lifted up by blast and being whanged into us, and grass and mud were picking at us.

The Germans were walking the shells in toward us. They knew where we were all right, only they had the wrong gun for reaching behind an embankment. They needed a mortar or a howitzer.

How It Feels to Be a Target

I lay there waiting for a mortar to come, because I hate mortars, I think, worse than anything living or dead that ever was in the whole world. But for some reason the Germans didn't have any there right at that moment and they kept on trying to do their best with the flat-trajectory 88, pulling the shells right down into the hedge over us and walking them closer and closer toward us—and still closer and still closer, eight at a time, minute after minute, until they had walked the shells right up the edge of our skins. They were ramming the cordite smell of them up our noses with the snorting force of fists. Then, suddenly, they stopped.

Conrad had finished talking. There was silence all around us and we lay shaking in it. Then there was a lot of noise coming from everywhere, and I stood up and said what I thought, which was a four-letter word. I was still shaking and the four-letter word shook in my mouth and came out high and querulous.

A soldier came walking very fast toward us. He was stooped over slightly in his hurry. His young brow was all worried over with wrinkles and he looked like a boy late for school except that his whole chin was shot away and his front lower teeth and his upper teeth hung all loose and twisted and broken-looking over the pulped-up hole there. Our infantry had stepped off in their attack.

The fighting was very hard that day. It did not even get into the communiqué. All

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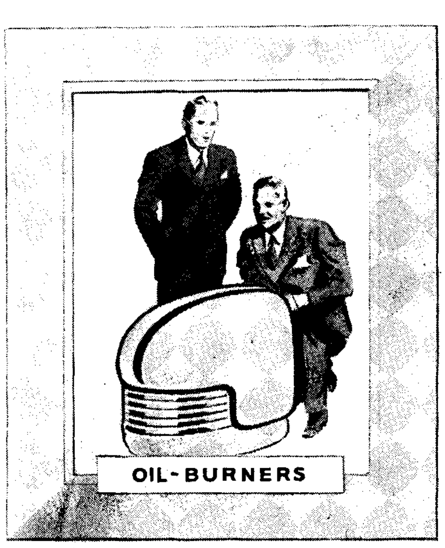

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we did there was straighten a line that wouldn't show unless you had one of those big 1:25,000 maps that company commanders use. But there were machine guns and 88s and mortars, too, and they kept killing Americans all day long until along about eight o'clock in the evening when we stopped moving forward. We had got what we wanted, and the front became quiet.

One German prisoner that we took had his toilet articles all bundled up in a handkerchief beside him in his slit trench, ready in advance for the trip to the prison camp. He waited until all the other Germans had run away and our first wave had gone past him before giving himself up.

What happened in the German lines there as a result of the broadcast is a story I pieced together later from three Nazi soldiers. One was a regimental sergeant major serving as platoon leader in place of the Nazi second and first lieutenants buried in Russia. He was a professional soldier with fifteen years of service. The second was a 19-year-old corporal. The third, a private, was also nineteen and thus he, too, had been educated only by Hitler.

The platoon leader had not heard the broadcast. He had been busy at the time in a dugout with wounded. But he was aware throughout the day of fighting that his men were thinking about something more than their duties. He could tell, he said, by a certain furtive look on them. Then about five o'clock in the afternoon, his closest friend, a buck sergeant, told him privately about the broadcast.

In Whom Could They Trust?

The platoon leader decided at once to surrender, but he told only the sergeant what he intended to do. He did not dare tell anyone else, for fear his superior officers would be informed by some die-hard Nazi in the lot. The sergeant knew only one man in the platoon whom he was certain he could trust. This one knew another, and so a kind of chain of communication was established through the platoon. But the chain snapped at the seventh man. The only one this man knew whom he could trust was the one who had given him the information in the first place.

This was a division that had fought together for more than four years in Norway and Russia and finally in France. The thirty-five men of the platoon itself had been together without a single change for longer than a year. The whole platoon, the sergeant major said, seemed to want to surrender, but nobody could be sure and nobody dared approach the wrong man. When one desperate man took a desperate chance and tried to unite an opposition to a Hitler order to fight to "the last man" by approaching a friend and friends of friends, the best he could do among fellow Germans with whom he had lived all that time was to find seven.

"I was surprised there were that many," the sergeant major told me. "In the German army nowadays, nobody is friends with anybody unless he is Nazi. If he is Nazi, everybody is afraid not to be friends with him."

When darkness came, the sergeant major made a break for our lines. The seven others followed him. Some others, too, perhaps, he said. There was scuffling and shouting and shots behind him, but he just kept going as fast as he could. He was the only one of his platoon who got through safely to our lines.

The 19-year-old corporal—a messenger—saw eight Germans shot down by a German machine gunner when they made a break for our lines during the broadcast. He decided to wait for nightfall before making his break. He told no one what he intended to do. The only people he would trust with such information were not on the line with him at the time.

A little after midnight the corporal broke from his foxhole and started running. The 19-year-old private, to whom I spoke subsequently, said that when he saw the corporal running he knew at once what the man intended to do and lit out after him. Other men followed these two. Nobody knows exactly how many, because there was shooting and some were killed as they ran, and some were wounded, while others got turned around in the darkness and ran right back into the German lines.

"There was prrp-prrp-prrrp-prrrp from our machine guns," the corporal said. "I knew who was firing them from the sounds where they came. They were friends of mine, but not now any more. They fired first once, then twice. I kept on running. I heard others running after me, but I didn't turn around to find out who they were. I just kept on running. I broke through a hedge. Then there was a little field with dead animals in it and some dead soldiers—maybe Germans, maybe Americans. I fell over one but I don't know whether it was German or American. It was too dark. Then there was another hedge and a road and I lay beside the road a long time before deciding to cross it."

"Did you cry while you lay beside the road?" I asked. "Did you shake a little bit inside and did tears fall out of your eyes?"

"I cried while I was running, too, sir."

"Why?"

I thought perhaps he would say something about deserting his Fuehrer but instead he said, "I was afraid the Americans might make a mistake and kill me."

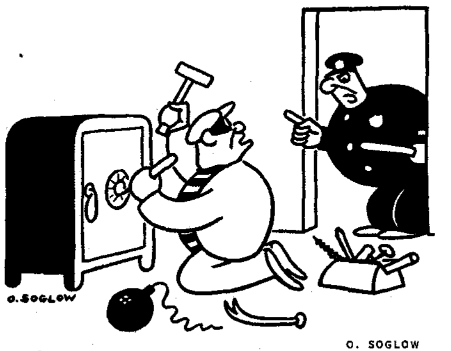
While he lay crying beside the road, six of his fellows came up to the road, and he gathered them together and, being a corporal, took charge of them. He explained, too, that he knew a few words of English. . . .

At one o'clock in the morning on our side of the line, it was very quiet. There was no moon at the time, but there was a kind of pearly quality to the darkness, and when something stood up in an open field, you could make out the shape of it. At least you could tell whether it was a man or a cow.

There had been an air raid a mile or so out back of us. Then the Germans had laid in some shells on us, and our artillery had talked back to them for quite a while. But now it was quiet. There was that real thick quiet you get in a field at night where, no matter how soft you try to keep your breathing, you can still hear it make a tickling little noise as it crawls in and out of your nose.

At this point, our outpost was a Nebraska boy in a hole under a hedge. He was chewing cigarette tobacco to give himself the feeling of having a smoke. There was an open field in front of him, boxed in all around by hedges. A voice spoke up from the hedge beyond and to the right. *"Kamerad,"* it said, *"nicht schiessen,"* and it was rapid and excited and panting-breathed.

"Halt!" our boy cried. The cigarette tobacco sprayed out of his mouth in his excitement and clung like hair to his lips, making him spit frantically. "Halt, you son of a ——," he cried, "or I'll shoot your guts off." He would have shot anyway, only he didn't see anything to shoot at, just hedges.


O. SOGLOW
O. SOGLOW
"Buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

"Kamerad, kamerad, bitte nicht schiessen!" (Friend, friend, please don't shoot!)

Our boy's finger remained itching on the trigger. He thought, he told me, of blazing away at the sound out there, but he couldn't be sure of hitting anything and he felt that if he missed they'd throw a grenade at him. So he held still, straining desperately for a target and listening to the German talk in that rapid, begging, panting-breathed voice, trying to pick out a word that would make sense to him.

"Hands up!" he said finally. "Get the hell out in the open with your hands up!"

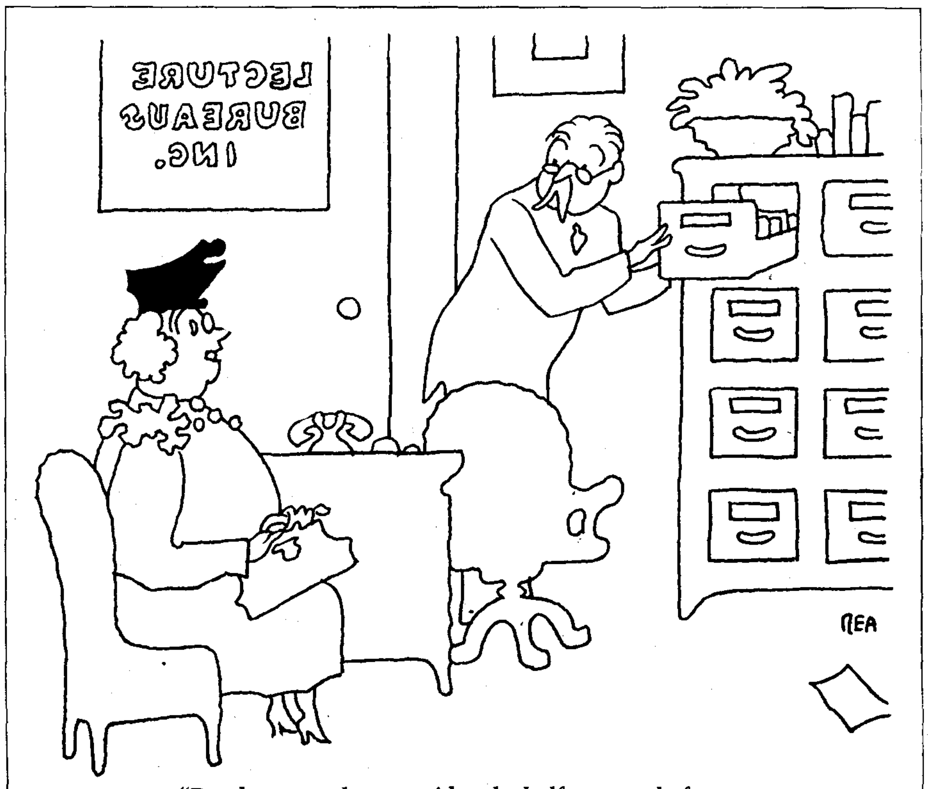
The German corporal, with his knowledge of English, passed the word to his companions. *"Er sagt hends hop,"* he told them excitedly. *"Der hends hop hoch."*

The man behind the hedge came out and stood in the open field, a black baggy shape in the pearl-colored darkness, trembling and crouched over a little, pleadingly, with hands clasped behind his head. Another shape came out from the hedge behind him, and a third and a fourth and still more, until there were seven altogether, all baggy and black-looking and crouched over pleadingly.

"He's brought the whole damn' Hitler army with him," the Nebraskan shouted in a voice loud enough to awaken the rest of us, and when we came running, for a moment there in that dim field, it really looked that way. It really looked to excited eyes like the beat-up pulp of a gutted army.

And I suppose, if you could look into the heart of the *Reichswehr*, that's what you would see seventy and more per cent of it actually was: the beat-up pulp of a gutted army. But for reasons cited above, they find it easier and safer to keep on fighting, and will continue to do so until Hitler is dead or their officers formally give up the fight.

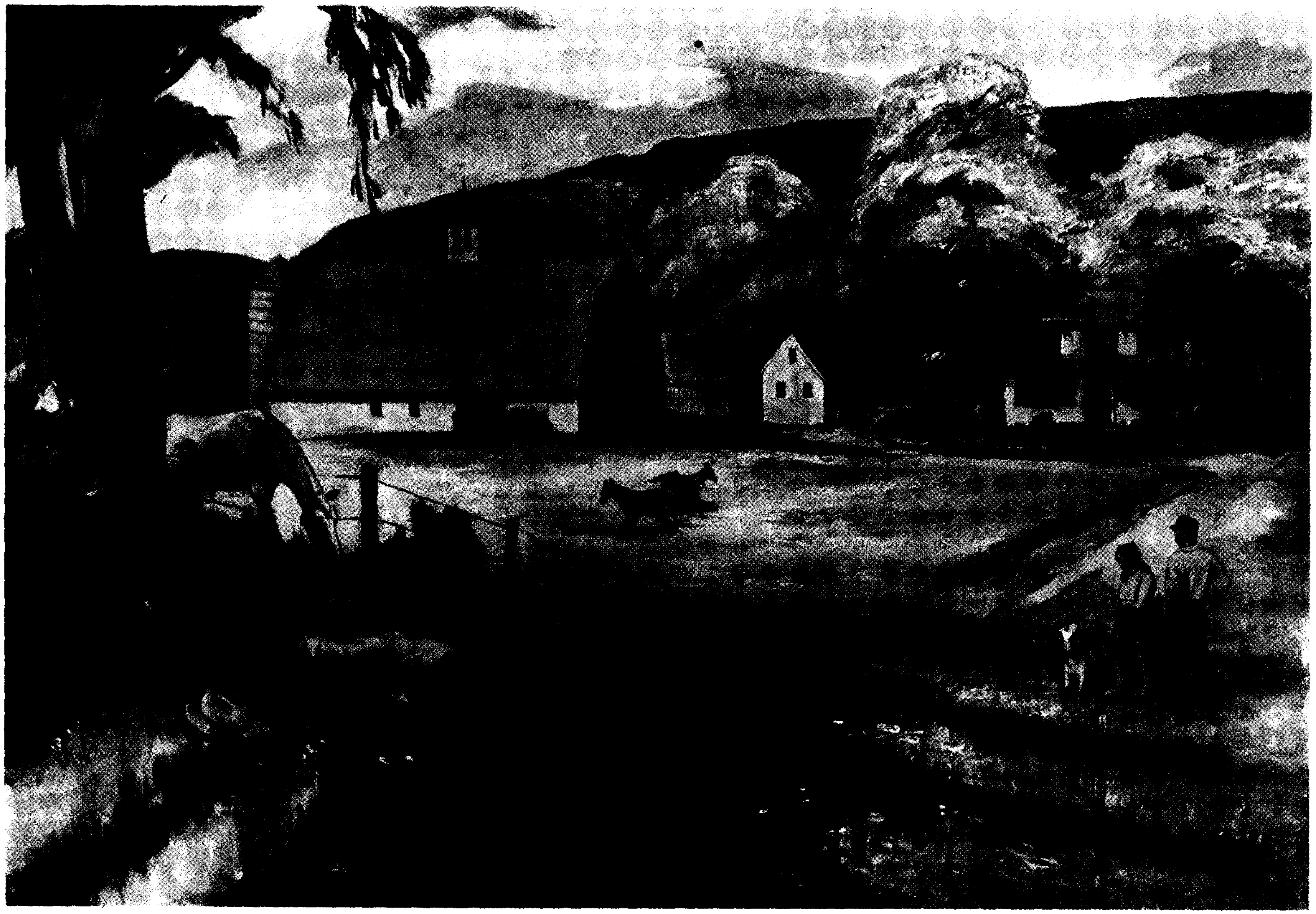
THE END



COLLIER'S

"But last month we paid only half as much for a lecturer who'd been torpedoed twice as often!"

GARDNER REA



"Sunday Afternoon on the Farm" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Home

We turn our hearts towards home — all who've been far from it, whether on fighting fronts or home front — all who've worked at war as never before, and now need peace and leisure. May home be sweet as ever!

Perhaps you are one of those to whom the fragrance of a good pipe of tobacco, and the time to enjoy it, are as indispensable as home — in fact, part of it.

You'll find the same fine, fragrant flavor that you always liked, in Kaywoodie Pipes — it hasn't changed, and it won't. The world's finest briar to smoke tobacco in, and the knowledge of how to handle it are the reasons for that distinctive "Kaywoodie Flavor."

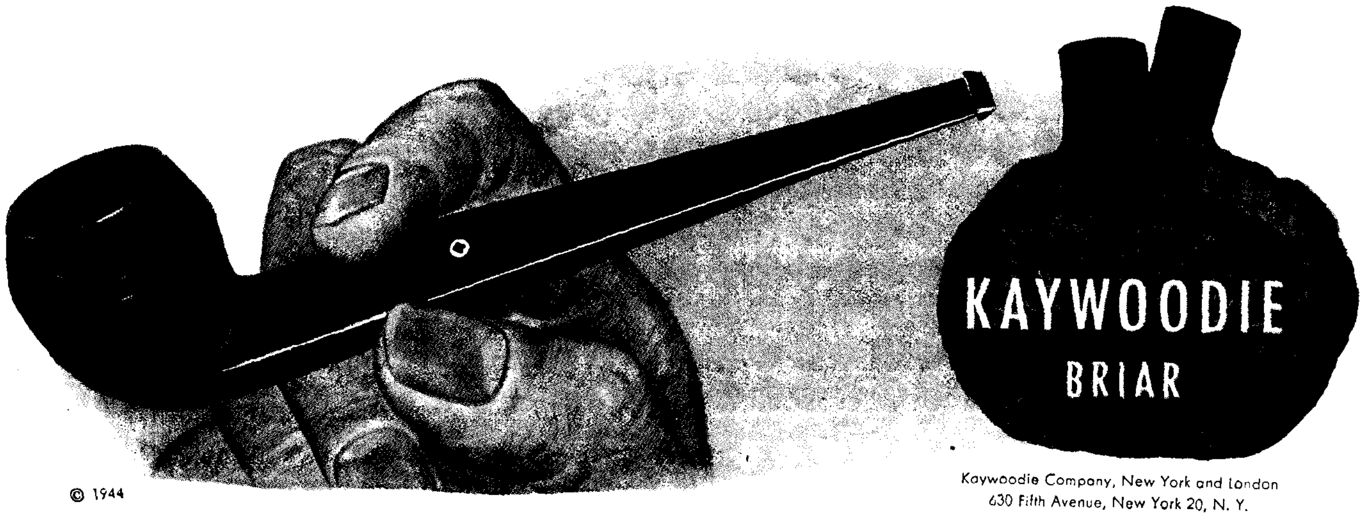
Kaywoodies remain the same — made today of the same fine Mediterranean briar as two years ago, or 10 years ago, or any time since the originators of this business started, in 1851. The pipes are cut, seasoned, and finished with the same indispensable care.

Your Kaywoodie, aged and tempered to handle tobacco, yields the mildest, coolest, most delicious smoke you ever enjoyed. A pipe, like a home, must grow slowly, and well—the briar is a natural product, and it cannot be hurried.

We believe that our Kaywoodie Pipes provide one of the pleasantest, most agreeable and worthwhile experiences in life. That's the way we make 'em—worth having in your home.

War Bonds come first

Many Kaywoodies go direct to our fighting men — please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you. Illustrated here is Flame Grain Kaywoodie "Bulldog" Shape, No. 06C — $10.



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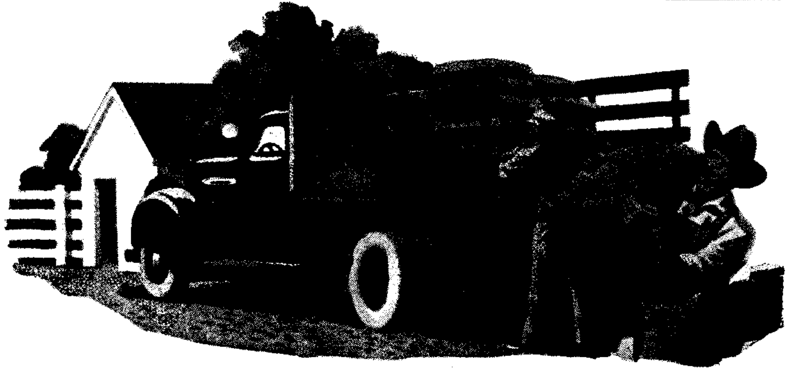
Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Doubling Production on the Food Front



A man in the Armed Forces eats about twice as much as before, around five and a half pounds of food per day. And we have more than ten million men in the various branches of the military Service. The appetites of our millions of war workers run a close second to the soldiers'.

Growing these mammoth amounts of food falls on the capable shoulders of the American farmer. In 1943, he broke all previous production records. This year, he was asked to plant sixteen million additional acres.

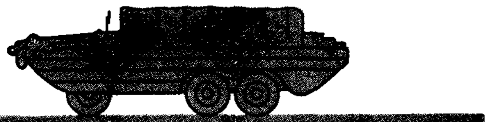
Getting most of this food from farm to market, from wholesaler to retailer, from cannery to convoy, is the important assignment of GMC and other motor trucks. It's officially estimated that motor trucks moved 98% of last year's huge crop at some stage of the trip from farm to market, requiring the use of more than a million and a half vehicles.

In addition to producing thousands of military trucks and amphibian "Ducks," GMC is now manufacturing several thousand commercial trucks for use in essential civilian occupations. If you are eligible for a new truck, see your GMC dealer first for "The Truck of Value." Remember, too, that he is headquarters for the original truck-saving Preventive Maintenance.

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ARMY E NAVY

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION
General Motors Corporation



Oil and Peace

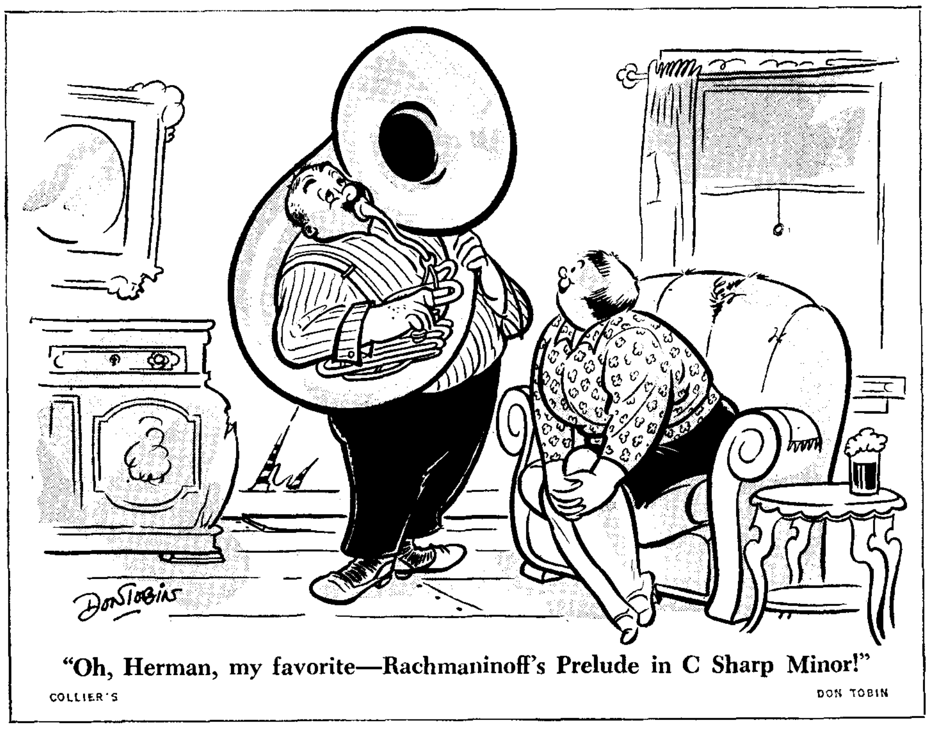
Continued from page 21

determining factor in preventing future wars, for aggressive nations will hesitate to attack us if they know that we have the petroleum, as well as other weapons, with which to defend ourselves. The Petroleum Administrator has properly stated that he believes that this government should take some action to obtain additional petroleum concessions abroad."

Then on July 14, 1943, the Secretaries of State, War, Navy and Interior, the Director of the Foreign Economic Administration and Doctor Herbert Feis, then an economist with the State Department, were summoned to the President's office. The President discussed future foreign oil policies and indicated as members of the Board of Directors of the newly organized corporation, those who were present, with the exception of Doctor Feis. I was designated to be president of the corporation.

I had been trying to impress the President not only with the importance, but with the immediacy of this question of oil in foreign countries. It was my sincere belief that there would be no matter presented at the peace conference more important than that of oil.

The peace and prosperity of the nations that abhor war would depend largely upon the availability of an abundance of cheap oil, and natural oil is cheap oil. Moreover, the denial of oil, except for legitimate peaceful purposes to Germany and Japan, neither of which produces any significant amount of natural oil, would go much further than many polysyllables solemnly written into a peace treaty and then forgotten, to assure that these aggressor nations could not again go out to conquer the world.



"Oh, Herman, my favorite—Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

I suggested that conversations be undertaken promptly between representatives of Great Britain and the United States to determine our respective rights and interests with respect to oil in the Middle East. I thought these bilateral discussions would be the starting point for discussions embracing Russia, the South American countries, China, the Netherlands and all other peaceful nations.

Here is a general view of the Middle Eastern oil situation:

The proved reserves of the Persian Gulf area, as a whole, are estimated at about 16 billion barrels, as compared with United States proved reserves of about 20 billions. The proved reserves of Iran appear to be about five to six billion barrels, those of Iraq and Kuwait about four billions each, Saudi Arabia two billions, and Qatar less than one-half billion. "Proved" means known reserves, but it is only fair to say that some experts believe reserves in this area will greatly exceed the amounts above enumerated.

All of the important oil fields and practically all of the desirable prospective oil territory of the Middle East are held by four groups of companies:

1. Those of Iran are held by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd., in which the British government owns a majority of the common shares.

2. The fields of Iraq and Qatar, as well as important concessions in Syria, Palestine and the Trucial Coast, are held by the Iraq Petroleum Company, Ltd., and associated companies. Ninety-five per cent of the Iraq Petroleum Company, Ltd., is owned, one quarter each, by Anglo-Iranian, the Royal Dutch-Shell group, a French group, and the Near East Development Corporation, which is owned jointly by two American companies—the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum.

3. The oil fields of Saudi Arabia and of Bahrein are held by companies owned on a fifty-fifty basis by the Standard Oil Company of California and the Texas Company through the Arabian-American Oil Company.

4. The Kuwait concession is possessed, 50 per cent each, by Anglo-Iranian and by the Gulf Exploration Company, a subsidiary of the Gulf Oil Corporation of the United States.

Accordingly, of the four groups which possess the oil rights in this area, Anglo-Iranian owns the entire Iran concession, one half of Kuwait, and one fourth of Iraq. British interests are further represented by the Royal Dutch-Shell group.

The oil fields of Kuwait are shut in at this time. From the fields of Saudi Arabia and Bahrein, there are now being produced about 35,000 barrels per day. But out of the British-owned fields of Iran, there is now a net daily withdrawal of about 275,000 barrels. The fields of Iraq are producing about 90,000 per day.

Oil Pipe Lines to the Sea

The Iran fields are connected by pipe line with the Anglo-Iranian refinery at tidewater at Abadan, at the northern end of the Persian Gulf. The Kirkuk field in Iraq is connected with the eastern Mediterranean seaboard by a pipe-line system with terminals in Haifa, Palestine and Tripoli.

There are three important refineries in the area. The largest—in fact, the largest in the world—is the Anglo-Iranian refinery at Abadan. The second is at Haifa, owned jointly by Anglo-Iranian and the Royal Dutch-Shell group, and processes Iraq crude. The third is located on Bahrein Island and is owned jointly by Standard of California and the Texas Company. Recently, the Petroleum Administration for War approved the construction of a refinery in Saudi Arabia with a capacity of 50,000 barrels per day. This refinery is to be entirely financed and owned by Standard of California and Texas.

The Abadan refinery has a daily throughput of some 280,000 barrels per day. Recently this government, through the office of the Petroleum Administrator, approved the allocation of materials for another short pipe line in Iran to Abadan. When it is completed in the near future, an additional 40,000 barrels of crude will flow daily to the Abadan refinery.

An application is also pending on behalf of the Iraq Petroleum Corporation for materials to build a 20- or 24-inch pipe line from Iraq to Haifa. This would mean a daily movement of crude oil in the amount of about 80,000 barrels a day. Material priorities for the building of this pipe line have not yet been granted.

The concession to the Arabian-American Oil Company has approximately fifty years ahead of it; that to the Gulf Exploration Company has about sixty years to run. I say "to run" advisedly, because if the three companies in question are content, not "to run," but to sit, they may find themselves before many years squatting in the ashes of their once high hopes.

Oil in the ground that is not being extracted and refined and marketed so as to yield royalties is not worth much to the owners. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and the Shaikh of Kuwait want revenues, not only to maintain their governments, but to advance their countries economically and socially. They want those royalties in satisfactory volume as quickly as possible. If the concessionaires do not take steps soon to increase the flow of royalties, the king and the shaikh, acting independently or in concert, will probably look for someone else to produce and market their oil.

Out to Protect Our Interests

Holding clearly stubborn facts in mind, the directors of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation considered, with officers of the Arabian-American Oil Company, measures to protect the interests of this American national so as to assure a large reserve of oil to this country in the event that our reserves continue to dwindle.

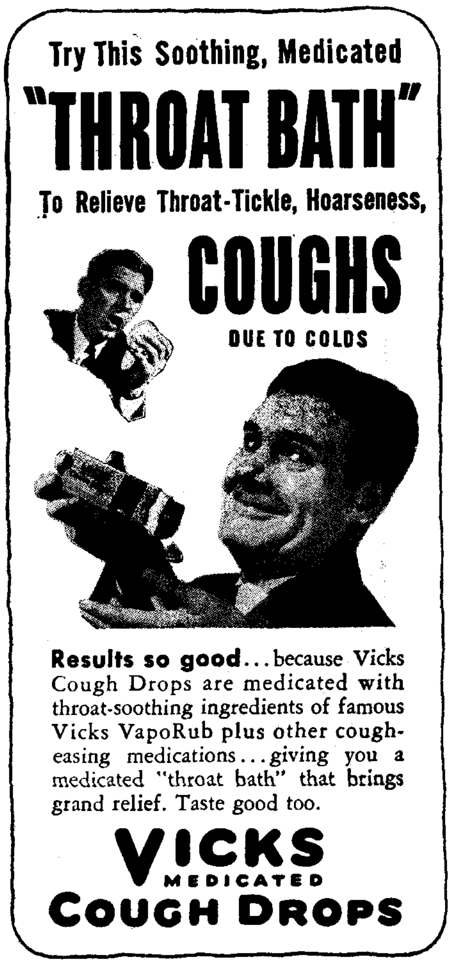
It seemed particularly desirable to provide a reserve, to be taken at the option of this country, for the supplying of necessary petroleum products to our Army and Navy. It was thought that, as a matter of common sense and for the protection of the United States, we ought to have oil reserves in different strategic parts of the world if we are going to live, as we must, as a part of the new world that is already taking shape.

Conversations were begun August 2, 1943, between representatives of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation and the presidents of the Standard Oil Company of California and the Texas Company, which are suzerain over the Arabian-American Company. Then, on his own motion, the president of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation sent for the president of the Gulf Oil Corporation and, before long, negotiations were being conducted by the government and the chief officials of these companies. Every possibility was explored to discover every method by which the government of the United States could give encouragement and support to its nationals who are legitimate possessors of legal rights in other countries.

We concluded that we needed to talk to the British, who had been the first to acquire substantial oil concessions in the Middle East and had become dominant there not only economically but politically. The British economic dominance had been modified when American interests obtained the Saudi Arabian concession and their half-interest in Kuwait.

Because of the potentially enormous amounts of oil involved, it was obvious that a harmonious pattern to develop the area must be worked out if possible serious disputes were to be avoided. Suggestions had been made to the British that it was for their interest as well as for our own to get together in the same room and talk as friends and good neighbors about this all-important question of oil. But time continued to drag along to the precipice of impatience.

Then Admiral Carter, Petroleum Adviser of the Navy, brought in a key that seemed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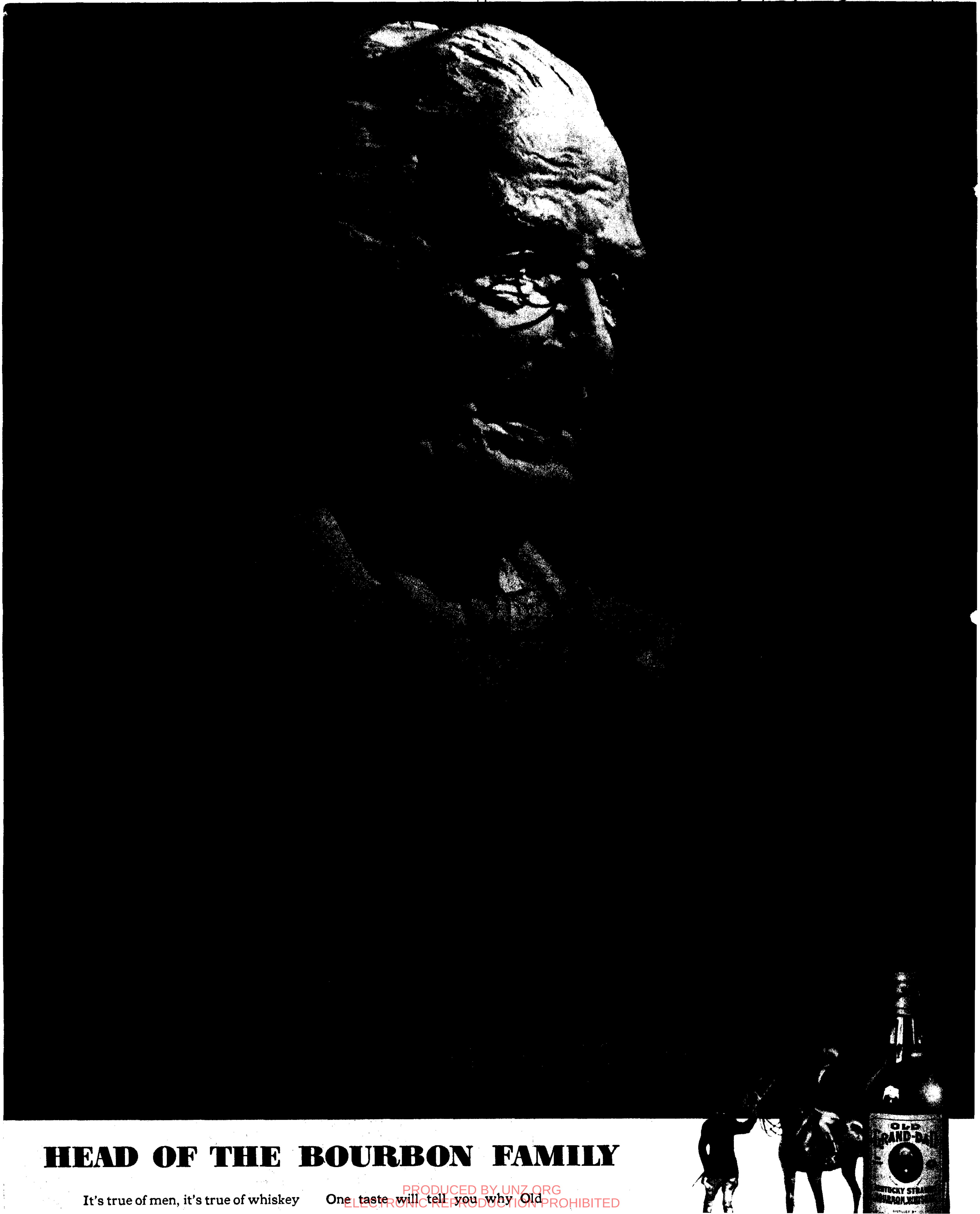
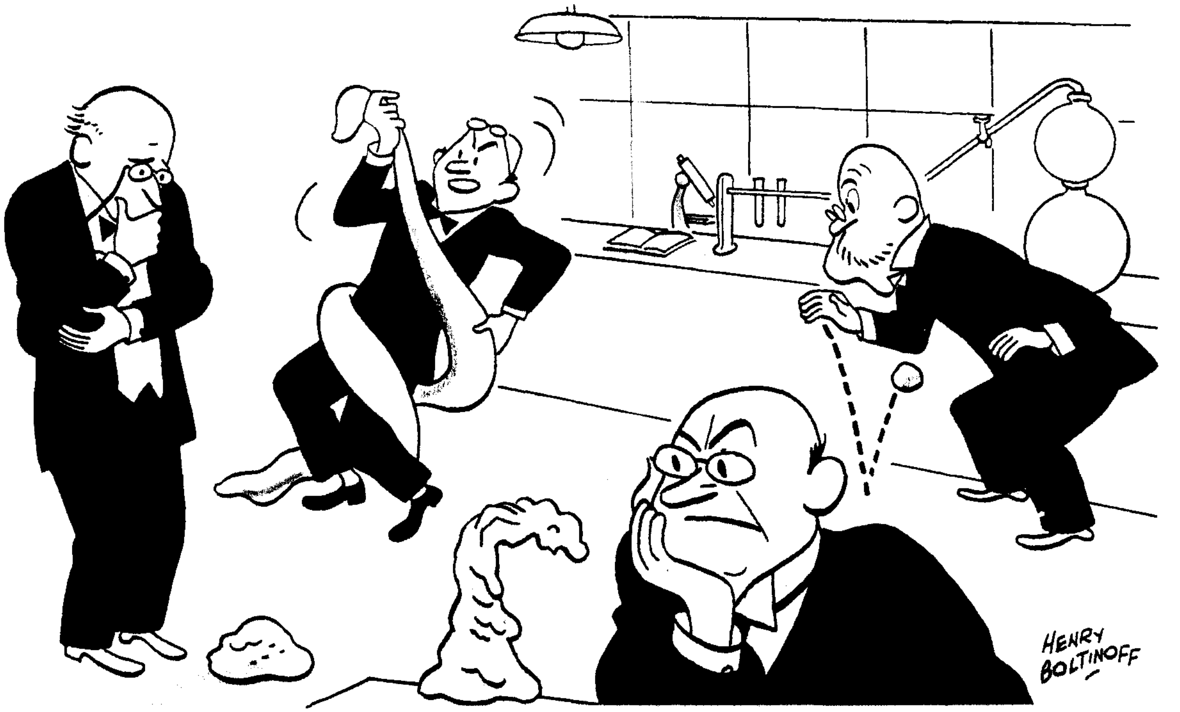


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

It's true of men, it's true of whiskey

One taste will tell you why Old

OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY



HENRY BOLTINOFF

Your Life Tomorrow

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Wanted: Uses for a New Discovery

Laboratory chemists, on the way to synthesizing a new material for waterproofing electric insulators, have created a strange substance that is neither fish, flesh nor fowl. Called "bouncing putty" for want of a better name, the new material is soft as putty, sticky as molasses candy and as "runny" as old cheese. Although it looks and feels like putty, it does not harden. It is so characterless that it will not retain its shape if gravity can get at it to pull it downhill. It acts very much like warm tar. Nevertheless, when it is rolled into a ball, it will bounce with all the resiliency of new rubber.

In the case of bouncing putty, necessity is the daughter, not the mother, of invention. So far, nobody knows how to put this orphan of an important war research to good use. Only one application for it has been found—as a plaything for wounded men who must constantly exercise finger or toe muscles to limber them up. In certain rehabilitation hospitals, the boys are finding the stuff so fascinating that they will work it around for hours.

Scientists would be glad to know of any practical use to which this strange combination of incompatible properties can be put in a postwar world.

Choicest Foods by Air

Great things are ahead for the air transport of freight, especially in moving choice perishables thousands of miles from garden to dining table overnight. To prepare wisely for the growth of marketing by air, economists of Detroit's Wayne University have begun detailed studies to see just what fruits and vegetables can profitably be flown. Already they have shown that aerial freight trains of giant gliders, woven into a supertransport system, will solve many produce growers' problems and set a new standard for America's dining table.

The airborne fruit express of tomorrow can put California and Florida delicacies like oranges, grapes and tomatoes on your New York table one day after they are picked. Today it takes a week to move them across the country. Better yet, high-speed transport will mean new concepts of flavor and freshness, and greatly improved vitamin content. Fully 50 per cent of the vitamins are now lost during shipment. Nor will perishable articles have to be picked green and ripened unnaturally in iced crates. Harvesting can be done when the fruit is ready to eat, and you will get it while it still has the aroma of tree or vine.

The American Air Forces in China are reported to be flying as much war freight up from India with thirty-five transport planes as could be carried over the Burma Road by 7,700 trucks. The same kind of advantage will hold for air express over railroad fruit movements. But instead of damaging rail freight business, the Wayne economists believe, air transport of perishables will free large amounts of equipment for faster haulage of heavy goods. The farmers, too, will benefit. Crops that cannot be moved at all today over long distances, because of spoilage, will find vast new markets in many parts of the country.

Insect Pests Will Be Controlled

A revolution is foreseen in the art of killing the bugs and vermin that plague the housewife and devastate trees and garden plants. The new chemical exterminators, including the already famous DDT, although not perfected, are rounding out their first period of experimental use and promise to bring a brand-new freedom from flies, wipe out mosquitoes and give the gardener real control over insect pests. So powerful are the new insecticides that a single spraying on kitchen walls, although it is entirely invisible, will be deadly to flies for as long a time as three months.

Even more spectacular are chemistry's new killers in eradicating the moths, bugs, worms and fungi that destroy foliage and crops. So far, only the cotton boll weevil and the Mexican bean beetle have been able to survive the poisons. Called gesarols and neocids by its European inventors, the DDT family of insecticides is at present under intensive investigation in American laboratories, and new conquests of hitherto unconquerable pests are reported every day.

Most valuable properties of the DDT family are its phenomenal killing power and long life. One spraying will do away with bedbugs for nearly a year, or completely wipe out every mosquito in swamps and ponds. Cockroaches, ants, termites and dog fleas can be quickly controlled, while dangerous vermin such as lice can be eliminated by a single dusting of clothing with a powder that will survive many launderings without losing strength. Just reported is a test of a 20-acre woodland area, sprayed with only five pounds of DDT solution per acre from an airplane. So completely were gypsy moths cleaned out that an offer of a dollar apiece failed to bring in a single live caterpillar.

But DDT is still far from the cure-all it has been called. The discovery is only in its early stages. Humans, animals and plants can be poisoned by the indiscriminate use of the chemicals. Much more research must be done before safe formulas will be worked out for every kind of pest.

Television Success Story

For some time Mount Palomar astronomers in California have been quietly scouring the heavens with the Schmidt telescope—a new type of star camera faster and more accurate than any invented in centuries. So complicated to design and so difficult to build is this beautiful combination of lens and mirror elements that it has seemed to have no other application in all science. But radio engineers D. O. Landis and I. G. Maloff have lately discovered that the Schmidt principle will do away with television's worst limitation—the tiny claustrophobic pictures that have prevented the art from coming into every home.

Landis suggested that the Schmidt camera be used in reverse as a projector, so that its high speed and clarity would produce full-sized screen images from the standard television receiving tube. Maloff spent nearly a year working out the mathematics for this reversal, only to find that the glass lens of the new optical system would be far too costly for the average home receiver because it would have to be made by hand. Then came the key invention that solved the problem: lenses of transparent plastic cast in a mold. Maloff shaped the steel mold plates himself, taking months to work every portion of the surfaces down to the millionth-of-an-inch accuracy required. Once completed, this mold turned out perfect lenses in less than half an hour at a cost of a few dollars apiece which produce screen images seven times brighter than could be thrown by standard projection lenses. This discovery means television projection sets will be available to postwar buyers in the $200 price range. Screen projection in theaters will come soon after. ★★★

Susan the Nonesuch

Continued from page 24

audition out the window, and how would she like to start at $200 a week, lots more later.

Clapped into Beau Geste, she got off to a poor start as a stencil of a young British lady of quality, and was headed back toward obscurity when fate—in the form of a ukase to attend a convention of Paramount exhibitors bivouacked in Hollywood—knocked at her door.

The idea, the front office explained, was to prance up onto the platform, smile winsomely, gurgle something to the effect that it was a wonderful privilege to beam down on the faces of all "you nice men who make our big salaries possible," and to prance down again. When it came Susan's turn, she really let 'em have it. She told them she had been drawing a handsome weekly stipend for over a year, that she wasn't making pictures, and that the inactivity was getting her down.

"Wouldn't you gentlemen like to see me in a picture?" she finally put it up to them.

The exhibitors, cavaliers every last one of them, touched off such a demonstration that William Le Baron, the then head of Paramount, got up, promised action. A fortnight later she was loaned out to Columbia for the role of the predatory baggage in Adam Had Four Sons. That did it, and, in approved Hollywood fashion, she's been playing hussies ever since. In her next, And Now Tomorrow, she is up to her old tricks again and walks off with her sister's boy friend, which for her is mere openers, as the saying goes.

For these amatory excursions she is more than adequately equipped. Reading from top to bottom, her assets are a mop of copper-colored hair, a pair of smoldering brown eyes, a pert nose, a complexion described in collegiate verse as alabaster, and a figure that manages to inspire amnesia on the part of such males as happen to be on hand when Susan struts into the commissary at lunchtime. Her voice simpers and crackles according to the dictates of the script.

At the moment she's in a rut; a $750-a-week rut, to be specific. She'd like out, but you know how Hollywood resists change. Every now and then she gets a reprieve and is tossed into a picture (mostly on loan-out to Republic) that calls for no more acting than looking belligerently demure, blinking grimly at some rugged member of our Armed Forces, and hanging on until FINIS.

Susan is not one of your average Hollywood cuties. Mental, if not intellectual, she waives her quota of night-club appearances—two a week, according to latest Hollywood protocol—spends her leisure wading through books of the times, a mammoth box of chocolates at her elbow and the automatic phonograph giving out with Tchaikovsky.

It ought to surprise nobody that a party like Susan knows what's a dollar, and how to hang on to it.

"Vulgar display!" Susan retorts to friends who urge her to acquire a chateau and swimming pool, in approved Hollywood fashion. "One ought to think of the future."

Easily one of Hollywood's nimblest conversationalists, in high fooling she is unsurpassed. Without any effort apparently, she spins wondrous and inventive anecdotes for the benefit of the harassed publicity attachés of Paramount, hands out fantastic, not to mention spurious, memorabilia of her youth to wide-eyed contributors to the fan magazines, sparkles brightly for the press.

On her last visit to New York she fairly outdid herself. Quizzed on her apparently neglected love life by a lady reporter, Susan came back, with a toss of her russet mane, that she'd had eight proposals of honorable marriage, and proceeded to enumerate them.

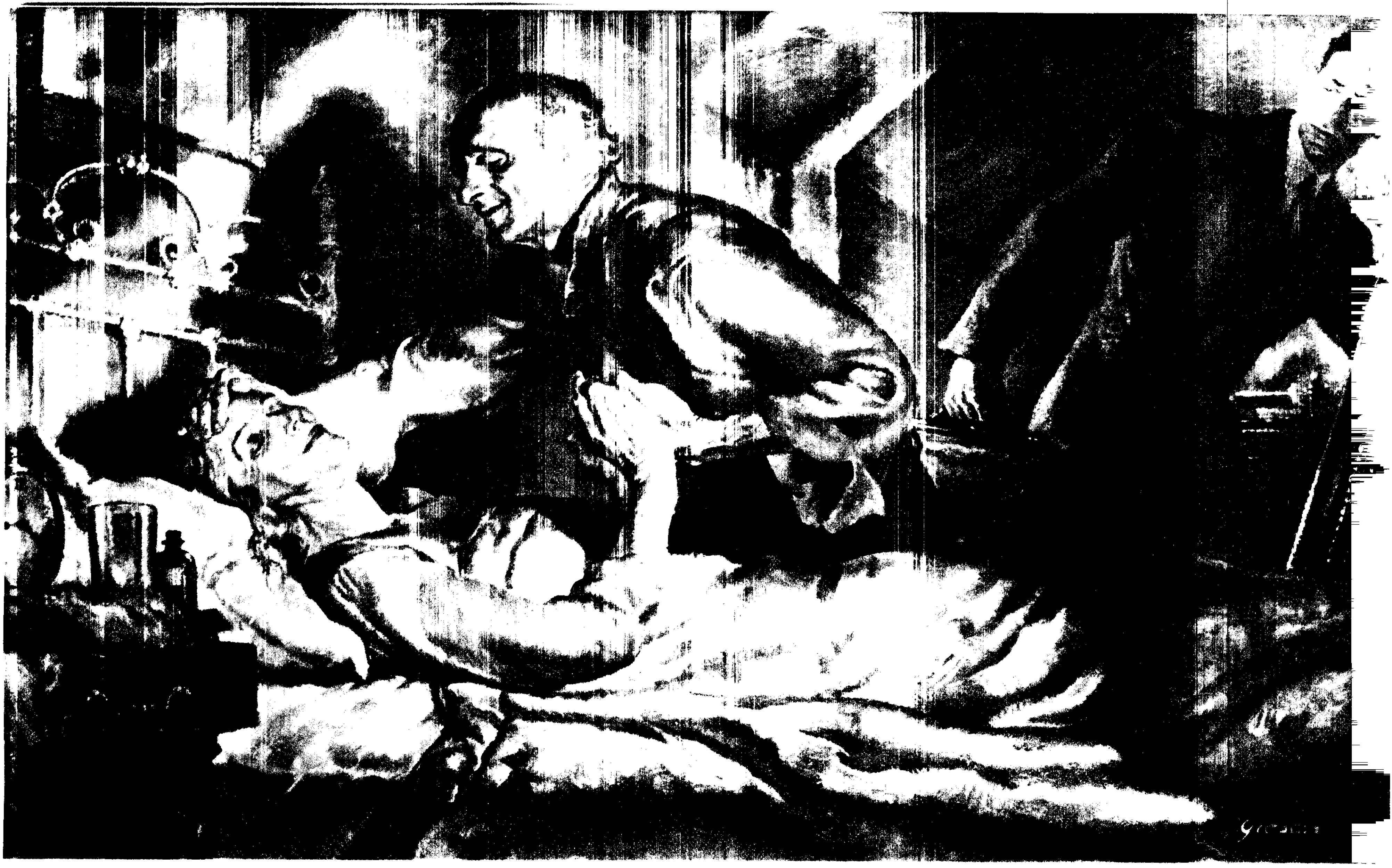
"Number one wanted a wife who was all wife. Number two was a dope. Number three wanted to become my business manager. Number four was a nice man with lots of energy—too much energy. He wore me out talking. Number five was an actor—he was always acting. Number six was swell, but he let me talk him out of it. Number seven had talent but no ambition. Number eight—he was just another actor."

The writing lady wondered what sort of a man Susan had in mind.

"All I know is that he'll be dark and he'll have a terrific sense of humor," she said. "And he'll not be an actor."

Those who wish young love nothing but the best will rejoice to learn that Susan finally found her man and married him last summer. His name is Jess Barker. He is a dashing, handsome blond, by profession an actor. Regarding his sense of humor, it is a little early to say.

THE END



Peter Haddon sat down on the bed and took his wife's hand and smoothed her hair. Doctor Hodge left the room abruptly

Dancing SATURDAY NIGHT

by S.G. Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

If you ever started up on a red light and stopped on a green, kissed a fool or lost the key to home—listen to this story of young Doctor Hodge who reached for a tiger and found he had gathered in a dove

PERHAPS what young Doctor Hodge enjoyed most about the practice of medicine was the way it educated him. Never a day, he often said to his uninterested wife, but what he winnowed his patients and gleaned pieces of wisdom.

In general, he relished these cultural advantages. But the night in Mrs. Haddon's shabby house on Fitch Street, when he learned something so important that it altered his life as much as a billion dollars or a cure for the common cold would have altered it, he did not appreciate his opportunity at all.

It was Saturday night, party night for young couples. Husbands and wives dissatisfied with each other looked for new adventures; others, a little older, temporarily dumped the load of parental responsibility and escaped to their dancing Saturday nights even as a child passionately sucks its thumb, clutching at the old ways, the outgrown ways, the ways that once have been sweet.

It was Saturday night, and the party was at the Hodges'. But Doctor Hodge was not there. Instead he sat on a wobbly old rocker in a bedroom, his blue eyes resting on a sick old woman. The doctor did not hear the ticking of the huge tin clock, loud on the table beside him. He neither smelled nor saw the illness that he attended. His senses were filled with the image of his wife, Nancy, his mind filled with his hopeless, hungering love for her.

He dreamed of her, in her black party dress with a silver-striped top, and a dozen people weaving a wall of laughter around her—the usual ones, and the extra new ones who turned up at each party. Men, occasionally with girls, always with uniforms, decorated with bits of silver or gold or bronze, and bright scraps of ribbon. Those military men hurt his heart, because he could not explain to each one: I *wish* I could fight. But I had rheumatic fever. It doesn't show, but it's true. He had to keep his mouth shut over his lump of envy and look at them in their proud uniforms. Just arrived, on point of departure, hard and quick and jaunty as jaguars.

Nancy was with them now, so pretty, her hair shining dark, her eyes shining eager, the prettiest thing in the universe. If he could only go; it would not take long to get home.

Mrs. Haddon stirred, a sad whisper of a sound. Again on the first floor, soft footfalls approached the bottom of the stairs, again the voice spoke from below: "Doctor, Doctor."

The doctor frowned. He had told the husband once not to come up until the nurse arrived. The patient was better off in silence.

Old Mrs. Haddon opened her eyes, "Where is Peter?" she murmured.

"Right downstairs," Doctor Hodge replied warmly.

"I want him."

"Yes. Of course. Just as soon as the nurse gets here."

Her head moved fretfully. "Now," she whimpered. "Now, Peter."

The man downstairs could not have heard that little cry, but at once he was in the room, standing by the bed, gray head cocked.

"Well," he said, "my dear."

Sick old wife, lying in the disordered bed, deaf old husband, looked into each other's faces, smiled. Then Peter sat down on the edge of the bed and took her hand and smoothed her hair. His wife sighed, contented, and closed her eyes again—as if they were engaged, as if they weren't old and married at all.

YOUNG Doctor Hodge left the room abruptly. For a few seconds he stood in the tiny upper hallway, staring at a religious calendar that showed Mary and her Baby. Then he sat down on the top step and yawned. Aware of the man's occasional voice, the woman's infrequent whisper, he did not listen for what they said. He did not care. The house was talking, too—a creak, a rustle, a soft shifting. He would have dozed a minute there, tired, sitting at the top of the turning stair, his curly head against the gray wallpaper. But his boat of sleep grounded on the reef of anxiety.

Anxiety to get out of here, and the long day, get to beautiful Nancy, to the dancing Saturday night. Go to their little house, Nancy's party house. Flay himself free from his profession, tear out the roots of hunger, dance and drink and laugh like a wild dream, like a man with a leopard skin under his pin-striped suit. To show her, to show them all, to flaunt himself, to force her love violently at last.

The evening minutes lingered; slowly the window on the stairs grew dim. The playing children cried out louder, ran faster through the evening chill, and the doctor's heart went shrieking and racing like the childish turmoil in the street outside. At last the world he could see grew very dark. An icy star looked in the window at the man crouching on the top step, ready to go down.

Quick, sharp steps on the walk. He got up. "Here's the nurse now," he said to no one. "I'll go down and talk to her." No one answered him. The old man was singing in a queer, wavering voice to his wife.

The doctor gave instructions to the nurse by the front door. "I'll drop by about nine-thirty tomorrow morning. I'm sure you won't have any trouble. I'll just go up and get my bag; I'm late now."

His long legs took the stairs at a lope, and the nurse hurried after him. Mr. Haddon was no longer singing. He was still sitting on the bed, holding his wife's bony hand in one of his, touching it lightly with the other, like a respectful child touching a flower.

Doctor Hodge introduced the nurse, picked up his bag. Now—now—now he could go. And he was down the stairs.

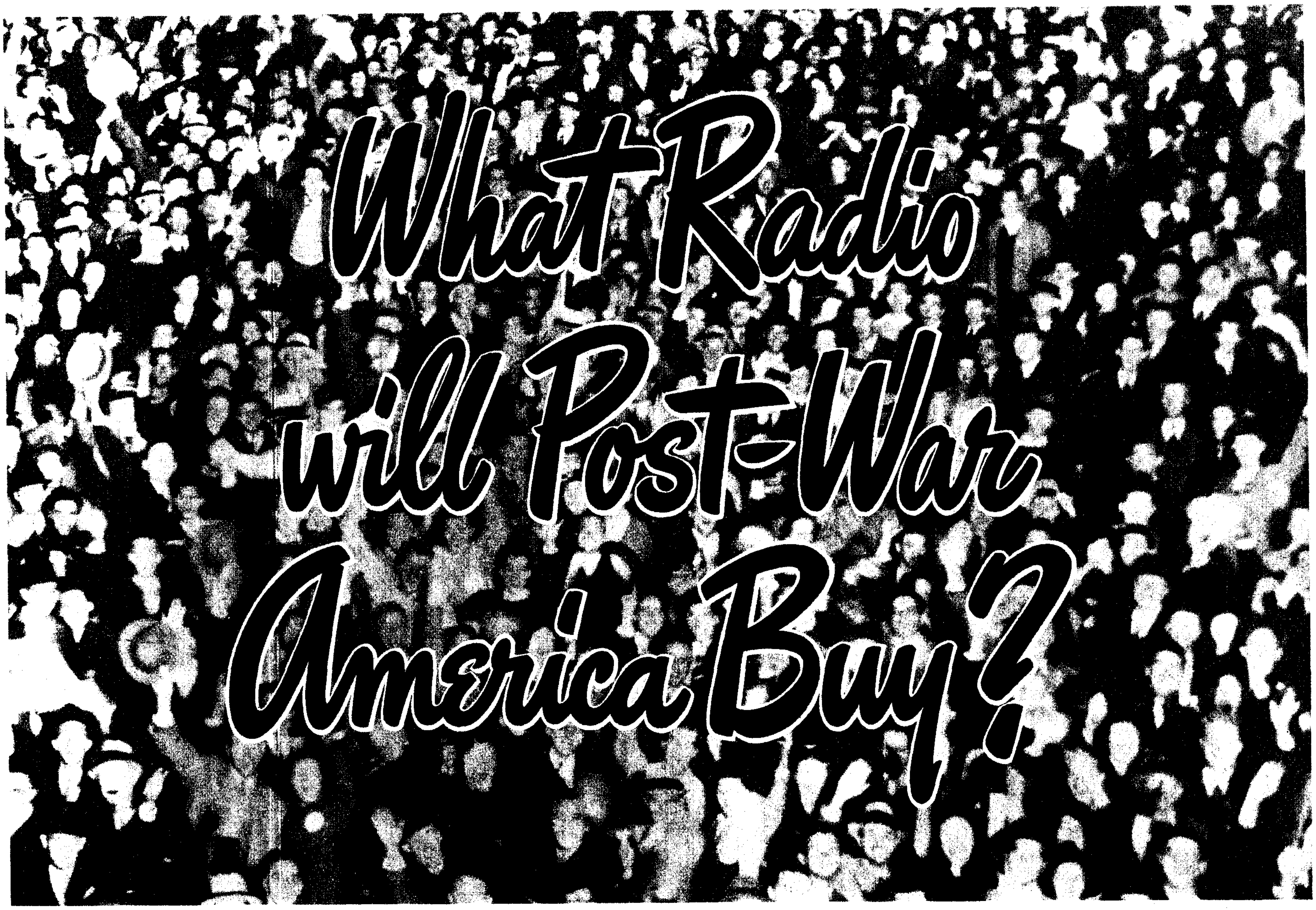
But old Peter was down after him. "Doctor . . ."

"Well? I'm in a hurry. I can't stop to talk." That was rudeness. But the old man was deaf, the doctor's voice was low, the rudeness failed.

Oh, what was the use? Nothing to be gained by tearing off. Nothing to be gained by forcing the anguished question. "She'll be all right this time,' he said. "She's through it—this time. But you know—"

"I do," Peter interrupted before the doctor

(Continued on page 68)



What Radio will Post-War America Buy?

RADIOS and radio-phonographs are high upon the list of peacetime products that America is waiting to buy. That is the universal finding of many surveys being made today by research organizations, as American industry awaits the signal to produce for peace.

But *what* radio is it waiting to buy? That's equally interesting and significant. *Repeatedly and overwhelmingly . . . it's a Philco!*

One survey made by the publishers of a leading national publication revealed that *four times as many people* intend to buy a Philco as the next leading radio . . . *as many as the next twelve* makes combined. Another national magazine found that among Philco owners, as compared with owners of other brands, the largest percentage intend to buy another Philco after the war.

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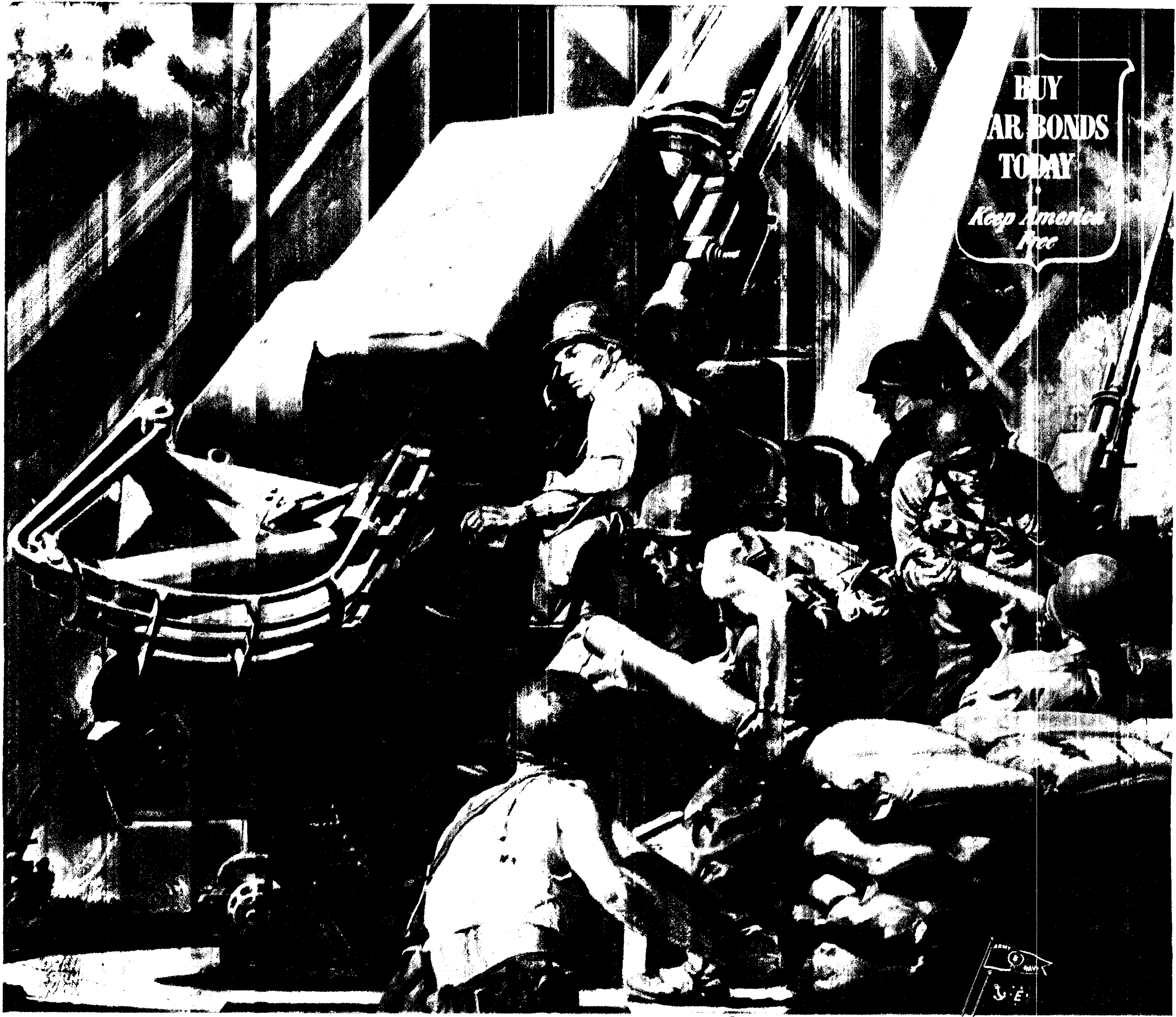
Overwhelmingly, it's a PHILCO



Strato-Flak *by Fisher*

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with five stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

NO one had ever seen a gun like this three years ago.

But when bombers took to the stratosphere, Army Ordnance engineers realized the need for a 120-millimeter gun, deadly to both air and ground targets at long ranges, and capable of a high rate of fire. So they worked it out with Fisher Body.

Practically every tool, jig and machine used in production was especially designed for it. But our special pride was the automatic loader and rammer—a Fisher contribution which can set the timer before the shell is shoved home. A lot of midnight oil was burned before these black mushrooms began to burst at 60,000 feet.

Once more, we were grateful for the Fisher skills and techniques that saw us through. The same Fisher Body craftsmanship that has turned out tanks, guns, bomber assemblies and other armament concentrated on this new puzzler—and came up with the right answers.

Our fighting men rate the best fighting tools in the world. We intend, now as always, to help give them whatever they need, and the best we know how to build.

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

~~BODY~~ *armament* BY *Fisher*

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Fire-Eating is Fun

Continued from page 16

do the baby any good, but he was made of terra cotta, anyhow.

The spectators who got burned were pretty mad, but they weren't badly hurt. Bits of the preserve jar were driven into the wooden uprights on the platform so hard we never could get them out and they stayed in all season. We just broke off the protruding ends with pliers so they wouldn't cut our hands while we were putting up the platform. After that, I always pressed out the cotton heads against the side of the bowl instead of flicking off the surplus gas.

After you have finished with the torches, you go into your variations. I always put a piece of wood, soaked in gasoline and burning, on my tongue and get members of the audience to light their cigarettes from it. If you don't like this idea, you can set fire to your soaking bowl of gasoline and then drink the burning gas with a spoon. Always use a wooden spoon for this, as a metal spoon becomes so hot it burns your lips. A wooden spoon only lasts a few times as the wood chars away from the constant burning, but wooden spoons are cheap.

It is very hard to find good drinking gas. In the last few years, the big oil companies have caused fire-eaters a lot of trouble by putting lead in their gasoline. This may improve the running of your car, but it certainly ruins the gas for eating purposes. Because of this difficulty a little allowable deception is often used in the drinking.

After dipping up the gas, allow the spoonful to burn until most of the gasoline has burned away. The spoon will continue to blaze for quite some time after the gasoline is gone and by putting the spoon into your mouth while it is flaming and then closing your lips, you can put out the fire and give the impression of having swallowed the burning gas. Of course, if some hecklers in your audience discover that you are doing nothing but sticking a blazing spoon down your throat, they will complain. Then you really have to drink the gas.

Debunking Expedition

SUBJECT	**DEBUNKATION**
The butterfly	**It's not a dainty eater—it consumes the equal of half its weight daily.**
The robin	**It's not a robin—it's a thrush. There are no robins in America.**
Bananas	**They are never plucked ripe from the trees, even for use in the tropics.**
Sahara Desert	**Its sunshine is not one bit brighter than the sunshine of Chicago in midsummer.**
Prima donnas	**Even the best singers make errors in pitch in 80 per cent of their tones.**

—W. E. Farbstein

Hecklers (who are quite a problem to sword swallowers and magicians) are generally no trouble at all to a fire-eater. They usually claim that the fire isn't real, and that gives you a fine chance for some audience participation. An amusing stunt is to light a couple of torches and then call up a heckler and give him one to examine. While he is looking at it, slyly set his hair on fire with the other. The antics people will go through trying to put out the fire, especially if they have had a little too much to drink, always convulses the rest of the crowd.

Another good device for audience participation is known as the "hot ball." This is a metal ball (usually much battered) with a secret button set into the surface. When this button is pressed, a device inside the ball makes it red hot in a few seconds. All you need for several minutes of comedy is one of these balls and a heavy tent stake.

Announce that because your mother was frightened by a lighted match, you have a strange control over this terrible element, fire. Explain that you claim nothing supernatural about your power, but just as homing pigeons have a weird ability that science cannot understand, you have a control over flame. In rural districts, people often accept this statement. But in small factory towns, there are usually some young sports who give you the razz. As though you were deeply offended, call one up for a demonstration.

Exhibit the metal ball, handling it freely, and let the sport handle it also. Then explain that you will hypnotize the sport into thinking the ball is red hot. Get the ball back for a minute, press the spring, and then tell the sport to put it in his trousers pocket.

A Hot Surprise for the Heckler

The sport usually figures you are going to make the ball vanish. So he stuffs it well down into his pocket with maybe a handkerchief on top of it. Then he stands grinning at his friends while you make passes and ask him if he doesn't feel the ball getting hotter and hotter. After a few seconds, a worried look comes across his face. He usually suffers as long as he can, and then he tries to get the ball out. By this time it is too hot to touch, and he'll have to tear off the trousers. Sometimes the ball will even burn right through the pocket.

After the sport gets his trousers off, it is always well to have the iron stake within easy reach. These stakes are wonderful things, weighing about four pounds and measuring about five feet. They are so powerful that a blow from one will smash a heavy oak table and yet they are light enough to be handled easily. For work like this, they are indispensable.

Several doctors who have attended my shows have explained to me the physical principles involved in fire-eating, but I don't trust them altogether, as none were practicing fire-eaters themselves. Their theory is that the extreme heat of the gasoline flame coming suddenly in contact with the moisture inside the mouth creates a thin layer of steam which acts as insulation. I do know that the inside of your mouth and your lips should be damp before you swallow a torch. The flame will burn your skin if it touches any part of the body except the inside of the mouth and the red part of the lips. Of course, sometimes it burns you there, too.

My friend, who studied fire-eating with me became very expert in a very old form of the art which is really smoke-eating. In this routine, the performer takes a small nut, and hollows it out. Then he makes a small hole in each end and puts a piece of glowing punk inside. On the road you're more likely to use a piece of twisted sacking than the punk. For the act, he begins to eat cotton or paper and secretly slips the nut in his mouth with the cotton. Then he begins to blow out through the nut. The smoldering punk begins to burn, and soon the performer is puffing out clouds of smoke and sparks.

Torch-eating is a comparatively modern invention, but I believe this trick goes back to the traveling gypsies of the Middle Ages.

The hardest part of this effect is carrying a nut full of burning punk around in your mouth without showing it. My friend, who was a stickler for technique, used to slip the nut in after breakfast and carry it all day long like a plug of tobacco, blowing out sparks and smoke every now and then to keep it lighted.

One night we were driving back from a show at a children's hospital, which (like most such shows) was more interesting to the doctors than to the children, and he asked me to stop at a drugstore for some olive oil. He used to get a sore throat from fire-eating, not from being burned but because the heat dried up the lining of his throat and made him catch a cold. We were driving through the darkened slums of a big city and stopped at a drugstore with a few late customers sitting by a single weak light. My friend hurried in and ordered the oil.

The clerk looked at him a little curiously, but got out a bottle and started wrapping it up. My friend still had the nut in his mouth and was rolling it around thoughtfully while he leaned on the counter. Suddenly he gave a little burp. A tongue of smoke and sparks leaped out of his mouth, and some of the sparks fell on the hands of the clerk who was wrapping up the oil. The clerk stopped wrapping and looked at my friend in a puzzled sort of way.

In spite of being in a carnival, my friend was a nervous chap and easily embarrassed. He clapped his hand over his mouth, said unhappily, "I beg your pardon," and hurried out without getting his oil. "What must that fellow have thought of me?" he said sadly as we drove away.

Fire-eating has been exposed a lot of times, usually by the same group of experts who think sword swallowers' swords fold up into the hilts. Apparently what these investigators do after seeing a trick is to call up some college professor and ask him how it's done. The usual answer is that the fire-eater must coat the inside of his mouth with a chemical substance that resists heat.

Exposé of the Exposers

I used to carry around a number of these formulas ("used by all fire-eaters") that I'd clipped out of exposés in newspapers and magazines. All of them contained mercury, which is a deadly poison, so I never tried any. But several children who read the stories have been poisoned trying out the exposers' systems, which they always describe as "extremely simple, once the secret is revealed."

Of course, the big danger in fire-eating is not getting burns inside your mouth or on your face, but having the gas explode inside you or having the wind blow the flames into your face and set off a mouthful of gas. If the experts know of a chemical to keep this from happening, I'd gladly buy it.

The most successful fire-eating act I ever gave was over the radio. I was having lunch with Dave Elman, the originator of Hobby Lobby, and he suggested I put on a show for his program. Doing fire-eating over the radio is rather like doing card tricks, and I suggested some of my other accomplishments: sword swallowing, handling rattlesnakes, sewing buttons on my body, and so on. But all of these were purely visual. Then I had a stroke of inspiration.

I remembered that back in the 17th century, a fire-eater had covered his tongue with red-hot coals and then cooked an oyster on them while members of the audience blew on the coals with a bellows to keep them going. I suggested that frying bacon makes a fine crackling, hissing sound and that I could cook bacon on my tongue while the announcer held a hand mike a few inches away.

Elman was so fascinated by the idea that he could not finish his lunch; in fact, he left the room hurriedly, but later called me to say the idea was colossal. The rest is now radio history. Unfortunately, the sound of the bacon could hardly be heard above the noise of the studio audience making for the nearest exit, so Dave had me back another year. Ralph Butler, Elman's assistant, said afterward, with obvious sincerity, "It's about as grisly a sight as I've ever seen."

THE END

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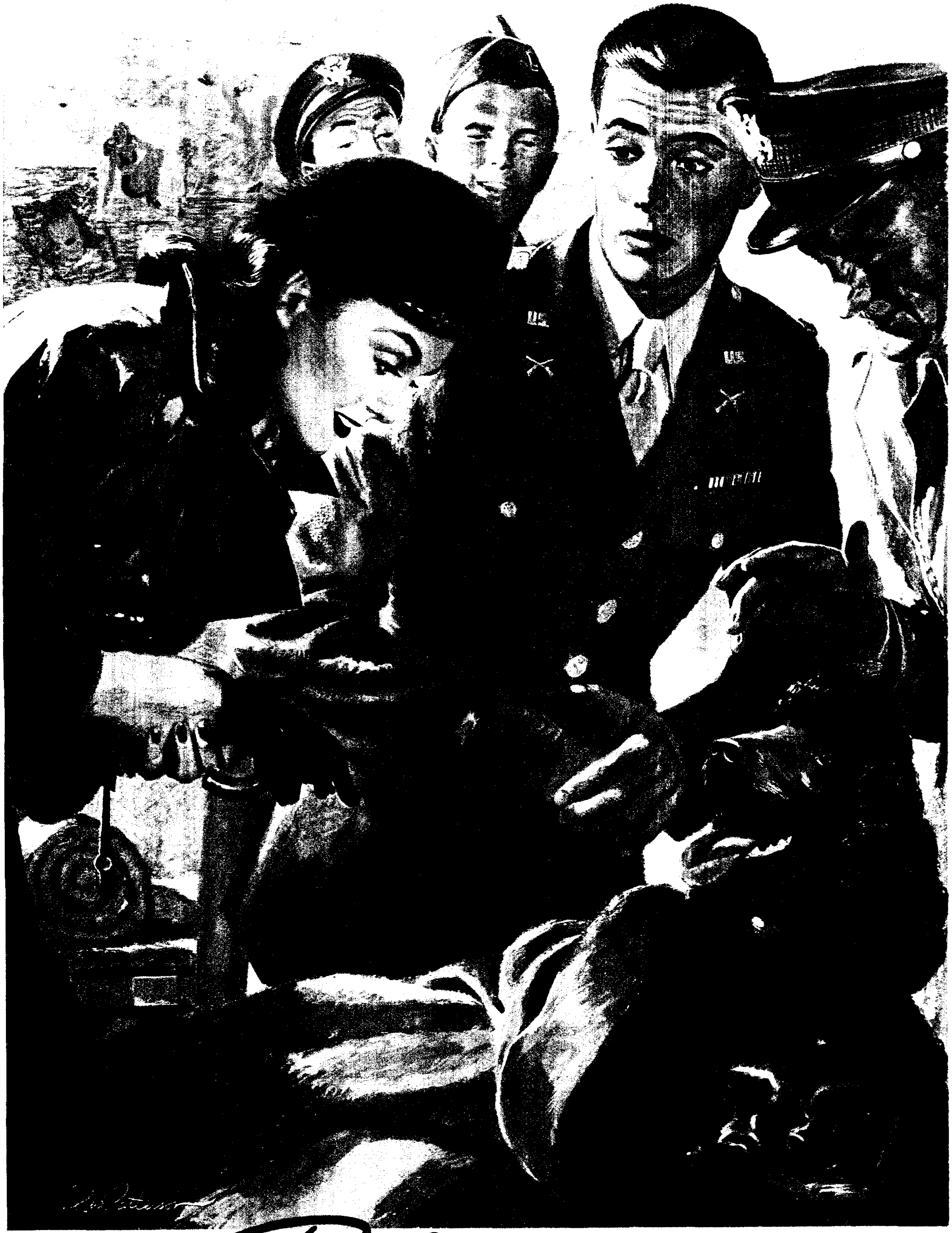
"FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR"

PHILADELPHIA



Mrs. Mahoney thumped her tail and looked proud as the colonel began to pat her. Patrick stood gauping at Lissy Lee

Blame it on LOVE

BY MARGARET LULL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Patrick had to get the war done before he got around to a girl. But he reckoned without the generalship of Lissy Lee and the infiltration tactics of Mrs. Mahoney

YOU could say—and dodge the issue—that it was only spring and the Georgia moon, and cape jasmine blooming, filling white velvet nights with a heady fragrance that drugged the senses. You could say that Lieutenant Patrick Thomas Connolly, Infantry, who coveted his best friend's girl, would snap out of all this soon enough, because in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns, and there were lots of girls besides Lissy Lee. But you'd be wrong. Because Patrick Connolly was different; nothing had ever been light with him, or easy; more importantly, he'd never had a girl.

His feet paced the sidewalk in thumping rhythm with the feet of Lieutenant Billy Burns, his roommate in quarters, his friend, with whom he shared the thousand things, big and little, that make a soldier's life in training camp.

Billy, as usual, was talking of girls. "Take 'em tall," said Billy, "take 'em short. Take 'em thick or thin, blond, brunet or redhead—sooner or later you get your loving. Might be sooner, might be later, but you get it."

Patrick felt, with horror, an urge to snatch Billy by the left shoulder, spin him around, shake a menacing fist under his nose and demand if by any chance he might be referring to the woman whom he, Patrick Connolly, loved. He swallowed hard, got out of step and said, "Yeah."

"Yeah," said Billy. "Take Lissy Lee." Patrick felt his face twitch. "Maybe," continued Billy, "she is the CO's daughter, maybe she's a lady and will take some time. I'm working on her old man, too. He's all softened up, anyway, on account of getting shifted to this camp, right in the back yard of his home town—goes around beaming all the time about being home with Lissy Lee and her mother and his dogs. My gosh, five dogs! Foxhounds and Irish water spaniels in a great big kennel out back. So I get the dogs, right now. A man's got to know when to start at the bottom."

"Yeah," said Patrick.

Fort Street loomed ahead of them, dreamlike in the moonlight that came dappled through the leaves of ancient sycamores along the curb. They had gone out of their way, after the movies, so that they could walk up Fort to the highway bus stop. Fort Street was the Old Part of town, and those who lived here in these houses were Old Family. It was a lovely place of stately homes and lacy iron fences, full fit to harbor a lovely person like Melissa Lee Wyatt, the CO's daughter and Billy Burns' girl.

"That's her house," said Billy suddenly.

PATRICK did not say he knew it was her house. He did not say that last night, late, he had walked up Fort Street and looked at Lissy Lee's house, then caught the bus back to camp. He had lain awake in the warm dark, listening to Billy's lusty snoring, and he had felt a vast and troubled aching all through his heart and bones. He knew that tonight would be like last night.

"I thought," said Billy, "maybe she'd be out walking one of the dogs. It's only half past nine. The old man's kind of buzzardly about Lissy Lee making dates on week nights, on account of she has to get up so early and be a Nurse's Aide. But a man can't help it if he meets her on the street. Good timing," he added, complacently. "There she is."

The shadows along the garden path of the big house on the corner stirred and ruffled gently; a girl opened the iron gate and came out onto the sidewalk with a dog. The dog barked sharply and approached, muttering in his beard.

"Hey, Lissy Lee," said Billy. "It's me."

"Oh! Beauregard says it's likely burglars." She paused, smiling, a slim figure in a white dress with dark hair curling around her face.

Beauregard circled Billy once, then sniffed at Patrick's ankles, rubbed against his legs and sat firmly on his feet, looking up at him. Patrick bent and rubbed the dog's ears, thankful for something to do with his hands.

Lissy Lee said, "Is that you, Lieutenant Connolly?" And he said, "Yes—uh—good evening."

Beauregard jumped happily against Patrick's legs and knocked him off balance; he staggered, crashed into Billy and felt hot blood surging into his face.

"My gosh!" said Billy, straightening his hat. "I guess he thinks you're a rabbit, Pat."

"Beauregard," said Lissy Lee, "is just indicatin' that he likes Lieutenant Connolly. I reckon he knows you-all like dogs, Lieutenant."

"Well, I—had a dog once when I was a kid. He was partly bloodhound, I think." Patrick looked at her and looked quickly away, his heart pounding.

She nodded gravely. "Any kind of a hound is good," she said. "My father says hounds and spaniels. Hounds for huntin' and spaniels for *retrievin'*. Beauregard is a foxhound, and we have some Irish water spaniels, too."

"Where you going, Lissy Lee?" Billy moved confidently to her side and took her arm. "Maybe you better have a convoy."

(Continued on page 80)

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AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

Dancing Saturday Night

Continued from page 62

could say what was better never heard. "I just wanted to say I hope you took no offense at my coming in the room, as none was meant. I'm not much to talk. She don't rest when I'm not there, nor I don't, either. Never did for forty-six years. Now there isn't much left, it's more so, and whatever way things are, I don't notice them if she's there, or her with me on hand. We always just stick together. So that's why I come up."

"All right. I understand. Take care of her. And you'll have the nurse. She'll be all right now. Goodby."

He ran to the curb, flung open the car door, tossed in his bag, started the car. Then he sat still, deliberately waiting until the oil indicator crept up to normal. He did not force the gears or jump his starts. He drove slowly, eased his tires around bumps, brought the car to a standstill at each stop street, ran no yellow lights. He did not enjoy it, but he always drove so now. Always.

This was his private ritual, the devotions that he made for his country. An automobile may be an odd altar, but he had no other that was feasible. In a warring country, a man out of uniform gets to feeling lonely, to feeling useless, even when his hands are busy and his family close. So he invents a small secret way to help along what everybody else is doing openly, and it comforts him a little.

Of course, when the doctor is on an emergency, he cannot act so. At the thought, the speedometer needle quivered up from 30 to 35. Doctor Hodge slowed, bringing it down to 30 again. This is not an emergency, he said to himself. It honestly isn't. An honest mind, and an ability to adapt yourself to things as they are—that's what makes a man. Without it, you're only an animal.

At the echo of those words, his mind went back to his mother, to the brown varnished kitchen of her house, the white dress she always wore, the big yellow bowls in which she mixed things. The doctor went through medical school on fancy cakes, a sticky and uncertain vehicle. That house had been shabbier than the one he had just left. His mother had talked verities to him all her life; she had a theme song, and it was gravity. He was suddenly glad she had died before she had seen him like this, like a fool in a tantrum.

The night wind blew gustily against his car. It is cold, he thought to himself, winter is almost here. And then for the first time since he had left home that morning, he thought of Judy, his daughter, just as he swung out the car to turn into his own driveway. The curtain at her window, fluttering out on the wind, caught his eye.

IN THE dark garage, while he was locking the car, closing the doors, going out through the side entrance, her image before him made a pleasant light. She was a cream-colored child, not yet two, her hair tawny, her mouth unsmiling. He wanted to see her when she got up. He walked quickly to the house, a tired man with something to look forward to at home. Why, of course, I am going to see my darling, my baby.

Music from the playroom downstairs drifted and trembled in the kitchen, and two glasses close together in the sink vibrated and hummed a glassy tune. He moved them apart to quiet them, and then regretted it. Why shouldn't they sing? He tried to put them together again to make the song, but no matter how he arranged them, they were silent. They must have done it themselves before.

In the refrigerator he found milk and the makings of sandwiches. He pulled out the red ruffled stool from under the sink and sat down and fixed his food and ate it, not thinking of anything, just eating, with the swinging ivy that drooped overhead adangle on his hair.

Because for these few minutes his mind was empty—a rare thing—a thought came in and established itself: He knew that he was not pleased with his private world. Ruffles and dangles were not what he wanted. They were rouge, and he wanted health.

Doctor Ben Hodge said to himself: I want what the Haddons have. I want real love, the long, delightful warmth of unselfishness, the heart freely given. Nothing else. I want to live like that and build like that, and I shall do it.

He popped the last bite of sandwich in his mouth. The sounds from below seemed to swell and grow nearer, and his wife's hand and arm, and the back of her head, appeared through the doorway. She was talking to someone in the dining room.

"I don't know," she said, and laughed and laughed. "I don't know, I tell you. I'm just waiting, too. Don't push, gentlemen."

Apparently they did push, and Nancy bounced gracefully into the kitchen, followed by three men in a rush.

"Why, Ben!" she exclaimed in her sweet voice. "I didn't hear you. When did you get home? My wandering husband," she explained to the one of the three Ben did not know—a boy in ensign's blues.

"The beast is eating," Joe said. He and Ben had been in school together.

"It has to be done once in a while. How are the germs—flourishing?" Dave Treadway put in his remark. He had been in college with Ben.

The ensign said nothing, but his look was long. One glance was all Ben needed to recognize that look, a symptom telltale as a scarlet-fever rash. The look said: So you are her husband! Well, yes, but he was other things also. A doctor, to listen and watch and tend; a man, to support the fight and the fighters; a father, to love his child.

Ben had an impulse of sympathy toward the ensign. Poor boy, poor human, believing that these are dreams come real, this silly pretty house and its mistress. They have no more substance than a paper lantern; they are no more filling than an empty box.

"Nice to have you here," Ben said. "You coming or going? Atlantic or Pacific?"

"I've just come." The ensign was defiant. "Pacific." He stared at Ben. "And you?" he asked huskily, "And you?" Twice, to make sure that the two watching, and Nancy, could not miss the suggested insult, the goad flung at this venerable civilian.

"Well, fella," Joe said quickly.

"Come on," Dave urged. "Let's get on with the business of the dance. You're drinks behind us, Ben. Move, Nancy; move, boy; how about it, Ben?"

"I'll be along. Go on down. Be right there."

After a bit, Ben stood at the top of the open stairs that led down to the playroom in the cellar, surveying the couples who gyrated, bathed in loud music. Some leaped and pranced, sparks and spray of sharp sound flying. Others clung, moved slowly with thoughtful feet, talking or feeling. Nancy danced with the ensign, slower and more languorous even than the other slow couples.

BEN sat down on the stairs, sipping his drink. The dancers came up to him, greeted him, urged him down. "The old man's beat," he said. "Leave me watch a while." Finally Nancy came, her follower close behind her as if to protect her. Ben said only, "Hello," and looked at the narrow space of floor between their feet.

"Did you see us dancing?" Nancy asked, and laughed.

Ben nodded.

"Well?"

Ben only shook his head. The matter was too clear and simple for speech, and he was tired, anyhow.

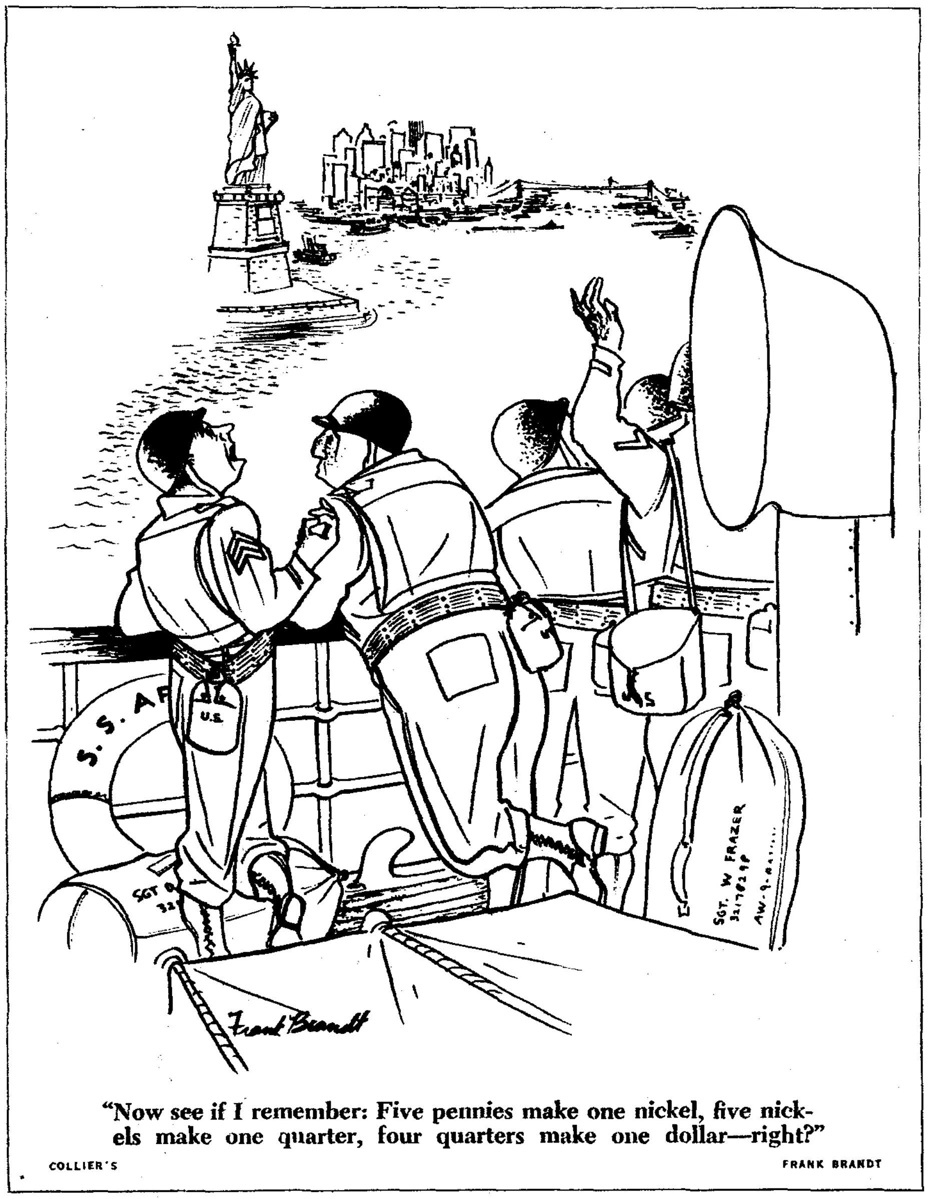
"Well?" Nancy demanded again. Her eyes shone with the excitement of conquest and battle. As if she had an irritation that only my quarreling could assuage, thought Ben, wondering. But he had to make some answer.

"What did you think you were doing?" he asked mildly.

"What I pleased."

"Then there isn't anything for me to say, is there? If you want to behave like that, you can."

"Wait a minute," the ensign said. "What do you mean—behave like that?"



"Now see if I remember: Five pennies make one nickel, five nickels make one quarter, four quarters make one dollar—right?"

COLLIER'S FRANK BRANDT

Ben did not answer, or even glance toward him, and the ensign stepped forward, clenching his fists. Nancy gasped, and her eyes grew brighter.

Ben shook his head. "All right now," he said. "If I could fight I'd be wearing some other sort of stripes besides pin stripes. It isn't a fighting matter, anyhow. It's strictly between Nancy and me. She's my wife. This is our home. Our baby is asleep upstairs. Either Nancy finds this situation desirable, or she doesn't. You can't grab a good thing, fella. You have to make it, give your life to it. Sorry."

"Yeah, sorry. You know I haven't got the time, and I'll bet you're sorry," the ensign said bitterly. Where before there had been warmth and blissful touches, now again there was nothing but the need to move on. "Save your sympathy," the ensign added. "I'll push off. It's been quite an evening all round."

Before the outside door had slammed, Ben's impulse toward sympathy had faded, had been forgotten, the ensign and Nancy faded and forgotten with it. The music had risen loud all around him, voices singing, feet slapping on the stone floor. The clock said half past eleven.

"Excuse me," he said vaguely, and went back up the stairs. Nancy stared after him as if he were some sort of miracle.

He opened Judy's door softly. The light followed him in, lay on her smooth pink crib, lay on the yellow duck clutched tightly in one small hand.

"Hello," he whispered. "Hello, Judy, Judy, hello, ducky."

Her other hand reached out and clutched the ducky. Except for that, she did not stir, just watched him. He leaned over the crib and touched the warm curls, and slowly she moved her head to look at him. His hands fumbled with the blanket and the sleeping bag, trying to free her. Suddenly she gave a single small chuckle, and her father gathered her up.

He had his daughter in his arms. The room was full of music, and he danced, smooth little steps. She clung to him, urging him on with her knees as one might urge a horse.

The light from the hall grew brighter. Nancy stood in the doorway, watching them.

"What on earth are you doing, Ben?"

"Dancing. This is the night for that. Go along, dear. I'll tend to her and be down in a minute. Go along now."

"Oh, you—you don't want me here! You don't want me here at all!" she cried, astonished. "Do you? Do you?"

"Not now." He moved away from her. "We're danc-ing, danc-ing, Judy," he hummed, swinging his daughter higher, smiling straight into her eyes.

"But this is silly," Nancy insisted. "I'm her mother."

"We haven't forgotten. Good night, Mother dear. Say good night, Judy, to Mother dear."

"You actually want me to go?"

Ben nodded.

"You know what I think?" Her voice rose. "I think you're just mean." She sobbed, one sorrowing sound, and then she put her hand over her mouth and ran, silver bracelets tinkling, silver stripes flashing, into the light, down to the music.

THE door swung slowly to, shutting the man and his baby into the cool darkness. He waited until it was quite closed, whispering shut on the sill, and the music only vague sounds in the distance. Then he kissed Judy and tended her, and when he was through he put her down for the night and covered her.

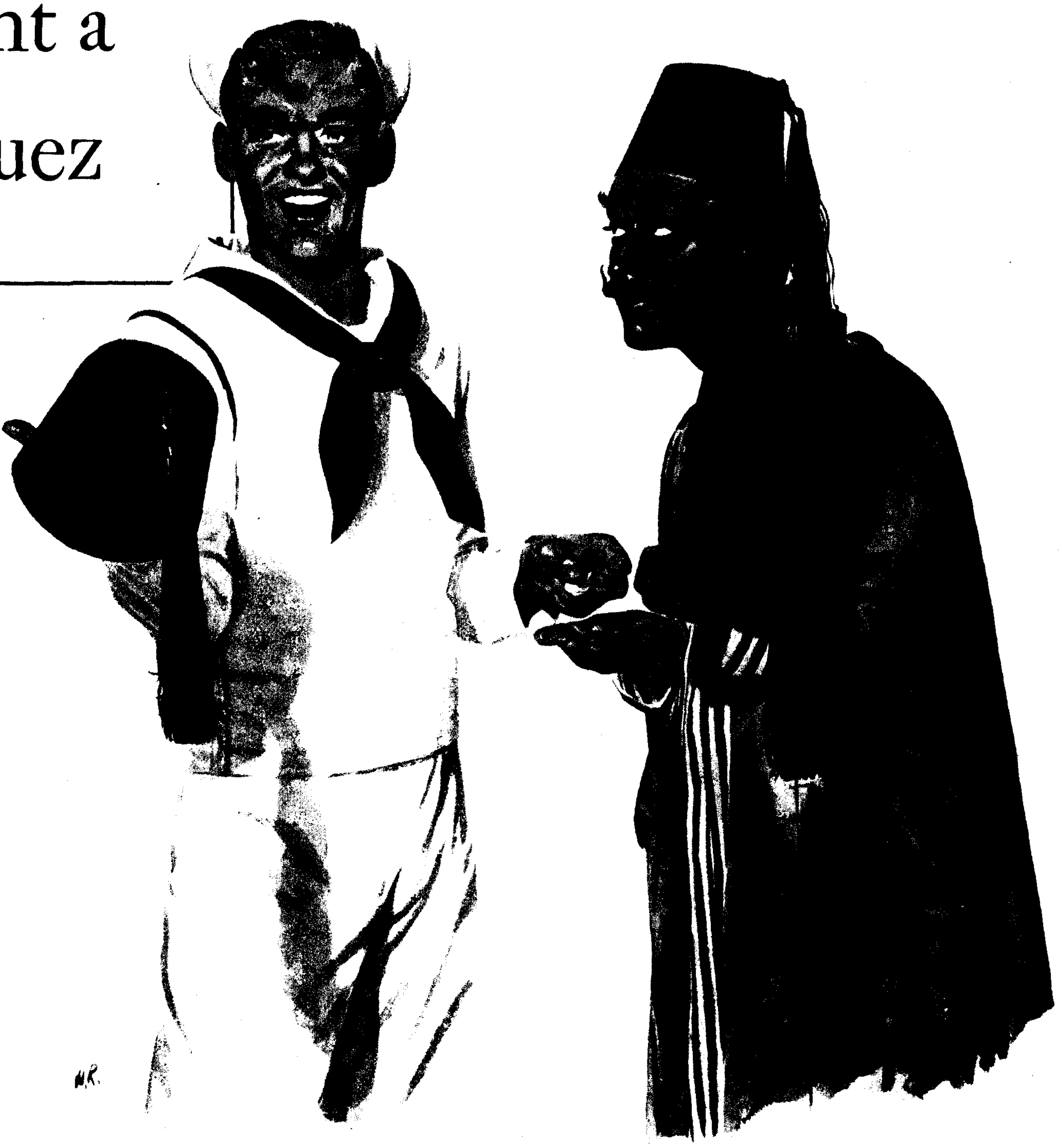
The child sighed and pushed the ducky away. Her hand came out and touched her father's cheek, and then she tucked both hands under her, and sighed again, and closed her eyes, murmuring in her warmth and small, dark security.

Little children are so nice, he thought. They never punish a man for his mistakes. Each moment is new, and they are new with it, and if a man is decent and gay and warm, they will be generous with their delight.

He bent over the crib and smoothed the coverlet and kissed her again. "Good night, my own darling," he said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

THE END

He bought a Fez in Suez



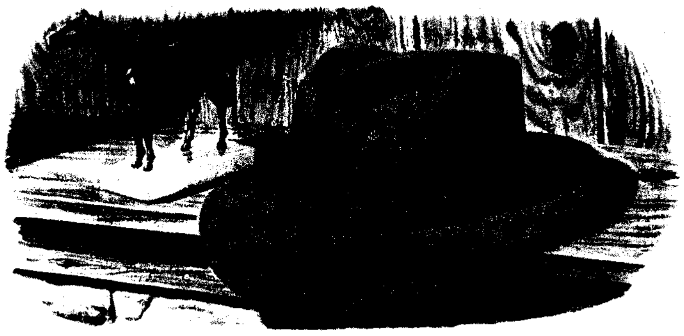
But, boy!—to be home in a STETSON

It's good to see the world, but he'll be mighty glad to see the folks back home again.

To snooze for a week. To walk the quiet hills. To get a fish pole back in his hand.

He'll be glad to get back to things that are made with friendly and familiar American names—names that stand for things a man can trust—that tell you so much without asking. Like the name Stetson in a hat. And hundreds of other product names.

Yes, he'll be glad to get back. And won't we be glad to see him—and to welcome him home in style!



THE ROYAL STETSON "PLAYBOY"—one of America's most popular hat styles—for young men of *all* ages. $10. Other Stetson hats to $40. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada, hats for men and women.

Rough and Tumble

Continued from page 12

had 2,200 prisoners who were being guarded by American glider pilots, the only men who could be spared; they had hundreds of their own paratroopers wounded; they were at half strength and being attacked by the Germans in regimental strength from the north and the south while they held the tiny island of Nijmegen, about as practical a place to hold as a sandbar with the tide coming in.

Or perhaps the difficulty of the whole operation is best demonstrated by the manner in which the great Nijmegen bridge was taken. You must now imagine a very American-looking bridge, no quaint little arched stone job but a double-lane roadway which I believe some proud Dutchman told me was the second longest bridge in Holland. The dynamite charges to blow this bridge were cemented into the structure and, to give you some idea of the size and intricacy of the steel construction, eight Germans were captured from their hiding places in the under girders after the bridge was taken. The approaches to this bridge were hopelessly exposed to machine-gun fire on both banks as well as artillery and mortar fire.

One regiment of the 82d Division, the 504th, crossed the Waal to the west of the bridge in collapsible boats in the middle of the afternoon on a fine clear day. The Guards Armored Division of the British Second Army gave them the boats. One of the Guards officers remarked afterward that it seemed absolutely suicidal, as the Americans had never seen these boats and did not know how to launch them, but when that point was brought up, the Americans answered that they guessed it would be all right, and when asked whether they weren't concerned with the number of boats available, they answered again that they reckoned the English would do the best they could.

Some time later, in a thoroughly unlikable little piece of Germany which they were then holding, I met some of the paratroopers who made that river crossing. One of them said the final words about it: "There were three men paddling and the prow of that boat just stood up straight in the water. I wasn't even scared; I just gave up hope."

The regiment did cross the river and climbed a steep bank on which the Germans were well and truly ensconced, and they fought their way down along the shore to secure the north end of the bridge. The Irish Guards tanks lined up and became artillery, lobbing shells over to cover this amazing operation. Meantime, the Guards Armored Division fought in Nijmegen to clear the southern entry to the bridge. One company of the 508th Regiment of the 82d Airborne Division fought with the Guards. A Guards officer said, "You could see them fighting from the housetops, just swarming over them. They were absolutely splendid; wonderful sight seeing all those chaps swarming over the roofs."

Sweating It Out in the Rain

The mission of the 82d Airborne Division in Holland, which takes only one sentence to write and only a minute to say aloud, was completed in three fierce and sleepless days. It was entirely and successfully completed with a total of five bridges and a piece of essential ground taken. Then it became necessary to hold and they are holding still, sweating it out in the long rain that means another ugly winter of war.

This is the fourth campaign for the 82d Airborne Division, which has to its credit more campaigns and more combat time than any other American airborne division. They first jumped in Sicily, which was quite a mix-up from all accounts, due to the fact that they were not dropped where planned or anywhere near where planned. They fought for two weeks, during which time there was the small incident of the paratroopers who hired some rowboats and went out and took three islands off the Sicilian coast.

They left Sicily a month later and the next time they jumped was a hurry call to get in behind the beachhead at Salerno when it looked as if that murderous battle was going to fail. One regiment of the 82d was on the ground behind the beaches at Salerno exactly twelve hours after receiving the order to move and this, too, is some kind of a record.

They fought with the English up to Naples, sharing the surrender of that city, and thence on to the Volturno River. The 504th Regiment fought at the juncture of the Fifth and Eighth Armies in Italy, in those beautiful, hated mountains near Cassino and after this it was shipped by sea to Anzio where it fought for sixty-nine days on that shelled mud flat.

The next jump was in Normandy in the early dark of the morning before H-Hour of D-Day. This was the first night glider landing in the European theater and perhaps the first anywhere and it does not need much imagination to think what that was like. You cannot be too exact anyhow about parachuting and here again there was what is known as confusion in the dropping of the paratroopers. For thirty-three days the division fought on the Cherbourg Peninsula and it is credited with the destruction of an entire German division. And there was Holland.

Earned the Right to Be Proud

The 82d is a very proud outfit, having earned the right to this pride. They do not boast when they say that where they fight, they fight without relief or replacements and that they have never relinquished a foot of ground.

This tells you something about them but not nearly enough. From the general on down, they are all extraordinary characters and each one's story is worth telling, for men who jump out of airplanes onto hostile territory do not have dull lives. My favorite characters are Private Bachenheimer and his friends and assistants who are known as "Bill One" and "Bill Two." They may not be typical of anything, for I certainly never saw their like before, but perhaps they could only have flourished and had their being in just such an outfit as the 82d.

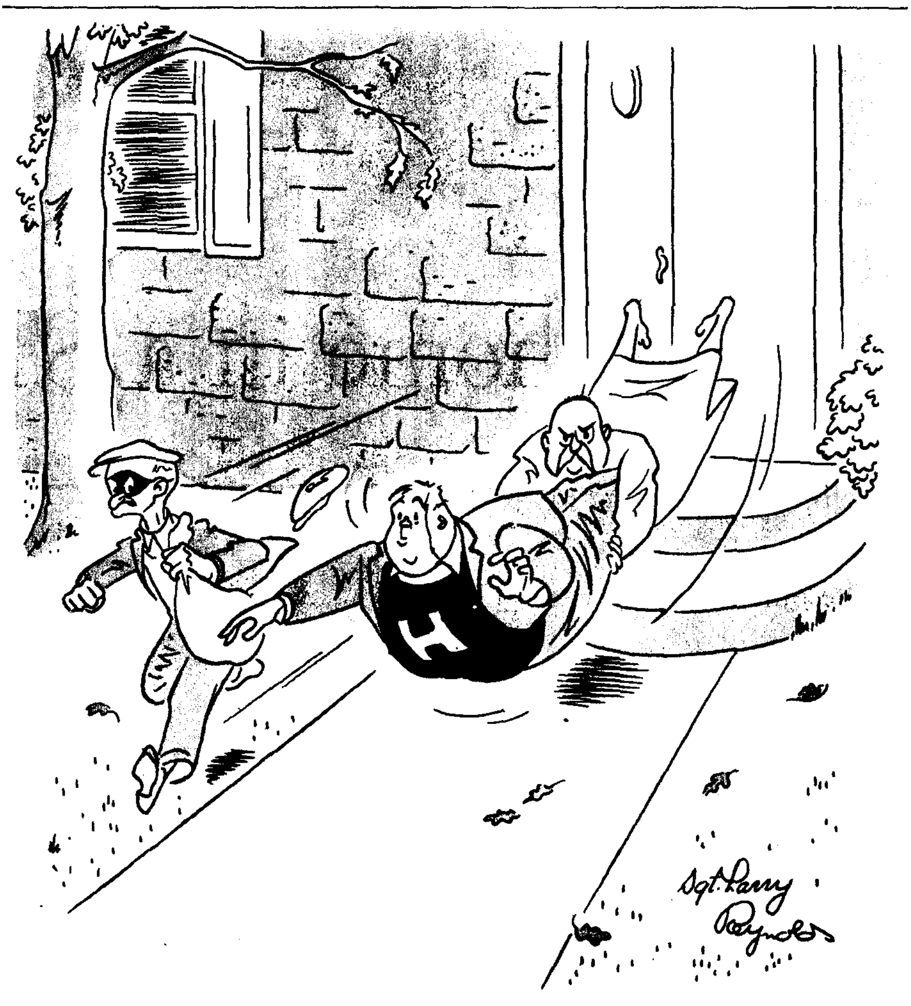
Private Bachenheimer is twenty-one and tall and solid, with a dark, short mat of hair and bright small eyes and a curly mouth, and he became a United States citizen at Fort Bragg while he was training to be a paratrooper. Private Bachenheimer was born in Germany and lived there and in Vienna until he was eleven and he speaks German perfectly and speaks English delightfully with a very faint accent. His father, who was a pianist and a musical director of opera, is dead now. I do not think a boy could say anything better about his father than what Private Bachenheimer said one day in Nijmegen. "Everyone," he said, "had to love him unless they were greedy or stupid."

Private Bachenheimer began to be famous in his regiment at Anzio where he was known as a man who never stopped going out on night patrols. This is very unpleasant work and anyone who volunteers for it steadily is likely to become known. His success was amazing, due to the fact that he thought nothing of going up to Germans in the dark and talking German to them as if he were an old soldier of the *Wehrmacht* himself. There are endless stories about these patrols, about Bachenheimer in a Kraut chow line, Bachenheimer gossiping in a German machine-gun post, Bachenheimer talking busily to German sentries. The work was dangerous and men got killed on these missions but Bachenheimer brought the necessary prisoners and information back.

In Holland he started out again by joining up with a patrol immediately after the landing and walking across the Grave bridge to draw fire. From there on he continued to Nijmegen which he entered alone and some time ahead of the main body of troops. He had a brisk fight with ten Germans in the railway station and was called upon by the Germans through the loud-speaker which announces the arrival and departure of trains, to surrender, as the Germans naturally did not imagine that one man alone was putting on this show.

When questioned as to why he undertook this hazardous solitary battle, Bachenheimer said, "Well, this was the first time any of these Dutch saw an American and it wouldn't look right for the American to run off just as soon as he saw some Germans."

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"I told you just the jewelry, Butch. Harvard men are very attached to their sweaters!"

Private Bachenheimer then moved into the headquarters of one of the branches of the Dutch underground and at their request he took over command. He was very busy sending out patrols to mop up Germans in the town of Nijmegen, and other patrols to get information on German dispositions in the town and around the bridges so that he could keep his regiment informed. He also opened bakeries and organized civilian billets and nightly he visited the cellars where the citizens of Nijmegen were living in justifiable fear of the shelling.

That job of maintaining civilian morale is what he is proudest of now. He says he didn't feel any too sure of anything himself but he made the people believe everything was fine and dandy. I can only say that I think this was a terrific piece of work, because Nijmegen is not fine and dandy now and it must have been pretty appalling during Bachenheimer's early days there.

His headquarters is a very small crowded room in a former Nijmegen schoolhouse. Bill One, who is Willard Strunk of Abilene, and Bill Two, who is Bill Sellars of Pittsburgh—also old men of twenty-one—work with him in this room. They eat here and they have a neat, small arsenal hanging on the walls and they collect their souvenirs in one corner and they have the most fantastic list of callers every day.

I listened to Bachenheimer interrogating an Alsatian prisoner and never saw a prettier or more thorough job; next he received a German informer from whom he wanted to get some information about German defense constructions in the region; then two sergeants from other regiments who were also engaged in collecting information came and had a brisk argument about a patrol which they wanted Bachenheimer to send out and which he deemed unsound.

English officers also arrived from time to time, and Dutch undergrounders and Dutch civilians who wanted to get collaborators arrested or wanted to get people released from jail on the grounds that a mistake had been made. Nothing seemed to worry Bachenheimer, who is an extremely competent and serious boy, and nothing seemed to shake his modesty. His previous training for this work consisted of one job in America; he had briefly been press agent for a show that failed.

A Pacifist at Heart

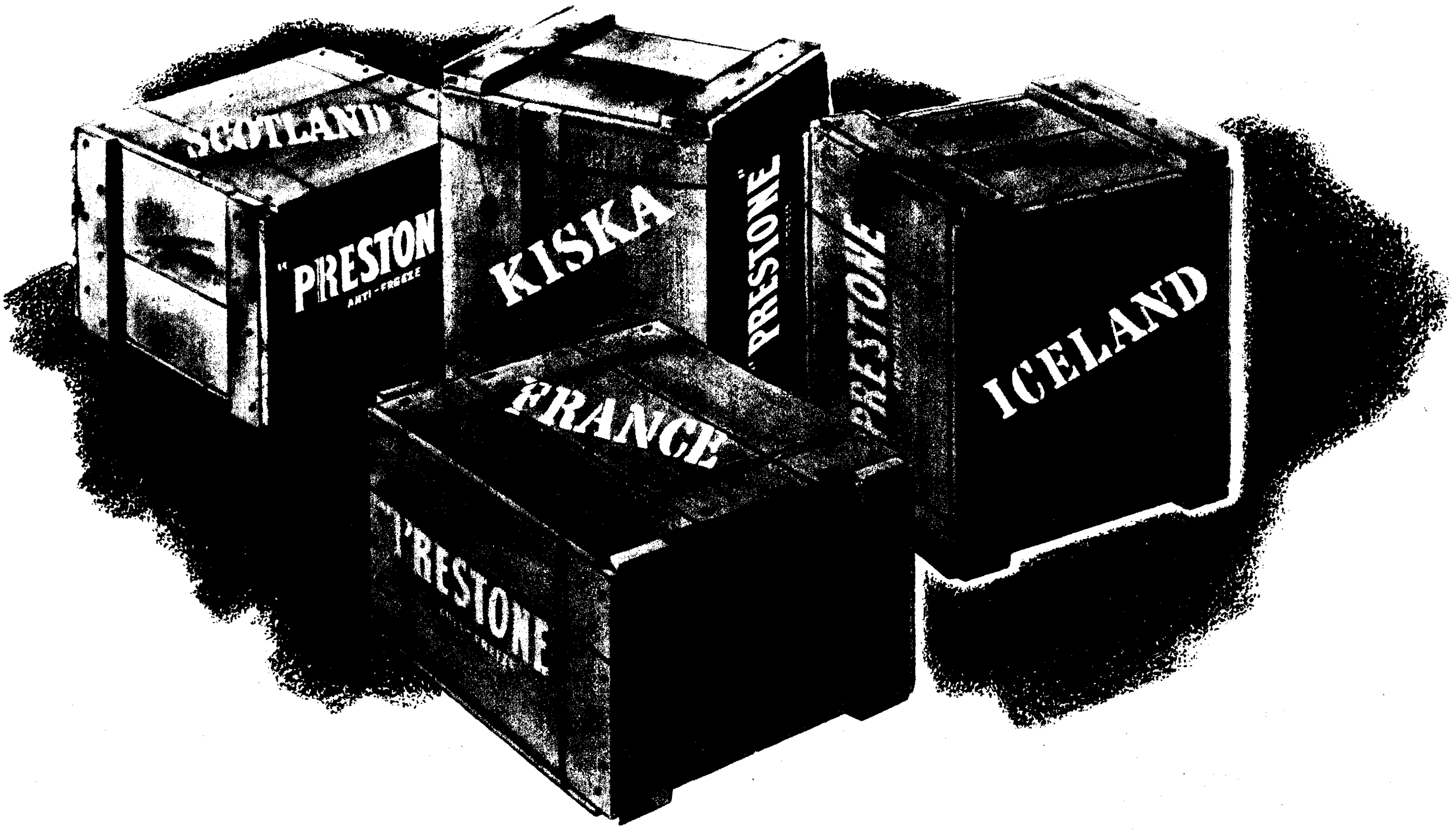
Bachenheimer who has this curious talent for war is actually a man of peace. "As a matter of fact I am against war in principle," he said. "I just can't hate anybody."

He was not in his office when I went to say goodby; he had crossed over behind the enemy lines. According to Bachenheimer it does not take more guts to work behind the enemy lines at night; it just takes a different kind of will. I think it must take a very special kind of guts as well as a cool and agile mind. But who am I to argue with Bachenheimer?

You are always happy with fine combat troops because in a way no people are as intensely alive as they are. You do not notice the rain too much or the ugly soaked flat land or the sadness of the yellowing trees that are rotting limply from summer into the nakedness of winter. You do not think much about what war costs, because you are too busy being alive for the day, too busy laughing and listening and looking. And you forget about the crude wooden crosses that mark where just such boys lie in Sicily and Italy and France and now Holland. You forget about the hospital in Nijmegen where devoted, weary men work in operating rooms that never cease to be appalling no matter how many such operating rooms you have seen. You forget, too, that the boys who last it out intact and whole have nevertheless given up these years which were intended to be young and happy.

The years are gone. But thinking it over afterward you wonder what happens to a magnificent division of brave men after the war. And you wonder who is going to thank them and how, and will it be enough?

THE END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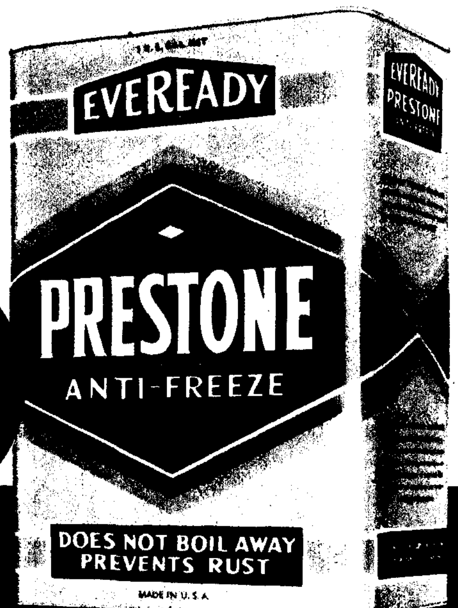
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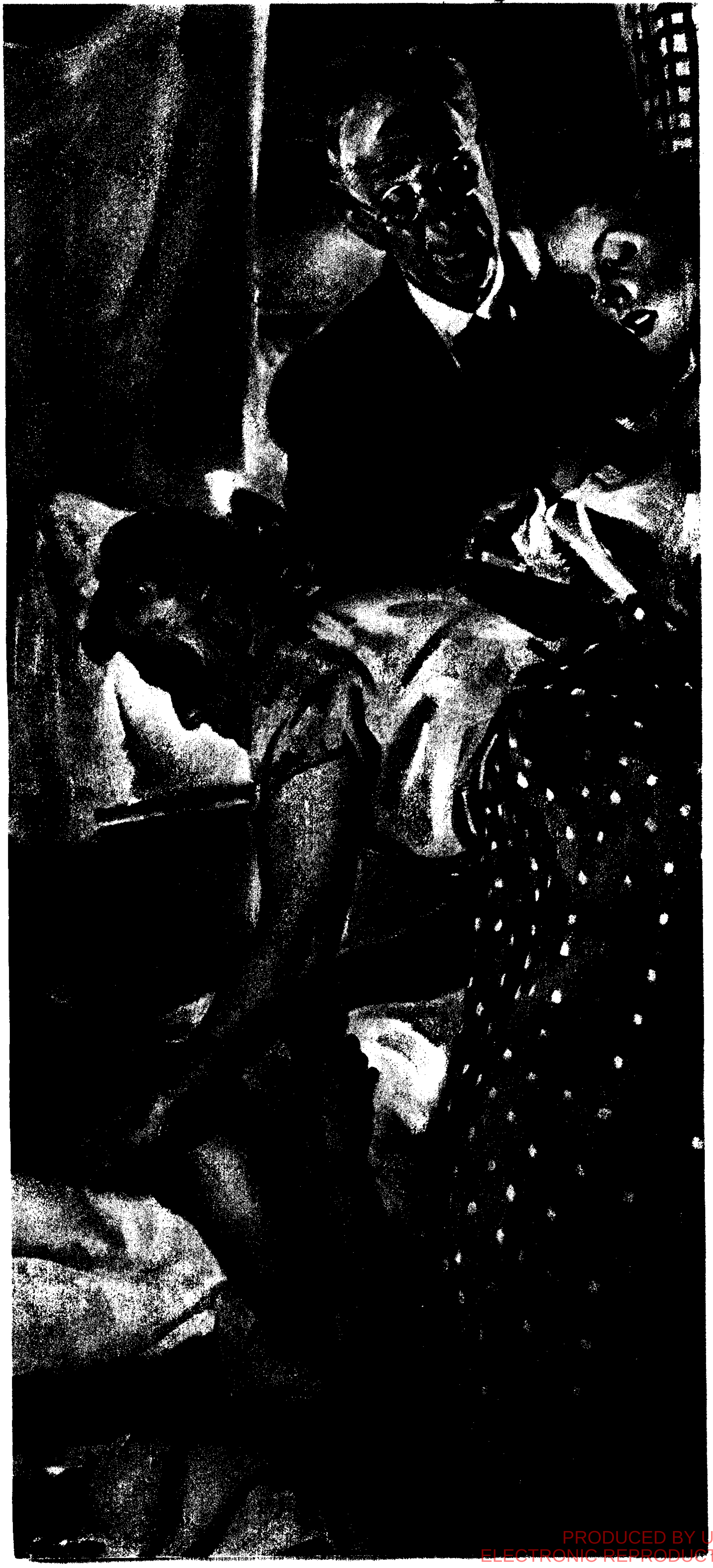
TRADE-MARK

PARSON SAND'S *Progress*

BY BARBARA WEBB

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Parson Sand learns that age cannot speak to youth, that each generation has its own language, but in the face of defeat he finds that the heart's language is universal



Parson Sand lifted the bundle from Kathy's arms, so light, the face he glimpsed, so tiny, and said to Leith, "Name this child." "Charles Jackson Lemon," said Leith quietly

TO THE Reverend Jehu Sand it seemed for a season that Satan, pleased with diabolical progress elsewhere, concentrated his "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it" on Parson Sand's immediate neighborhood. There was on this particular morning a horrible mess in the rectory. Parson Sand's household gear had arrived from Baltimore. He had moved from his comfortable room at the Orion Arms into this house so long unoccupied that the very spiders in their ceiling corner webs went on weaving and scuttling as though he were the most temporary of interlopers.

From the window of the ground-floor room he had chosen for a study, he could see his church, Gilead Chapel. It was clean enough now, within, but its outer look was repellent. Painters were unobtainable. Boys who might have done odd jobs on fence and lawn were away at a community camp. The cross, awry upon the steeple, could not be straightened until a pair of barn swallows nesting under its uptilted base had finished rearing their family.

He tried to focus his mind upon a vision of Gilead Chapel restored, receiving upon a sunlit Sunday morning a throng of people eager to worship, pray and serve the Lord. But the overflowing crates, stacks of books, his desk, with one leg broken in the moving so that its top sloped drunkenly, blocked the dream. Besides, he must watch the clock.

At eleven he was due at Willowmere for a conference with Mrs. Bradford Stiles. She had called on him at the Orion Arms and had explained herself very thoroughly.

"You know my house of course—Willowmere."

Parson Sand knew the house. It was large, well kept, one of the few sightly dwellings in the Gilead Chapel neighborhood. It was surrounded by a high iron fence. There were green lawns, masses of shrubbery, bright flower beds, a fountain tinkling and cool in the summer heat. There were also a number of signs: "No trespassing." "Keep out." "Private property."

"My grandfather built the house," Mrs. Stiles went on. "My father improved it. I have improved it. My dear husband and I agreed before his death that I should never abandon it. I have had to worship of late years in the new downtown church. But I love Gilead Chapel, and to have a man like yourself become its pastor gives me the deepest pleasure. I want to help; it is sacrifice enough that you must for the time being have as neighbors the type of people who have moved into our part of Orion since the war."

"They seem to be doing an excellent job in the near-by war plants," said Parson Sand.

"But the way they live!" Mrs. Stiles shut her eyes and lifted her hands, palms outward. "Whole families in one room. And that trailer camp! Have you seen that, Parson Sand?"

Parson Sand had seen it. It occupied what had once been a pleasant grassy common. Now trailers filled all but one bare space in its center. Children swarmed. Weary women hung daily washings in cramped spaces. Trash littered the borders.

"I have made every effort to keep the place from becoming a permanent eyesore," said Mrs. Stiles. "Before my husband died I once urged him to buy the property but he felt we had sufficient land. There are three acres around Willowmere, all landscaped. And I have an obligation to keep it beautiful. To keep Willowmere serene in these abnormal times is a duty, too, isn't it?"

"I am sure it seems so to you," said Parson Sand.

"Oh, it does! But we really should be talking about Gilead Chapel. What are your plans, Parson Sand?"

Parson Sand looked at her again. "They are rather indefinite," he said slowly. "Taking over an active parish after my fifteen years in the editorial office of Modern Faith requires new techniques. I served as a chaplain in 1917-18 and so have no experience of a parish in wartime to call upon."

"And with your wife dead and your son—your only child I am told—missing in action, you are really quite alone in your effort."

Parson Sand smiled. "No. Not alone."

Mrs. Stiles raised inquiring eyebrows.

"God gives faith and hope and love—good companions all—to those who wish to do His work," said Parson Sand gently, matter-of-factly. "So you see, I could not feel alone."

Mrs. Stiles flushed. To speak of God as one would speak of a personal friend, or . . . or, she thought a little wildly, as a celestial groceryman delivering faith instead of steaks, was bad taste. She said sharply, "God helps those who help themselves. I came here to offer you help of a very substantial nature, Parson Sand. And I have a number of plans I should like to submit to you."

Parson Sand felt exhausted. There was, he reflected, a Mrs. Stiles in every community—well-groomed, well-cushioned, positive, moneyed. She was nevertheless, he reminded himself, a child of God, and though it was said to be easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for the rich to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, he never forgot the corollary to that pronouncement: "With God all things are possible."

So he said, "Mrs. Stiles, I am truly grateful for your offer. At the moment I am not prepared to discuss details of the restoration of Gilead Chapel. Could we meet again a little later on?"

"Why, of course. This day week at Willowmere? And you will stay to lunch with me? On the terrace. There is a marvelous view of the hills from the terrace."

AND now the day was here. In half an hour Parson Sand was due at Willowmere for talk about restorations, and lunch on the terrace, where he could lift up his eyes from chicken mousse and avocado salad to the hills from which had come the psalmist's strength.

He set a book in place. He stopped very still. There was something he must say to Mrs. Stiles. He looked out of the window. A soldier, not more than twenty; a young woman wheeling a baby carriage; two adolescent boys; and a middle-young man carrying a dinner pail walked by.

They count, thought Parson Sand. They count most. They're the generation fighting on the home front and abroad. After the last war we, who were young then, could get no hearing from our elders. So we turned to folly and let those elders shape the world. I'm fifty-five; Mrs. Stiles is no younger. We want to run things because we hold the terrible power of authority, wealth, entrenched position. Some of us want to do things for youth, yes; but we cannot bring ourselves to let youth itself shape even this little community of Gilead Parish.

Suddenly he felt better. He knew what he would say to Mrs. Stiles: Let the elders give, of time, money, experience, but let them give these gifts into the hands of youth to administer. "God channel this truth through me," prayed Parson Sand, then went whistling up the stairs to freshen himself for the battle which seemed to him as good as won.

As he finished his tidying up, he heard a knock on the door. That would be the postman, Pop Bailey, who, because Parson Sand had not yet put up a mailbox, courteously waited to deliver letters into the parson's own hands. Parson Sand ran down the stairs. There was always the chance of a letter from Jesse, his son. He opened the door.

" 'Morning, Parson. Quite a stack for you today. Nothin' from your boy, though." Parson Sand took the letters and laid them on a chair. There wasn't time to read them now.

Pop leaned against the doorjamb, wanting, Parson Sand supposed, to chat. Parson Sand fidgeted. He was on fire with the message

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OLD CHARTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, distilled from fine grains by the old, time-proven method. This whiskey is seven years old.
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SEVEN YEARS OLD
OLD CHARTER KENTUCKY BOURBON

It's a high tribute to Old Charter that so many people put it on their preferred list. They'd rather wait for the best—when their favorite bar or package store is temporarily out of Old Charter. If you've ever enjoyed the smooth mellow goodness of Old Charter, you'll agree it's well worth waiting for.

THE CHIEF THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. There's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest whiskey ever distilled. Then, for long and quiet years Time does what Time alone can do for whiskey . . . ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body, enriches its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

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A SUPERB AMERICAN WHISKEY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND HOLD 'EM!

This Whiskey is 7 Years Old · Straight Bourbon Whiskey · 90 Proof · Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky for Mrs. Stiles. The precise words were ready.

"Look, Parson," said Pop, "I want to ask a favor of you. I told you about my daughter, Leith, that's married to Mac O'Donnell, and how we got word last week he was wounded out there in the Pacific."

Parson Sand made himself listen. "Yes. I hope there's no worse news now."

Pop sighed. "No. But here," he touched the mail pouch slung over his shoulder, "I got a letter for her. From Mac. Written of course before he was hurt. Now them two, Leith and Mac, they been sort of drifting apart. You know how it is, separated a year now. But they love each other. I'm purely certain of that. When she got word Mac was wounded, it just broke up all the bad feelings she'd been holding. But I get feelings about letters, and I'm right sure this one's bad medicine."

"Do you want me to keep the letter for a while?" Parson Sand asked. Time was flying. He was possibly late at Willowmere even now.

Pop looked shocked. "Oh my, no! I couldn't do that, Parson. No, what I wondered is this: I'm all through now. I come here last this morning. Now I got some nice zinnias in my garden and I thought maybe you'd step around with me to look at them while Leith reads her letter. Her mother's away. Then if it's bad news and Leith's upset, why you can sort of help me handle her."

"But I've never met Leith," said Parson Sand.

"Might be all the better, you being clear on the outside, and that collar you wear. I—I'm right fond of them two, Mac and Leith, Parson. I purely don't want to see them break up."

Parson Sand pulled the door to. "I'll be glad to go with you," he said.

THEY found Leith sitting in the swing on the porch of the neat bungalow Pop owned.

"This here's Parson Sand I been telling you about, Leith. Want to show him my zinnias. Got a letter for you. From Mac."

Leith looked from her father to Parson Sand. She had red hair, freckles, green eyes. She was slim, with narrow hands and feet. She was also, he noted, strung to some pitch of abnormal excitement.

She said, "No, you didn't bring Parson Sand here to see the zinnias. You brought him here because you're scared I'll go nuts when I read Mac's letter. Well, if that letter . . . give it to me, Pop." She turned it over. "If this letter is what I think it is . . ." she paused.

"Perhaps," said Parson Sand, "it is what you *hope* it is."

"And what would that be?" Leith asked.

"A bridge," said Parson Sand, "across a long separation from someone you love."

She opened the letter and presently lifted her head for a level stare at Parson Sand. Her hands shook but her voice was deadly quiet. "I'll read you the last paragraph, Parson. Mac says: 'So I guess you'd better go ahead and get that divorce. There are plenty of grounds. Take your choice. *I'll* keep up your allotment. But anything else is finished.'"

"Now, Leith," said Pop helplessly. "Now, Leith."

Parson Sand crossed the porch. He held out his hand. "May I have the letter?"

"Why?"

"To keep till you have strength to destroy it. It is not a letter from the man you married. It is a letter from a man broken by war strain. It's an honest letter. It opens the way to you for forgiveness."

"I'll never forgive him." She stood up. Blindly she made for the house door, clutching the letter in one hand. Parson Sand followed.

She paused in the living room, turned, caught the letter to her breast. "Couldn't he see . . . couldn't he know he might be killed? . . . He's wounded now . . . this might be the last letter I'd have from him. Couldn't he see that? Couldn't he?"

"No," said Parson Sand; "he didn't think of that. He may have been drinking when he wrote it. He may have been fatigued to the breaking point. He couldn't be fair then."

"And you'd have me be fair now? Is that what you're asking me?"

"I'm asking you," said Parson Sand, "to keep a promise."

"What promise?"

"'For better . . . for worse.'"

She stared at him. Her knees buckled. Parson Sand guided her into a chair and waited while a storm of weeping shook her. Pop looked in the door and obeyed when Parson Sand motioned him away. The letter slipped to the floor. Parson Sand picked it up. Leith saw him. She flung her head back.

"Take the damned letter! Tear it up. Burn it up. I know every word of it by heart. When my hands stop shaking, I'll write Mac a letter back that will . . ."

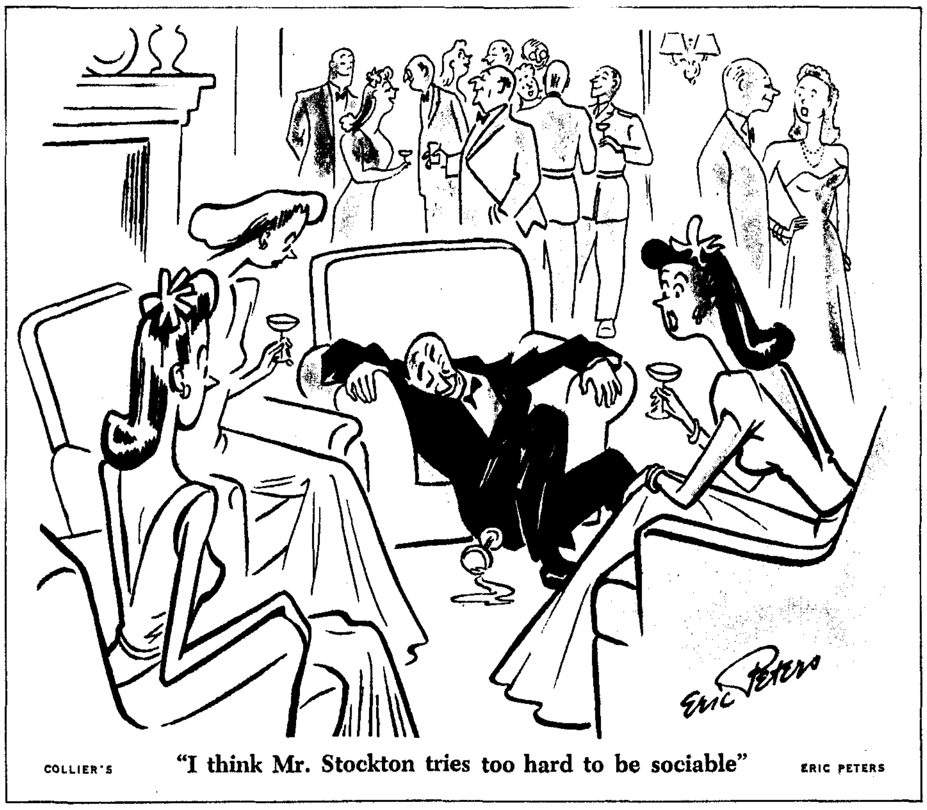
"Give him a chance," said Parson Sand. "Give yourself a chance. Your marriage is worth fighting for. Mac can't fight for anything now. At the very least, until you can write humanely, write nothing."

"Just pretend I never got the letter, I suppose."

"No. Accept it as the wound war has dealt you. . . . Leith, in the west room of the rectory, downstairs where my study is to be, there's a fireplace, with a mantel. If you will let me I shall stand Mac's letter there. The house is never locked. You can get the letter night or day. When your hurt has healed a little, you may come and destroy the letter."

"Why not? It's a silly idea. Everything's silly now, isn't it?"

"No," said Parson Sand; "there are many things that are never silly."


COLLIER'S "I think Mr. Stockton tries too hard to be sociable" ERIC PETERS

"Such as what?"

"Courage, compassion, love, useful work."

She made no answer.

"What do you do, Leith? Do you have a job?"

"I did have. I was personnel worker in the welding plant till I talked too much. To Mrs. Stiles. She's a big stockholder. I threw that rotten trailer camp in her face, and she had me fired. I had Mac's allotment, and Pop felt bad about the stink I made, he's old-fashioned, so I just stay home now."

PARSON SAND stood up. "I wish," he said, "that when you are more quiet, you would come to talk to me. If there is anything—anything at all I can do . . ."

There was a glint in the green eyes. "Why don't you just get down on your knees, and ask Jesus to take my troubles away . . . make Mac well and in love with me again . . . end the war, just button everything up nice for everybody? And while you're at it, ask Him to get some running water into that trailer camp so the girls that live there won't have to lug buckets of water from the nearest house to do their washing. One of 'em's going to miscarry if she has to do that much longer."

"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

Parson Sand went to her and took her hands. "Leith, our Lord gave an answer once to such bitterness as you express. He said, 'Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.' He does not take our burdens from us. But He does so refresh us that we can bear them bravely."

She bent her head against her hands. Parson Sand released them and went away, his own heart heavy laden, his spirit in travail.

THE clock in his study said 1:30 when he remembered to look at it. He called to a small boy who was snapping a stick along the picket fence and gave him a quarter to carry a message to Mrs. Stiles.

"I regret my inability to keep our appointment," he wrote. "If you still feel an interest in Gilead Chapel I suggest a meeting here in my study at your convenience."

Mrs. Stiles' reply came back by the same messenger: "I too am sorry, dear Parson Sand, and shall give myself the pleasure of calling on you Friday afternoon at three. I shall bring my checkbook, prepared to underwrite such necessary repairs to rectory and church as I feel sure you will have listed by that date."

The message was written on heavy cream-colored paper with an embossed monogram beneath the engraved word "Willowmere." Knowing it to be childish, Parson Sand stood the note alongside the air-mail envelope which held Mac's letter to Leith. Then, with unaccustomed anger, he seized the missive, crumpled it, tossed it into the wastebasket.

He went from the house into the church. For a long time he knelt in that rear pew where, after an interval of sterile despair concerning his missing son, the gift of prayer had been restored. But this afternoon, doubts assailed him. How could the gap between Mrs. Stiles with money for good works and Leith with her knowledge of the community be closed? The devil—Parson Sand supposed it was the devil, for that personage so often made sense—suggested that the sisterhood of women was less possible to achieve than the brotherhood of men.

He rose without that refreshment he had so boldly told Leith came to those who sought it. Nor could he shake off, in the forty-eight hours which followed, a sense of futility. . . .

Friday morning found him finishing the arrangement of his study. There had taken shape in his mind an appeal to Mrs. Stiles when she came that afternoon. He would ask her to let him use whatever money she wished to give, at his own discretion. Then he would ask Leith to use the gift for some project—a playground in the lot between his house and the chapel, a clubroom, a dormitory in the chapel basement for unmarried war workers . . . anything she wished.

The more he dwelt upon this plan, the sounder it seemed. His spirits lightened. After Mrs. Stiles left, he would go to see Leith. He knew from Pop that she had rallied from the blow of Mac's letter.

"She ain't written him yet," said Pop. "She told me that when I asked her, and Leith wouldn't lie to me. She's been spending a lot of time with a girl friend who lives in that trailer camp—some girl's going to have a baby. We got word from the War Department Mac's better, and Leith, she managed to say she was glad, pretty much like she meant it."

Parson Sand thought of her so strongly all that day that the sight of her coming up his walk at a little past two failed to surprise him. Leith might, he thought hopefully, want to burn Mac's letter then and there.

But when he threw open the door to ask her in, she shook her head. "No. Not now. Kathy Lemon's baby was born prematurely a little while ago, and it's so weak it may not live. She wants it baptized. So I came for you."

IN THE split second before he said, "Of course. I'll come at once," he had a vision of Mrs. Stiles arriving to find his study vacant. He saw his dream of Leith constructively at work with funds of Mrs. Stiles' providing, a wisp of smoke in the air.

"I'll wait for you here," said Leith, stepping away from the door. "You'll have to get some things I suppose."

"Yes. But I shall be only a moment. Shouldn't we have a cab to take us to the hospital?"

Leith cried, "Hospital! She isn't in the hospital. She's in that damn' stuffy trailer, with kids raising hell all around outside, and a midwife trying to keep the baby alive until you get there. Hurry! It's only three blocks away!"

Parson Sand hurried. Leith spoke once during the walk. "I think Kathy's crazy to want this baby baptized now, but she asked me to stand sponsor or whatever you call it, and I said I would."

"Private baptism *in extremis* does not require a sponsor," said Parson Sand; "only someone to name the child."

A hush fell on the trailer lot as they made their way to the far end and went up the steps into the body of the vehicle. The midwife, a strong country woman with a compassionate face, had cleaned the place up as well as she could. The mother lay pale and drawn on the trailer bunk, a blanket-wrapped infant clasped in one arm.

"Glad . . ." she said, smiling at Parson Sand.

"Don't try to talk," said the midwife. "Just let the parson go ahead. The baby's still alive, and I think a wee mite stronger. You'll want some water, I reckon."

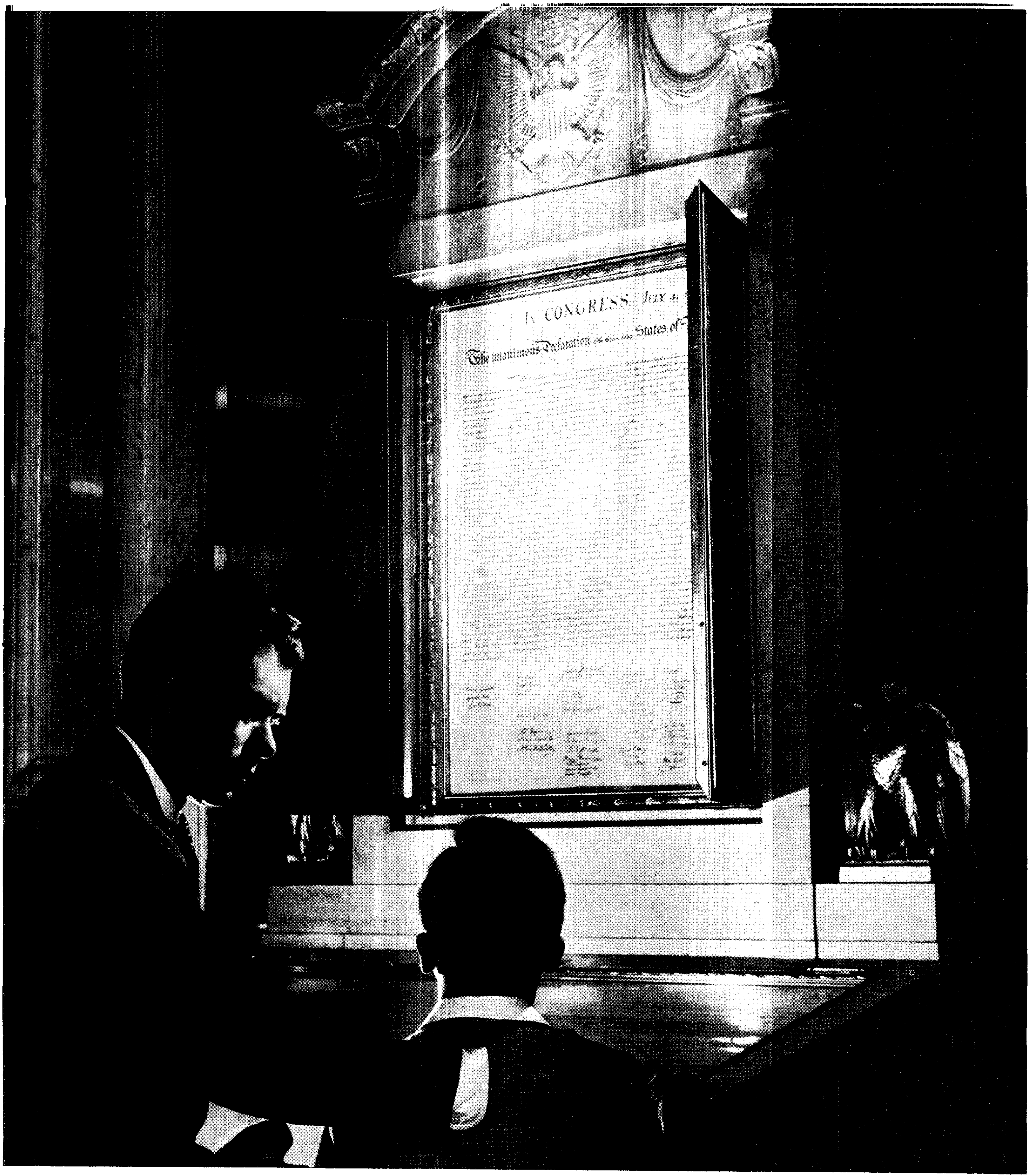
"Yes. Do you know what she wishes the baby called, Leith?"

"After his father," Leith answered, and a smile touched the mother's face.

Parson Sand lifted the bundle, so light, the face he glimpsed, so tiny, and said to Leith, "Name this child."

"Charles Jackson Lemon," said Leith in a steady voice.

Parson Sand looked down, shifted himself in the narrow space to dip his fingers into the cup held by the midwife. He touched the baby's forehead with water and said, "Charles Jackson Lemon, I baptize thee in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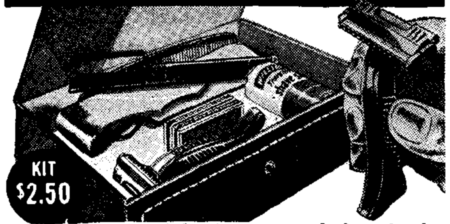

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the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The mother's eyes were bright upon them as he continued. But as he made the final sign of the cross, her smile grew brilliant, faded. With a little moan her head dropped sidewise. The midwife caught her hands, and as Parson Sand said "Amen," she thrust a towel against a widening red stain that spread down the side of the bunk.

"She'll go happy now, anyways," said the midwife. "She wanted him baptized that bad."

"She isn't going to die!" cried Parson Sand. He put the baby in Leith's arms. "Take charge. Keep her alive. Where's the nearest phone?"

"If you want an ambulance," said Leith, "the undertaker 'round the corner has one. But you won't get her into the hospital."

AT FIVE that afternoon she came down the steps of the Orion Hospital with Parson Sand. They were both exhausted. She made no protest when he hailed a cab and gave the parsonage address.

Leith smiled. "You're a funny parson. If I hadn't been so worried about Kathy and the baby—and somehow I'm sure they'll be all right now—I'd have laughed when you came tearing out of that ambulance scattering everybody right and left. You didn't do so badly at the hospital either when they hesitated about letting Kathy in."

Parson Sand was thinking of something else. "Are there other pregnant women in the trailer camp?" he asked.

"Plenty."

"And Mrs. Lemon's condition was partially caused by the necessity of carrying buckets of water from the tap at the nearest house?"

"That's right. Someday some mother and baby who don't have you around to commandeer ambulances and intimidate authority generally will die. Then maybe the city will do something."

"Isn't there a laundry in Orion?"

"One. Can't even keep up with its old customers. Won't take any new ones."

Parson Sand said, "Leith, there's a good basement in the rectory. There's a wood stove and a hot-water tank. The lot between the church and the house could be used as a drying yard. If we installed washing machines and stationary tubs, would the neighborhood women use them as a community laundry?"

"It would depend on how it was put to them. They're proud. Kathy's husband will pay you back for everything—ambulance, blood transfusion, hospital."

"Would you organize it—a community laundry, Leith?"

"Washing machines, if you can find them, plumbing repair—all that costs money."

"I'll find the money," said Parson Sand.

They had reached his house. Leith followed him into the study, waited while he took a squat square bottle from the deep drawer in his desk. The bottle had a gold seal and cabalistic lettering. "My oldest friend, Tilch Adams, brought me this from his last trip abroad before the war," said Parson Sand. "It's a liqueur brandy and I believe we are rather supposed to inhale it than drink it."

They sat in two shabby leather chairs. They sipped the heavy old brandy. They smiled at each other. Leith looked toward the mantel. "I see you keep two letters there now."

Parson Sand stared. Standing beside Mac's letter was an envelope like the one he had destroyed a few days ago. He got up, lifted the flap of Mrs. Stiles' second letter and took out the contents, a note, a check, a bill.

The note said: "I am told you have gone to baptize Gilead Chapel's first infant since you took the parish. Please give baby this little bill for me." The bill was for ten dollars. "I have taken the liberty while I waited of going over the house and enclose a check that will at least start repairs." The check was for five hundred dollars and was inscribed, "For use at your discretion."

Parson Sand held note and enclosures toward Leith. She examined them, then looked up at him, her face closed.

"That check will finance the laundry," said Parson Sand.

"Will it? And I suppose this ten bucks for baby will pay Kathy back for all she's gone through. I hope Kathy sees your friend in hell before she takes it."

"Leith . . ." Parson Sand stopped. His face worked. This might be the daughter he and his wife had longed for, his heart yearned toward her with such intensity. This was the new generation to which the elder generation should pass the torch. And I can't talk to her as a person, he thought; I can't even reach through her to those others. He sank into his chair and covered his face.

She came to kneel beside him. She touched his clasped hands. "It's been a hard afternoon," she said.

"My dear," said Parson Sand, and his voice was very gentle, "I have been sent here to minister to everyone in the parish. I want desperately to draw us all together. You can help, Leith, if you will. You are young . . ."

She sat with her chin in her hands studying the toe of her shoe. Presently she got up, went to the mantel, took Mac's letter, lighted a match, touched it to the paper and watched the fragments curl to ashes on the hearth.

"I couldn't really help anyone until I was over that, could I? It wasn't all of it Mac's fault. I wasn't patient with slow mails, the skimpy letters he wrote. And he got an idea I was interested in a boy I used to go with. I wasn't, but I sort of let Mac think I was. I don't say everything's okay with us now, but he'll be shipped back soon, and I want him to come to me, if he will. I'm going to ask him."

She stopped. Parson Sand held his breath. "Now about this laundry," she went on. "It's a good idea, and so are some other things that could be done with this property. We need a community center out here."

"Do you mean in the church itself?" Parson Sand asked.

Leith shrugged. "Oh, for the time being, we'd just leave that alone. We can use the basement and part of the rectory until we raise money to tear out those old pews and so on."

"Is it your belief," getting the words out cost Parson Sand heavily, "that church services are not necessary?"

"They're downright undesirable," said Leith. "They'd just keep people away."

Parson Sand swallowed. "How would you go about this community project, Leith? The whole property's in bad repair."

"We could manage that. Some of the men around here would do a paint job in their off hours if it was for a club. I can get the women to make curtains. And there's an odd-job plumber who could be talked into working here."

"And money?" Parson Sand asked.

"We can raise that in time, charge a fee for use of the laundry. This check," she picked up Mrs. Stiles' offering, "it's marked for your discretion. If you'll let me use part of it to get started I can promise you we'll pay every cent back to Mrs. Stiles. People will feel they're doing something for themselves, not for a church they most of them couldn't even be dragged into."

"And you would want me to leave?" asked Parson Sand.

Leith flushed. "Well, you could stay while we're fixing things up. Nobody'd mind that. You can go back to your old job, can't you? Or go somewhere to a church people want."

"Yes. Leith, all the things you plan are fine. But without the element of worship to consecrate them, they are sterile. Can't we go ahead with the community project and still use the church itself for worship?"

"It wouldn't work," said Leith. "It's got to be one thing or the other."

THE next three weeks could have been the happiest of Parson Sand's life. Leith whirled into the job like a small devoted wind. She found two prehistoric washing machines and bullied the odd-job plumber into installing them. Groups of giggling young married women came to use the laundry and stayed to make curtains. War workers came after hours to build seesaws, swings, and to fix a slide Leith had coaxed from the Orion Recreation Department.

Once, watching from his study window, Parson Sand saw a limousine slow to a stop. Mrs. Stiles was in it. The expression on her

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face at sight of lines full of drying sheets was unreadable. She did not come in.

And once, late in the afternoon, Leith came to the study. She carried a telegram. She said, "I didn't write Mac that afternoon you got Kathy into the hospital. I cabled him. This is his answer."

Parson Sand took the message. "Terribly sorry last letter. Home soon. I love you. Mac."

"Now God be praised!" said Parson Sand.

"That's one way to put it," said Leith.

"You're a very pretty woman this afternoon," said Parson Sand.

"Because I'm happy." Leith came to him and kissed his cheek. "You're quite a good egg," she said.

Toward the end of the third week, when Gilead Chapel, brave in new paint, looking alive in all its parts save the deserted nave of the church, was nearly ready for its role of community center, placards blossomed all over the neighborhood:

BOX SUPPER. SATURDAY NITE. BOXES WILL BE AUCTIONED FOR BENEFIT OF COMMUNITY CENTER. GRAND OPENING NITE. COME ONE, COME ALL. SUPPER 6:30. ORGANIZATION MEETING AT 8

In the afternoon of that day, Parson Sand went into the church. It wore a dreary look in contrast to the newness outside. He knelt in the familiar pew and prayed for the power to be generous in the speech he was to make that night. He'd asked for a chance for youth to take over. He'd wanted a community center. Well, it was here, but at the cost of a renunciation which staggered his courage.

He kept smilingly on the outskirts of the crowd which began to gather at six. He was numb now, and glad of it. But he was shocked out of his numbness by the arrival of Mrs. Stiles. She carried a box lunch. She said "Hello" to one person, and "How are you?" to another. She bid five dollars for a box containing bologna sandwiches and ate them with relish. She called to the auctioneer, "There's fried chicken, beaten biscuit and chocolate cake in that," when he put her box up for sale, and she laughed with the others when it went for the bargain price of sixty cents. But she did not come near Parson Sand.

At eight o'clock Leith herded them into the basement room where rows of chairs received them, and those who had not yet seen the decorating job exclaimed, "Ain't it pretty?" and, "Joe, I declare that's just the color we ought to paint our kitchen."

Leith stood by a small table at the head of the room. She banged for order, and the crowd grew quiet.

"You all know why we're here," she said, "and there are a couple of things to settle before we elect officers and all that. The first is this."

She picked up an envelope. "Mrs. Stiles gave Parson Sand a check for five hundred dollars to use at his discretion. That's how we got started, and we thank her very much. We've used about three hundred dollars of that money and since then we've got about seventy-five dollars back from fees and the auction and so on. So in this envelope there's two hundred and seventy-five dollars of Mrs. Stiles' money, and I want her to know that every week we'll pay her some more till the whole thing's paid off. Rusty," to a boy sitting well down front, "will you give this to Mrs. Stiles, please?"

Heads craned as Rusty went down the aisle to deliver the envelope. Mrs. Stiles laid it in her lap without a word. There was a curious mottling on her face. Parson Sand thought: She is hurt to her soul.

Leith spoke again. "Now next we have a speaker—Parson Sand. Come on down front, Parson Sand, where we can all hear you and see you."

From his position near the rear door, Parson Sand ran the gantlet of curious eyes.

Arriving at the table, he smiled at Leith, made her a courtly little bow, said, "Madam Chairman, and," turning to the audience, "friends of Gilead Chapel. As I think you all know, I came here originally to rebuild this church. But I was persuaded that you wanted a community center most. In a few days I shall leave Orion. I extend to you my sincere good wishes for every phase of this undertaking."

He paused. From long habit and from some inner compulsion, he raised his hand in a gesture of blessing. Like ripe wheat before the wind, they bowed their heads.

Very clearly he spoke his benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all, evermore. Amen."

In dead silence he went back down the aisle and out of the door. He passed along the side of the chapel and into the nave of the church.

This time he did not pause at the rear pew. Dusk had filled the church. The cross toward which he moved was in shadow. He lighted the candles on either side. He knelt, fixing his eyes upon the symbol of sacrifice. He prayed in agony for forgiveness, for it came to him with terrible clarity that he, too, had betrayed his Master.

BELOW, hastening over the uneasy silence his departure left, Leith went on with the meeting. "Now," she said, "we'd better elect officers and discuss plans. I'm only temporary chairman, but I'll start things by calling for discussion from the floor. Who has something to say?"

"I have."

Mrs. Stiles was on her feet. Heads turned toward her.

Leith said stiffly, "The chair recognizes Mrs. Bradford Stiles."

"First," said Mrs. Stiles, "about this money. It's a good thing you're going to pay back what you've spent; I have another use for it. I'm older than that saint whom you've just thrown to the dogs; I was brought up to believe individuals had a right to use their money as they pleased. I'll believe that and act upon it till I die, and I didn't give this money to Parson Sand to use for washing machines and seesaws and gingham curtains.

"I gave it to him to use for a bell to call you to church, for an organ to accompany your singing, for repairs to the rectory. There are a lot of you here who think of me as a bossy, rich old woman. And so I am. You'd like to come into Willowmere and tramp up my grass. Well, you'll have your chance. When I die, Willowmere goes to Orion as a public park.

"About the time you're as old as I am, you'll dodder over there to sit on benches and talk about how your children have forsaken the good old ways and turned your community center into a dance hall or whatever the next generation wants to do with it.

"But that's beside the point. I want to ask you some questions. You're letting Parson Sand go away. Who's going to baptize your babies? Katherine Lemon, you were mighty glad to have Parson Sand around a few weeks ago, weren't you?"

She looked across the room to Kathy Lemon sitting beside her husband, her baby in her arms.

Kathy's cheeks grew red. "Y-yes. I guess

ANSWERS TO WHATITIS?
(Page 32)

1.	**Otitis**	**Ear**
2.	**Neuritis**	**Nerves**
3.	**Carditis**	**Heart**
4.	**Dermatitis**	**Skin**
5.	**Arthritis**	**Joints**
6.	**Conjunctivitis**	**Eye**
7.	**Bronchitis**	**Lungs**
8.	**Nephritis**	**Kidneys**
9.	**Colitis**	**Intestines**
10.	**Glossitis**	**Tongue**
11.	**Rhinitis**	**Nose**
12.	**Gastritis**	**Stomach**
13.	**Hepatitis**	**Liver**
14.	**Peritonitis**	**Abdomen**
15.	**Cystitis**	**Bladder**
16.	**Tonsillitis**	**Throat**
17.	**Meningitis**	**Brain**
18.	**Osteomyelitis**	**Bones**
19.	**Thrombophlebitis**	**Blood vessels**
20.	**Myositis**	**Muscles**

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I was. I guess I sort of kept myself alive waiting for him to come baptize Charles Jackson . . . and afterward—" Her voice broke.

Mrs. Stiles took over again. "Who's going to marry you? The clerk at City Hall? Who's going to bury you? Some strange preacher you've never seen before, called in by the undertaker? Who's going to comfort you when those War Department telegrams start coming, not in dribbles, but in floods? Who's going to tell you then—and believe it, and make you believe it—that not one of your sons or husbands has really died? That he lives to glory, and you'll see him again someday?"

THE crowd was utterly quiet. For the first time, Mrs. Stiles' voice faltered. "What you've done here is all right so far as it goes. But you're fools if you think that's far enough. You're fools if you don't ask your chairman the first thing to appoint a committee to go after Parson Sand and beg him to stay with you. You need him . . . you need him as much as you need washing machines and seesaws. Send for him . . . send for him before it's too late."

She sat down. A man's voice from the rear of the hall cried, "She's right. Without him we'll be fighting with each other before the month's out. The best damn' machine in the world has to have a man to run it."

Leith, her cheeks white, looked over her audience. They needed no further talk. Every face showed agreement with the words just spoken. Oddly, unwillingly she knew that they were true.

She said, "Very well. I shall appoint a committee to go at once to ask Parson Sand to stay." She paused. There was a gift she could make him. And suddenly it was a gift freely given. "Mrs. Stiles, will you act as chairman? And I'd . . . I'd like to be on the committee myself, and . . ." she named a dozen names, unable to stop, for hands were rising, lips were forming the words, "Me, too. Me, too."

Mrs. Stiles stood up. "We'll get him at once," she said and made for the door.

The committee members followed her. Their families followed them. A procession made up of everyone in the room formed itself, passed through the door, hesitated in the yard.

"His house is dark," said Mrs. Stiles, and her voice was bleak.

From the edge of the crowd, Rusty Blair said, "Look. There's a light in the church. I bet he's in there prayin' like h— . . . like all git out."

A hush fell on the crowd. Silently they passed around the church, following in Parson Sand's steps, went up across the porch, saw the lonely figure kneeling at the altar, made their way into the empty pews.

Parson Sand was aware of movement behind him. He did not turn. Weeks before, he had knelt in this church and heard the ghostly whispering of long-dead worshipers, had listened with a sixth sense to the cry of the abandoned walls, "Take me! Give me life again!"

Hearing the rustle now, he thought: They've come again. To reproach me.

He felt sweat upon his brow and in his armpits. This was a terrible thing. But he must suffer it. The fear, the trembling, the retribution were just.

Far back in the church an old man raised his voice. Off-key and quavering he began to sing: "Onward, Christian Soldiers . . ."

Voices joined in. They were unsure of the words, but they knew the tune. Gathering strength, they made a joyful noise that pierced Parson Sand's remoteness.

He turned. He rose from his knees. He looked down the church. There was enough light left to show him row upon row of heads. He needed no words to tell him they had come to hear the gospel, that, hearing it, they would come again and again to listen.

He moved slowly forward to the *prie-dieu*. The song died away. He said, his voice hardly a whisper, "Our Father . . ."

He stopped. Glory and wonder filled him. He said again, with love, making the words real, "Our Father . . ." They followed him then, a voice here, a voice there, gaining volume until the whole nave was filled with sound, and the final words rang like a trumpet, Parson Sand and his people together saying:

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

got the tail down low enough for the hook to grab the wires.

And you, with relatives and friends serving on flat-tops, should be everlastingly thankful for the barrier on the carrier. It has saved hundreds of lives. It is such a simple thing, this barrier. Just a cable fence across the deck. Some carriers have two, others four, as ours did. They are spaced a few feet apart and can be lowered flush with the flight deck when the plane, disengaged from the arresting gear, taxies up the deck to its parking place.

The moment the plane is out of the arresting-gear zone the fences rise up again to protect the parked planes forward and to spare injury to the pilot and crew of the incoming plane, should it fail to engage the hook or break a cable after it has grabbed it. This night crash into the barrier emphasized the terrific strength of the Hellcat, which was flying the next day.

What would happen if one of the bigger planes on board hit the barrier—one of the Curtiss Helldiver dive bombers or the even bigger and heavier Grumman Avenger torpedo plane with its crew of three?

That was answered on the following day when one of the Avengers returning from antisubmarine patrol radioed that he couldn't lower his hook. Two thirds of the flight deck was parked solid with aircraft, leaving only that small area to the rear of the island on which to get down without a hook.

The captain heeled over in a 180-degree turn, pouring on the oil, and headed into the wind. He wanted to give the kid a 40-knot breeze across the deck. That would help some in reducing the speed of the landing run before he hit the barrier. The crash crew took station. The landing signal officer this time was a psychologist as well as a good technician. He told me afterward that he knew the youngster pretty well and he made up his mind to stretch every point against giving him a wave-off, feeling that on his second time around he might not do as well as on the first.

Now the Avenger was in the groove. He was a little high and a little fast, so the flags signaled to reduce both. The pilot was flying entirely by the seat of his pants, with no time to look at his instruments. He was still a little higher than the other Avengers had approached, but the psychologist in the signal officer won and he gave the boys the cut.

These next seconds were tense. The Avenger could blow a tire, lock a brake, ground-loop and skid over the side. That could be fatal. But he kept coming straight, hit the deck, bounced, then on the rebound, teetered first on one wheel and then the other, but he was still straight, straight on course—right into the barrier. Down went the nose, the prop dug into the deck, but in another second the tail had dropped back to normal.

The pent-up tension from officers and men let loose in a mighty cheer, and the plane handlers rushed to the side of the pilot and crew to pound them on the back for a job well done.

The Air Officer at the bull horn permitted this levity for only a few moments. Then he roared: "Hurry up, down there. Get that ship below and replace the prop. We've gotta use it tomorrow!"

The landing signal officer folded his flags and went below for a cup of coffee.

THE END

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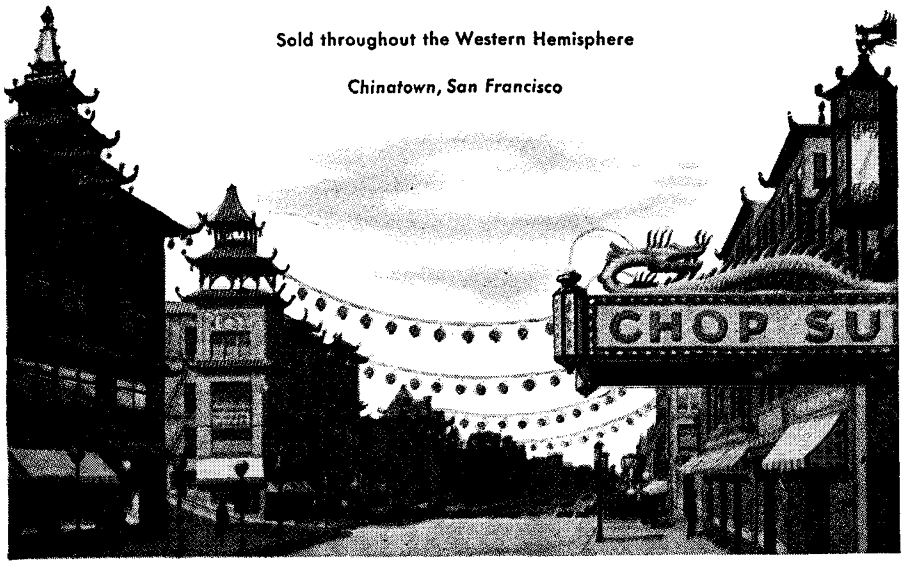

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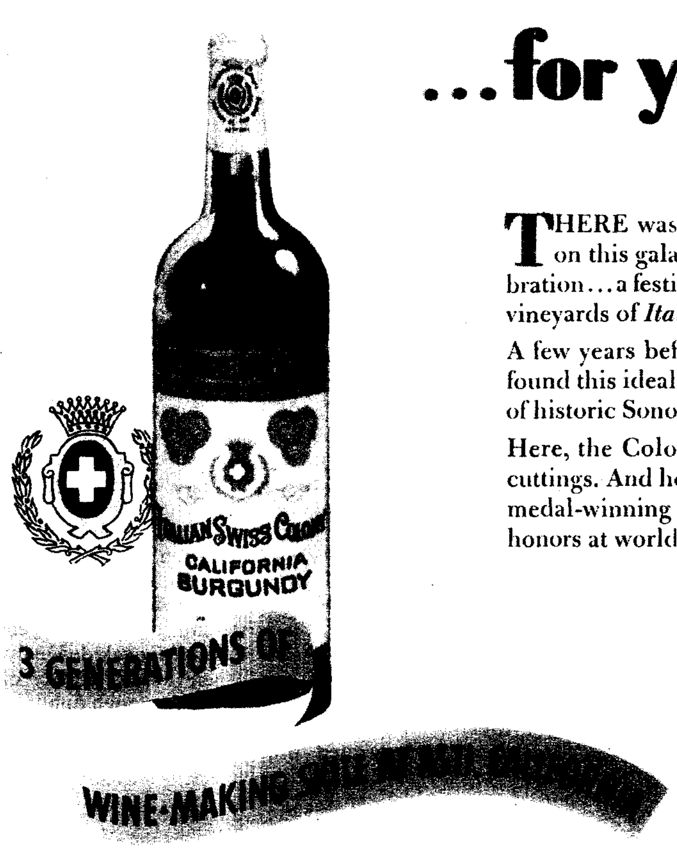
Wines with a past



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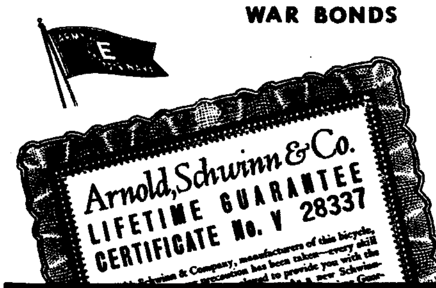

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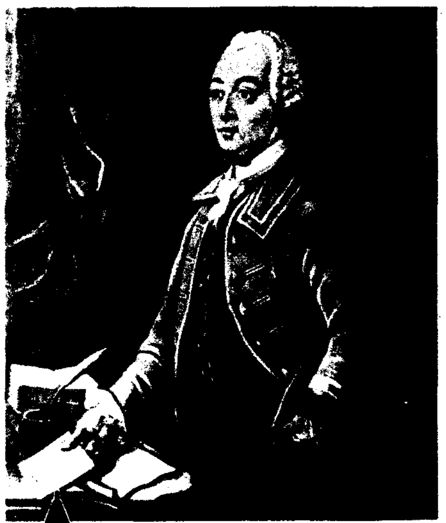

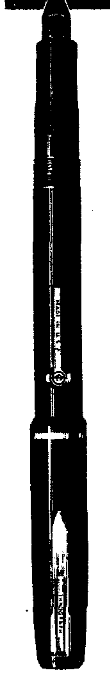

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With flourish of bold quill, John Hancock . . . patriot with a price on his head . . . was first to sign the Declaration of Independence. Surveying his large signature, he said, "I guess King George can read that without spectacles."

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I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Blame It on Love

Continued from page 66

"My father said I could take Beauregard down to the corner and then come in to bed. He makes a fuss about things like that, since the war. I think it's from bossin' you-all in the Army. But, of course, it's right. I have to get up very early in the mornin'." They walked, three abreast, back down the street. Lissy Lee turned to Patrick. "I reckon you-all have been goin' to the movies," she said.

"Gary Cooper," said Billy. "Pretty good, too."

She nodded, her face still turned toward Patrick. "I know," she said. "I saw it. I always think Lieutenant Connolly looks like Gary Cooper. Tall, like that, and the same kind of face, and the same kind of a—way."

Patrick walked stonily ahead, and Billy whooped with laughter. "Hey, Lissy Lee, that's a dandy place for Pat—the movies!"

THEY were back at the garden gate, and Lissy Lee was smiling. Laughing at him, Patrick thought. Who could help laughing? He hadn't been able to say one single word during the little walk. Beauregard, however, said good night with a vigorous and wholehearted licking of his hands.

Billy said, "See you tomorrow night, Lissy Lee. Saturday night comes once a week, but it comes, anyway."

Beauregard barked loudly and plunged into a clump of shrubbery. "He's pretending it's a fox," said Lissy Lee. "Good night, Billy. Good night, Lieutenant Connolly." She drifted back into the shadows.

"Hey—" Billy followed her purposefully. "Wait a minute, Lissy Lee."

Patrick walked on, stiffly, and presently Billy joined him.

Billy kicked a small stone into the gutter and swaggered slightly. "I tell you what I'm going to do, Pat," he said. "I'm going to get me a date with another babe tomorrow night. It's the only thing to do when a girl plays hard-to-get."

"Yeah," said Patrick hoarsely.

Billy glared at him. He said, "I never saw such a sourpuss as you, Pat, about babes. You're a regular monk. Nothing but work, work, manuals, manuals—no women, no fun, no nothing."

"Never had time for 'em." Patrick bit the words off. It did not occur to him to explain this lack of time, because he had never, in all the twenty-three years of his life, felt sorry for himself. That again was a thing he hadn't had time for. At fifteen, faced with the support of his mother, he had known that if he spent his evenings trying to get something of the technical education he wanted, he would have no share in the brightly colored 'teen-age years. But he never felt grim about it—only serious and realistic.

"It'd be different," complained Billy, "if you were homely." He grinned. "You heard what she said about Gary Cooper." He glanced back for a last look at Lissy Lee's house and added smugly, "She thinks I look like Jimmy Cagney."

"Who wants to look like a movie actor?"

"Any guy," said Billy testily, "who doesn't want to look like a movie actor to a woman is crazy in the head. Unless it's Boris Karloff, maybe. If you look like Gary Cooper to Lissy Lee, it's the best kind of a start a man can have. What you ought to do is begin at the bottom with a nice smart cutie and work up some technique. I know a little blonde, hashes down at Joe's place. You could get all kinds of practice—"

Patrick failed to notice the curb, walked off into space and came down hard, painfully twisting his ankle. He cursed sulphurously and shook Billy's steadying hand off his arm. Words poured savagely out of him: "Ever hear about the war, friend? Ever hear about guys like you and me getting mowed down here and there? Ever hear about widows and orphans?" He stopped suddenly, aware that he had been talking very loud and too fast, without thinking of what he was saying.

Billy was peering at him curiously. "Well, who turned the spigot? First time I ever heard you say more than ten words at a time. But keep it cool, Pat. Who's talking about matrimony?"

"Well—you're bound to."

"Ah, no, you're not! I admit I mean to hand my tag to Lissy Lee—she's the girl I'm coming home to, I think. But in the meantime—"

"All right," said Patrick, wanting the talk to end. "All right. But not for Connolly. I do things one at a time and I can't do them any other way. I get the war done; then maybe I'll get around to a girl."

Again that night he slept badly. Again he lay with his eyes aching and open, staring through the dark at the wall above Billy's cot, where the moonlight crept in and picked out whitish blurs which were Billy's pin-ups.

In the middle, prominently isolated and taking precedence over even Lana Turner, was an enlarged snapshot of Lissy Lee in her Nurse's Aide uniform, and in the dark, Patrick saw its every detail with painful, crystal clarity.

He jerked mightily at his blanket, turned to face the wall, lay tensely for a moment and turned back, pulling the sheet out at the bottom. He muttered, "Damn!"

Across the room Billy sighed, made assorted floundering noises and said clearly, "Dance this one, Babe?" . . .

Again, in the morning Patrick was tired, but it was good to get to work. It was good to tackle a platoon of raw recruits, eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds. He had been working on them for a week now, in close-order drill, and already the mercurial Private Pettigrew troubled him. Patrick never paused to wonder why, of late, during the ten-minute breaks, when Private Pettigrew started a sudden game of leapfrog or broke into a demented little song named Mairzy Doats, he felt disturbingly lonely and suddenly jumped the gun, cutting the ten-minute rest period down by a quarter second.

He would snatch at the whistle around his neck and blow a blast. "All right, men—fall in!" There would be that in his voice which stiffened backs and snapped up heads and straightened the wavering rifle of Private Pettigrew. But Lieutenant Patrick Connolly knew a guilty unease, which had to do with the fact that every trainee was entitled to every quarter second of every ten-minute break.

But there was always Sergeant Kovak to salve his conscience, to serve as a pillar of strength. Sergeant Kovak approved of him with hard-eyed, grim sincerity. He was a veteran of the early, dirty days on Guadalcanal; he had survived the bloody beaches and the steamy jungles of that time and had come home with ribbons on his chest to help train boys, and his approval of a green second lieutenant, not long out of OCS, was no mean thing to cast aside.

IT WAS midafternoon, and another ten-minute break. Sergeant Kovak glared at the resting men, spat into the reddish dust and said, "Look—at—that!"

All day, Private Pettigrew had shown remarkable restraint. So had the entire platoon, in possible respect for the set of Lieutenant Connolly's jaw; they had done their work like soldiers and taken their rests like soldiers, quietly, as men rest. At the moment, however, Private Pettigrew, after a sudden somersault, was standing on his head. Private Burridge, with a whoop, kicked him delicately in the small of the back and he went down, rolling and squirming like a puppy.

Patrick sighed. "They've got another minute, though." He waited to blow the whistle until it was ten minutes, even up.

That afternoon the platoon marched till the red dust rose and fogged the sun and settled on the glistening green of trees along the road. Lieutenant Connolly found that he was watching this dust, thinking that underneath it was the glistening green. "Get 'em tired enough," said Sergeant Kovak doggedly, "they'll get girls off their minds. Plenty of time for girls when they get through fightin'."

"Yeah," said Patrick.

He wanted to ask the sergeant something, and he couldn't quite get it out. It was a personal question. Also, at the moment it wasn't possible to ask Sergeant Kovak anything, because he was ranging down the line, counting cadence, his hard blue eye missing never a beat of dusty G.I. shoes and canvas leggings. "Hup, hup, hup-two-three-four; hup, hup, hup-two-three-hey—Pettigrew, dammit!" The sergeant was unaware of reddish dust settling thickly on the bright new growth of sycamore and honey locust. He was a soldier doing a job, and nothing la-de-da about him. He was the kind of soldier that Patrick Connolly had started out to be, until something, somewhere had gone wrong.

It was time for another break, and it seemed at last as if the men were tired. Private Pettigrew sat down by the roadside and looked at his feet. The rest dropped, lounging; cigarettes appeared, matches flared, and Sergeant Kovak joined Lieutenant Connolly.

"That Pettigrew," he muttered.

"Yeah." And suddenly Patrick asked the question, without really meaning to: "Look, Sergeant—are you married?"

The sergeant stared at him. "Me?"

"Well, I just—uh—wondered."

"Well," said the sergeant suspiciously, "I am not married—sir. Not right now. Was, but she run off with a guy. I do all right, though. After I wrap up this war I'll get me another wife, maybe."

"Well—good thing. I mean, waiting till afterward. Good thing."

"Oh." Sergeant Kovak eyed Patrick with dour understanding, hitched his pants again and walked away. He sat down alone beside a distant bush and lighted a cigarette.

Patrick was uneasily aware that he had slipped in the sergeant's estimation. Sudden anger swept him, and a kind of panic. If a girl had to gum his works, the reasonable part of his mind was saying, why couldn't it be just a girl? Why did it have to be another man's girl, and so twice as bad?

THE day was over, and the dusty sun was low. Billy Burns, also hot and dusty, was already in quarters, peeling off his shirt. He said, "Well, I got a date with that babe in the drugstore in town."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. First Saturday night in three months it hasn't been Lissy Lee, but that's what's the matter with her, probably. Spoiled. Thing to do when a girl gets uppity is play it even up."

"Yeah."

"Don't talk so much, I can hardly get a word in anywhere," Billy grinned. "Why don't you come to the club tonight and do something besides have a glass of beer and fade away? Why don't you dance with a babe for a change?"

"No."

Billy said, "End quote," huddled into his bathrobe, blew a kiss to Lissy Lee's picture and slapped Patrick on the back as he passed.

Patrick followed Billy to the showers, his eyes on the ground, his mind and spirit lost in darkness where he groped and wondered what it would be like to have a date.

This took him again to Lissy Lee, alone tonight. It would be full moon again. There would be dinner and dancing at the Officers' Club and the lusty music of the 13th Regimental Band. Billy Burns would be dancing with another girl, showing Lissy Lee that strong men can't stop for temperament. Something about it made Patrick feel obscurely outraged. He ate his dinner and went heavily back to quarters.

Almost everyone else had already left. Quarters on a Saturday night was a lonely place that echoed to a footfall. Only Captain Jack Seely showed a light in the room at the end of the corridor; he would be writing to his wife, who had gone home to have a baby.

Patrick selected The Officer's Guide from the row of books and field manuals on the shelf above his bed, and sat down to read . . . "The commissioned officer who is assigned to a tactical unit of the field forces prefers to regard himself as a commander of men. . . . The successful commander must be a successful teacher, for the training process is continuous from the time a man enters the service until the end . . ."

THE evening wore on, and it grew late. He closed the book, snapped off the light and stood looking out of the little window into another night drenched white with moonlight. He rubbed a rough hand across his face and left quarters suddenly, noticing that Captain Seely's room still showed a light.

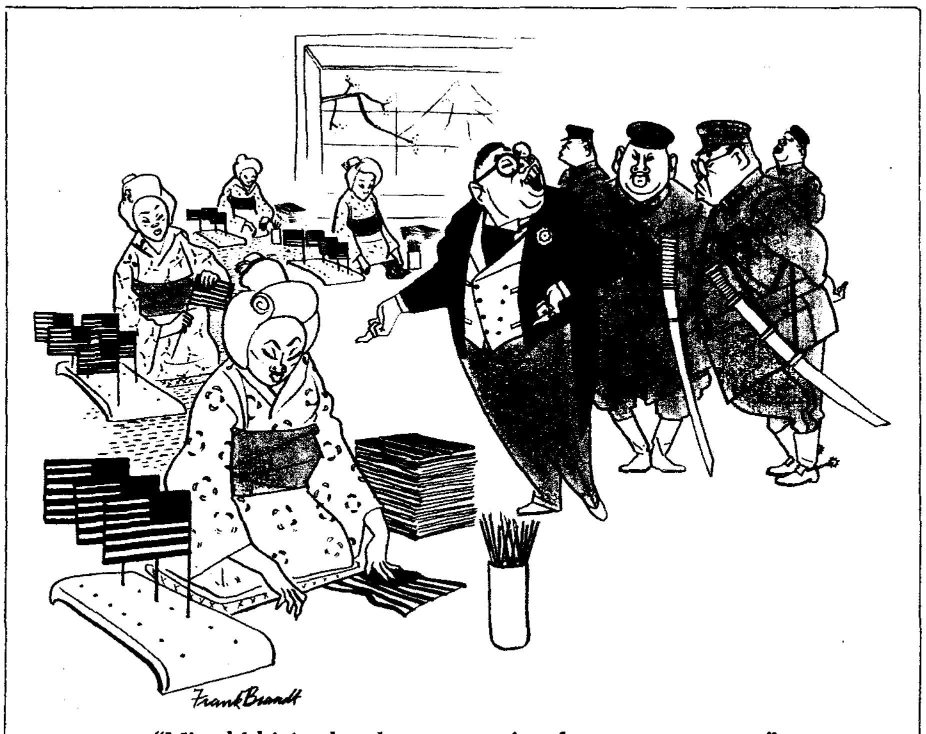
He walked, fast at first, then more slowly, trying to make his mind go blank so that he could go to bed tonight, and sleep. And as if the night had suddenly made up its mind to co-operate, for once, a little wind sprang up. Clouds swept across the moon, and he knew that in a moment rain would come, riding the running wind inland from the Gulf.

He didn't notice when the dog joined him. He just looked down and saw that a large, dark-colored dog walked quietly beside him. He started, thinking of Lissy Lee and Beauregard. But this dog was no relation to Beauregard; it was just a dog with a thick woolly coat and long flapping ears. Lost, maybe, he thought, and did not like to think of a dog alone and lost.

He said, "Hey, fella. Hey—Charlie." The dog looked up at him. "That your name? Charlie?"

The dog sniffed briefly at his ankles and walked on beside him, with its head down and ears drooping. The first few drops of rain hit them.

It was companionable and rather pleasant, walking fast in the rain with the dog, but quarters loomed up soon enough, and Patrick



COLLIER'S "Mitsubishi is already reconverting from war to peace" FRANK BRANDT

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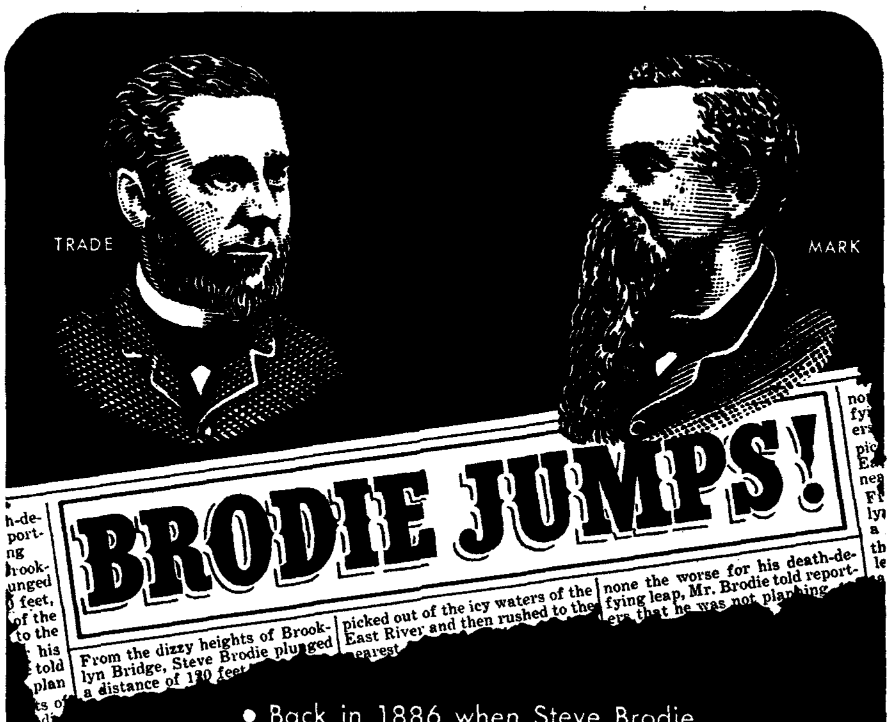

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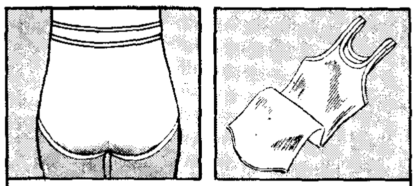


THEY'RE CUT TO FIT . . . TO FIGHT FATIGUE

WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO REIS *Scandals*

—THEY GIVE THE MILD SUPPORT MEN NEED

• Once you wear Reis Scandals no other underwear will do! Scandals are scientifically designed to follow male anatomy. Patented *Dart*-stitched pouch gives you the mild support that helps fight fatigue. Get Reis Scandals—the manly underwear that *fits* better, *feels* better, *looks* better.

(Left) "Hi-Waist" design for perfect fit. Full seat coverage. No seams to sit on. *(Right)* Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg-line of Scandals.

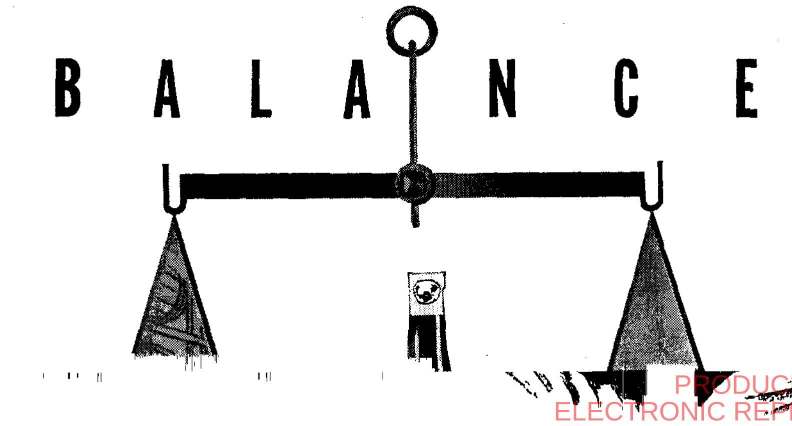
Robert Reis & Co., 2 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

CHANGE TO REIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

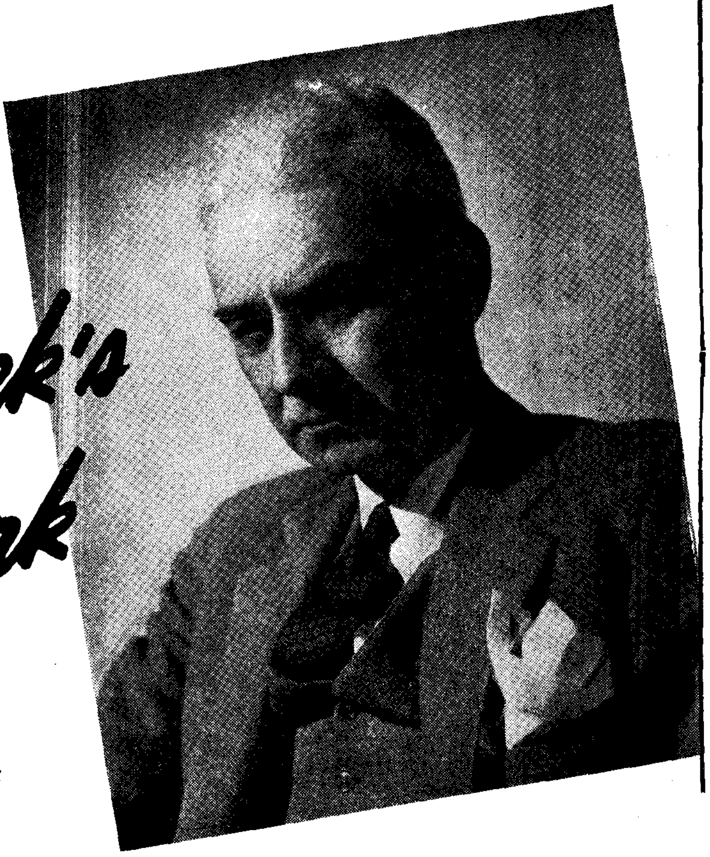
UNDERWEAR PAJAMAS

SPORTSWEAR HOSIERY



BALANCE

The Week's Work



Colonel Kenneth Littauer

COLLIER'S welcomes Colonel Kenneth Littauer back to its editorial staff, after his two years of service with the Army Air Forces in England. He has been appointed Executive Editor.

Littauer was a much-decorated flier in the last war. He volunteered with the French air forces in 1916, shifted to the flying branch of our Army in 1917, and at the war's end held the rank of major. "We shot off a lot of ammunition from the air in the last war, but I don't know that we ever hit anything," he says. "It was all pretty amateurish compared to the way we do things now."

He entered editorial work after the war and came to Collier's as fiction editor in 1927. Among the notable authors who began their big-time fiction careers in Collier's under Littauer's sponsorship are Roark Bradford, Bernard de Voto, Erich Remarque. "Do not, however, insult these authors by implying that I 'discovered' them," Littauer cautioned. "If I hadn't bought their early stuff, someone else would have. You can't stop talent."

No, but you can recognize it, and encourage it, and that is what Littauer did during fifteen years at Collier's.

THE first color photograph for which Winston Churchill ever posed appears on the cover of this issue of Collier's.

Bob Leavitt, the photographer, tells us that Churchill was a co-operative subject: "He shuffled bearlike into the room where I was waiting and shook hands with me. He pulled I told him I'd appreciate another, and he s 'Go ahead, then.' Box score: four pictu two minutes elapsed time.

"Mr. Churchill showed considerable in est in the mechanics of the job. 'Does t light up there go off when the other does?' he asked.

"I said it did.

" 'Don't you have to look through back of the camera every time you mak picture?'

" 'Not,' I said, 'if you keep quiet and d move around.'

" 'I'll be still,' he answered.

"The trade-mark cigar was absent. once he had none. Just as well, too, for tip probably would have been an off-fo problem necessitating a semiprofile, whic didn't want. But the awryness of the tie a the well-starched collar were just as char teristic. I'd noticed their disarrangement, thought them too good a touch to corre

Leavitt has had considerable experience making photographic portraits of public ures. His pictures of President Roosev Secretary of State Hull, Generals Marsh and Vandegrift all appeared as Collier's c ers, and his studies of Vice-President Walla Admiral King and Generals Arnold, McN and Somervell illustrated Collier's articles

"Big men are easy to work with," Lea observes. "Only the little self-important lows make a photographer's work hard."

Leavitt's cover photograph of Presid Roosevelt probably has been reprodu